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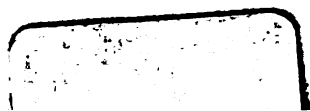
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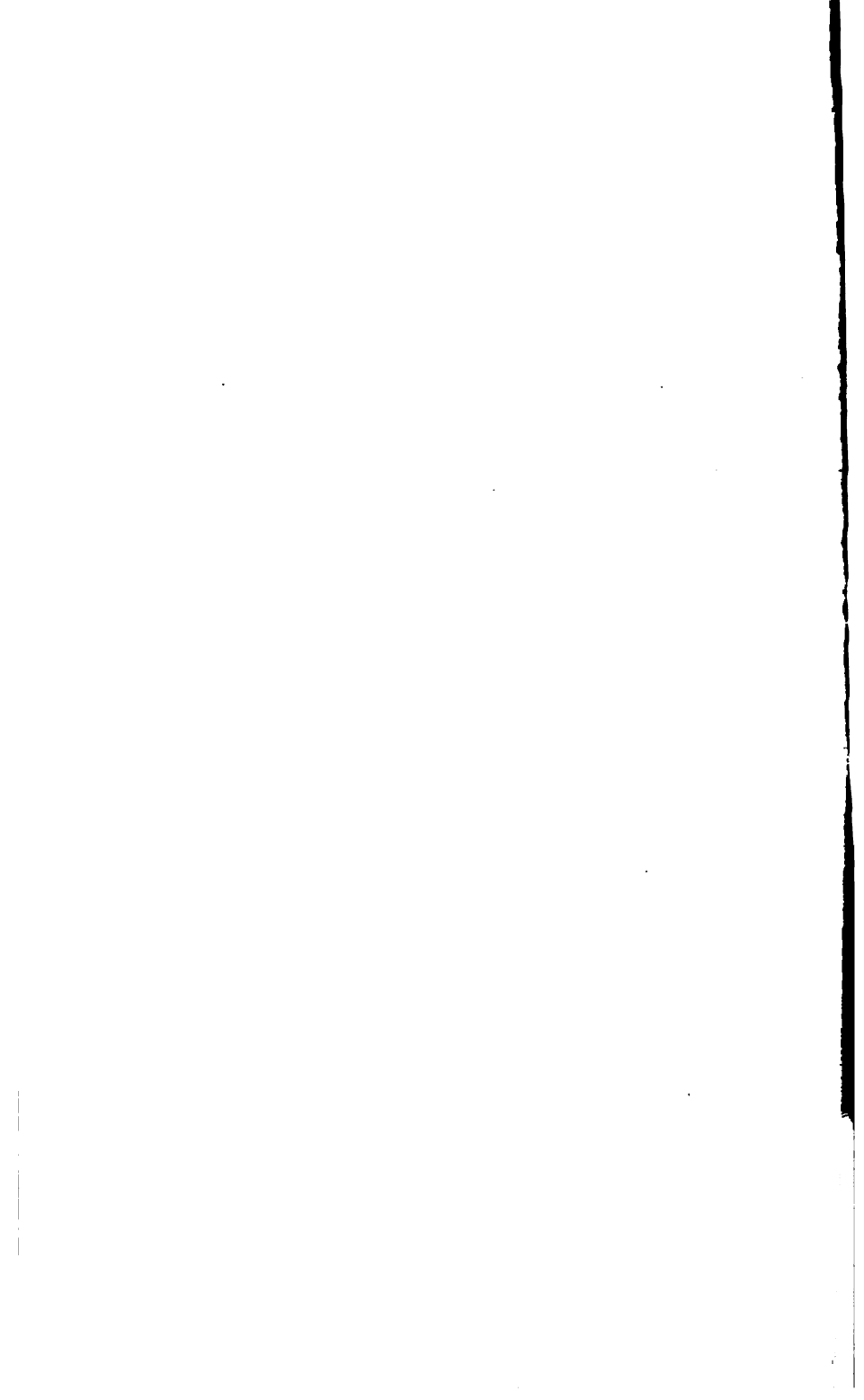
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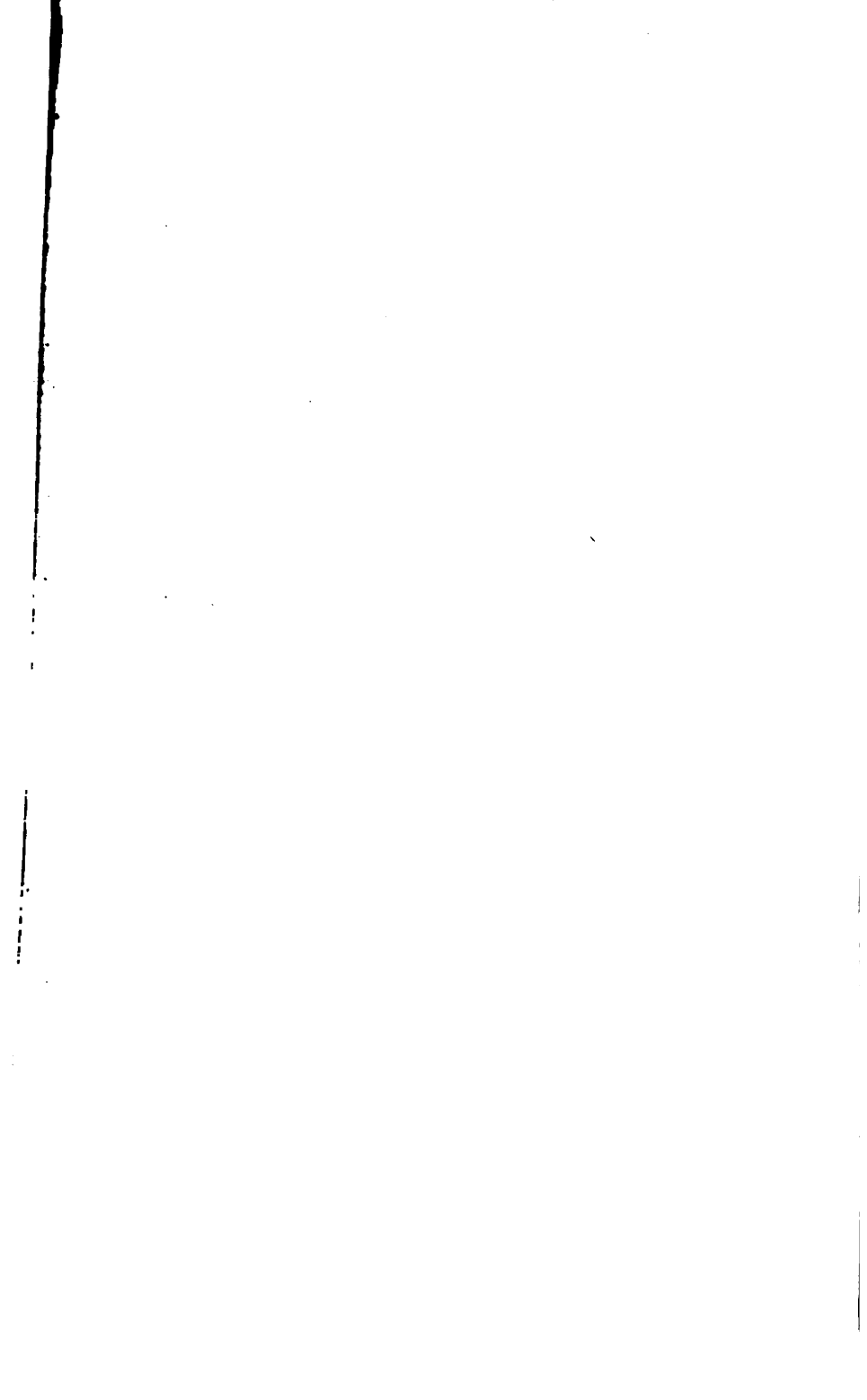


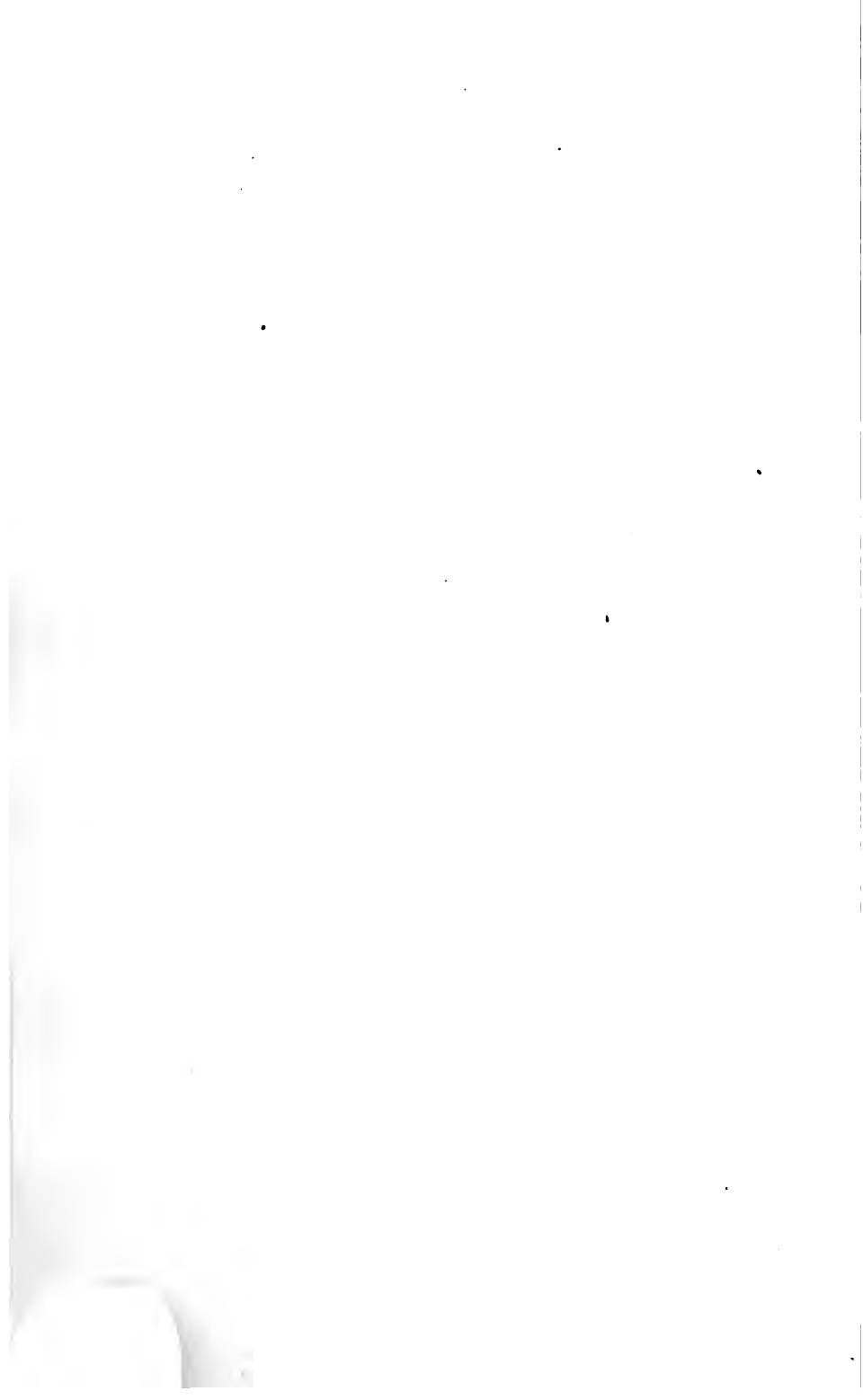
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OF

Sports and Pastimes

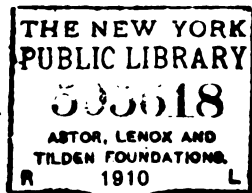


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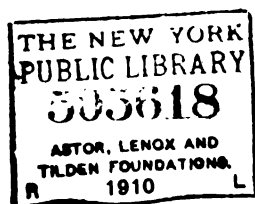
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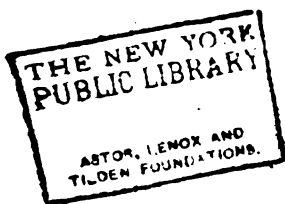
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Newcastle
O. M.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

CONSPICUOUS among the young Noblemen who have recently come upon the Turf to replace 'the mighty dead,' is the Duke of Newcastle; and those who may not have known him personally, will, we are satisfied, readily recognize him on the race-course, from the extreme accuracy of the Portrait which faces this page, and which we consider to be one of the best our artists have yet produced.

The Duke of Newcastle was born on the 25th of January, 1834, and succeeded his father as sixth Duke on the 18th of October, 1864. He was educated at Eton, and from thence was transferred to Oxford; and on the 11th of February, 1861, he was married to Miss Hope, daughter of Mr. Henry Thomas Hope, of Deepdene, Surrey. His Grace's accession to the Turf began at an age which indicated his passion for it, as in 1856 he had horses in conjunction with Mr. Parr, who trained them at Benhams, near Wantage; and among them were Indifference, a very bad animal, but not badly named; Nerio, a plater; and Gaspard, who ran a dead heat for the Cæsarewitch with Sir W. Booth's Artless, his chance being much deteriorated by his having been sent to Paris the previous week to run for the Grand Prix de L'Empereur. His Grace had likewise an interest for a short time in Fisherman, as a two-year old, and likewise when he ran for the Lincoln Handicap as a three, and was beaten by Tame Deer; and had he been enabled to have retained him, we should have returned the Duke a far more frequent winner than we are enabled to do up to the present period. Lupus was another animal that won him a few races; but, on the whole, his career in the Wantage Stable was very unprofitable. After this time family reasons induced the Earl of Lincoln—for he had not then succeeded to the dukedom—to give up keeping horses, and for some little time he was merely a spectator at races. His next venture was with Aurelian, in the Findon Stable, but the change from

Mr. Parr to William Goater brought scarcely any alteration of luck. In fact, such an unlucky career would have caused many a beginner with less pluck to give over. But the Duke of Newcastle was not the person to retire from an arena where distinctions are to be gained without making every effort to attain them; and as Mat Dawson happened to be at liberty, through resigning the service of Mr. Merry, his Grace could not resist the opportunity of engaging him. A trainer, however, without a stud is a useless appendage to a Nobleman's establishment; and therefore the next endeavour was to furnish him with materials to work upon in the shape of horses, which was soon accomplished through the agency of Mr. Padwick, who sold him his own stud, that was in the hands of Alfred Day; and as it contained some valuable two-year olds and choice yearlings, it is to be hoped the fruits of his Grace's enterprise will soon be realized. And it is curious, and perhaps ominous of good luck, that while we are penning these remarks the telegraph has announced the first victory of the new trainer with Julius at Winchester; and we trust it is only the forerunner of many others. Of breeding the Duke of Newcastle is very fond, having got one of the most complete establishments of the kind at Clumber, which is placed under the charge of William Scott, formerly head stud-groom to the late Lord Londesborough, and of whose fitness for the post there can be no question. But even in this department of the Turf his Grace's start was an unlucky one, as Ivan, with whom he began, and for whom he gave a large sum of money, died after he had been a short time at Clumber, and without the opportunity of bringing back his purchase-money. His place was filled up by Lord of the Isles, who was hired of Mr. Merry, and, in addition, the Duke purchased Exchequer of Lord Coventry. The mares, a dozen in number, have been well selected, and there is no reason, with ordinary good fortune, why the Clumber stud should not stand comparison with those of its rivals in the North. Of the Duke of Newcastle personally it is rather difficult to speak, as his frank and affable manners, his extreme kindness of heart, and the courage with which he has endured his reverses on the Turf, have extended the popularity which his father, who literally sacrificed his life to his country, enjoyed among all classes of his countrymen. As yet the Duke has not embarked on the stormy sea of politics, although he sat in the House of Commons for a short time for Newark. But on those occasions on which he has had to appear in public his addresses have been marked by a vigour and grasp of thought, which plainly showed the stock from whence he sprung; and we have no less an authority than that of Mr. Gladstone, who was his father's executor, and who presided at the opening of Shire Oak Church, the first stone of which was laid by the Prince of Wales, that if his Grace were to apply himself to a political life, he was convinced the same distinctions which his father gained were quite within his reach. We may state, among other offices which the subject of our memoir holds, is that of Grand Master of the Freemasons of Nottingham; and in that capacity,

as well as the landlord of an extensive and prosperous tenantry, his rule is as mild and paternal as that which might be expected from his character; and he entirely ignores the famous doctrine of his grandfather, relative to 'a man having the right to do as he likes with his 'own;' for the freedom of election prevails on the Clumber estate as much as the most ardent lover of civil and religious liberty could desire.

Our Portrait is taken from a photograph by the Wathlotype process, practised at 213, Regent Street, and which, from its exquisite finish, and the clearness with which it brings out the features of the face, is becoming most popular with the upper classes of society, and bids fair to supersede the other systems.

OVER THE HILLS.

Four o'clock on a July morning. The steep, uneven streets of the little town silent, cool, and smiling; deserted, save by the daws from the neighbouring tower, who, rendered tame by long immunity from harm, hop fearlessly from side to side. Across the echoing market-place, and thence by a narrow path under spreading chesnut trees, the wayfarer strides rapidly on his route. Rod and landing-net strapped neatly together, pannier slung tightly under the left shoulder, thick boots, and a battered wide-awake, tell the tale of his destination. He is bound over the hills; bent on a foray amongst the speckled beauties of a mountain brook; buoyant at the thoughts of a long day to be spent far from the worry and hurry of town life. *Procul negotiis*, there are a few hours of happiness to be snatched, and the golden opportunity may not be neglected.

Anon the south-west breeze is laden with perfume, far different from that diffused by limes or honeysuckle, more searching and pungent than the smell of the late-mown hay. Oh, that first pipe of the day! What hopes and resolutions, alike ambitious and praiseworthy, have owed their birth to the blackened dhudeen! What bright visions have arisen with its first kindling spark, and died out with its expiring puff of smoke! And how many schemes of benevolence have been nipped in the bud by damp tobacco or choked-up stem!

Two more anglers; two more blackened conductors to acts of charity; two more clouds of smoke hanging about the overlying branches, and sickening the bees humming amongst the foliage. Greybeard, stalwart, dogmatic, and sixty; a walking epitome of receipts, culinary and thirst-assuaging; a perambulating Racing Calendar; a peripatetic Stud Book. The youth, slender and twenty; hasty, self-confident, and irreverent; but keen after sport of any kind. Affectionate greetings; hopes, fears, and suggestions as to the weather and fishing prospects. The youth eager to know by what hour we shall be able to get to work; Greybeard desirous of ascertaining the time fixed for dinner on our return; very

anxious and precise on this point. Fairly *en route*, and the outskirts of the town left behind, attention is drawn to the suspicious manner in which the youth is handling his rod; balancing it across his left thumb and forefinger, grasping the butt meanwhile with half-turned wrist. Accused of recent pool or pyramids, he denies the charge, maintaining that the previous evening was spent over tea, and Alison's 'History of Europe;' he, the speaker, being proof against the rival attractions of white on red, and gin sling. The opportunity for a homily is, however, too good to be lost; and, as we commence the ascent of the first hill, Greybeard holds forth. Against gambling of every description he declaims; adjures our youthful comrade, as he values his future peace of mind, to abstain from every acquaintance which may by possibility lead his thoughts towards the most dangerous of vices. He fortifies the warning position he has taken up by quoting cases of ruined hearths and homes, traceable to early affection for cards and cues; and finally becomes so pathetic in his entreaties, that emotion overpowers his speech, and the sermon is concluded. Our good friend, however, soon revives under the influence of the sweet fresh air and the smart pace; and, falling into his customary chatty strain, he tells us how, three years ago, he all but broke the bank at Hombourg.

The first hill topped at last; and, close on the right, lies that dear old bleak, hilly race-course, with every yard of which our boots are familiar. If only for five minutes, we must turn aside, and see if aught be astir. See! here come a string of sheeted beauties, with their trainer, Mr. Burr, heading the column, attended by his aide-de-camp and brother, a ruddy-faced man, one large smile from head to foot. A rare looking lot of youngsters they are, too. That bay Lambton colt has already won a 'mort' of races; and the wiry grey is a bonny horse, though it was with a pale face and a sinking heart that we saw his stride begin to shorten last Derby day. Well, we must not stop here to gossip, for the August gathering on Knavesmire is not far distant, and Mr. Burr must send some of his team along for that classic meeting, and we dare say he would rather be without inquisitive bystanders. But, oh! as the eye travels down the long stretch of moor before us, what a host of stirring recollections are aroused! Fitzwilliam, Hamilton, Sackville, Darlington, are names intimately connected with its traditions. Sir Frank Standish and Sir Harry Vane Tempest knew it well in days of yore. Goodricke, Peirse, Hutchinson, Crompton, were words familiar to its annual occupants. A century and a quarter since the Yorkshiremen flocked from all sides to bet on the Fifty Guinea Plates run for on its uneven sward. How many sires of future turf heroes have traversed its long ascent! How many mares, famous for their own deeds, more famous still for the prowess of generations of descendants, have struggled home from the famous Grey Stone! Here it was that Shuttle succumbed to Sylvio, in a fierce Cup contest. Dainty Davie, and Le Sang swept all before them; Tuberoze and Miracle were well-nigh invincible; and Poor Soldier twice bore away the

bowl. Here—tell it not in Gath!—Lady Shaftesbury's Storm ran on the wrong side of a post, and was beaten by Abba Thulle; and the crowd shouted in triumph for Sober Robin and Garswood, or cheered as Cockfighter passed the post—Cockfighter, who, a fortnight later, galloped down his horses in both the St. Leger and Doncaster Cup. Young Chariot—mark the primitive nomenclature—defeats a field of six; and, says the musty chronicle, 'So thick a mist arose during the running, that nearly all fell.' 'Six to four I'll bet the Duke of Leeds' Mowbray beats Rosette!' sang the schoolboy prophet of the day; but the oracle was at fault, and Cardinal York was too much for the local favourites. Trophonius, Amadis de Gaul, and X.Y.Z. followed in rapid succession; and then the (for those days) large field of ten were brought together for the golden trophy, and Filho da Puta, when half the course is run, falls on his knees, but recovering himself, shoots to the front at last. What legends could we not relate of Leopold, the Duchess, and Otho! What tales of Dr. Syntax, who, when extended, 'moved like a fox!' But, really, if we maunder on in this way, we shall have no trout in our panniers to-night, and the youth is becoming dreadfully fidgety and irritable; so, half reluctantly, we turn once more to the dusty high road.

Then, as we bend our steps once more towards the still-distant stream, Greybeard waxes eloquent. Of racers present he discourses, and eke of those famous in days of yore. 'Lord Lyon won the Derby!' he exclaims with scorn; 'bah! a jockey lost it, you mean.' And then he utters prophecies as to a result on Doncaster town moor in September, which shall expose the fallacy of the Surrey contest, and make John Scott more celebrated than ever. Warming to his subject, our excitable friend pours forth a copious flood of anecdotes, all bearing on the classic ground we have just left behind, its trainers and trainees of old. How Sir Hercules should have won the St. Leger and did not he tells us; and he has store of quaint legends of the sayings and doings of Billy Pierse, and plenty of gossip of Lord Sligo, Frank Richardson, and Fang. In stirring tones he relates how the latter was defeated by young Lord Kelburne and Retainer, in a terrible race for the old York Derby; and how, although all other participators in that famous struggle have passed away, young Lord Kelburne was that same Lord Glasgow whose quenchless love of the sport was rewarded but a few weeks ago by a great triumph on Ascot Heath. And so, beguiling the way with talk turfy, we trudge past the lonely Beacon, which still bears traces of half-consumed tar, relic of a time of terror and watchfulness; past old, clumsy, tottering stone walls, and bleak tracts of moorland, where the peewit is wheeling over the scanty turf, and the curlew screams in the distance; past that dense, solemn, gloomy wood, so often traversed in schoolboy days with fear and trembling. Subtle rumours of crows' and owls' nests would ever and anon tempt the youngsters, single-handed, to explore its depths; but, lo! just when the coveted prize was in view—when the carrion-crow sailed uneasily overhead, or the sparrow-hawk shrieked defiance—

there would fall upon the would-be robber a sudden nameless dread. The stillness, the sombre shadow of the firs, the sickly yellow light stealing here and there through the matted foliage, wakened, firstly uneasiness, then frantic horror; and rushing from the spot, tearing his way through clustering brambles, hanging branches, and rank underwood, the pallid fugitive would at length bound into the high road, and cast himself on the sloping bank, panting and dishevelled.

Down a hill, steep as Parnassus, across the dusty path at its foot, and the longed-for stream is at length in sight. Unconsciously the pace increases. The keenest and youngest of the party slips the leathern rings from his rod, and attempts—hapless youth!—to put it together whilst at best speed. The old stagers, scarcely less anxious to be doing, abstain from such rash procedure; for well they know that a flourishing copse has yet to be traversed ere the beck be reached; and woe to the neophyte who attempts the passage encumbered with adjusted rod, line, and flies. At last we stand on the shelving bank, soft and mossy, spangled with mountain pansies. A point is fixed on for the mid-day halt; a metal cup passes from hand to hand; pipes are tightly stuffed, and vigorously puffed into a glow; and the party separate, each to angle on his own account. But, stay! Greybeard halts—returns. His comrades wonderingly rejoin him. A cloud of smoke issues from his mouth, followed by the words, slowly and impressively delivered, ‘By Jove! Plenipo *‘was* a horse!’ and turning on his heel, the speaker disappears.

And, oh! the delights of the next few hours! The pretty beck comes tumbling and splashing for miles and miles through a wild, rocky glen. Cliffs and crags, crowned with sombre yew trees, grey, crumbling rocks, fringed with trailing ferns and mosses, frown on either side. Beyond these stretch vast tracts of moorland, where the grouse—this year, alas! sadly thinned—are wont to run and call by hundreds. Nearer at hand is rugged and broken ground, plentifully strewn with sharp fragments of limestone, the *dissecta membra* of many a giant rock. In the holes and crannies which abound amongst them lurk a countless race of rabbits, so tame that they heed not the approach of the solitary angler. Ah, me! what lovely broken streams; what seductive ‘dubs;’ what deep trout-holding holes under crumbling banks, that pretty brook offers to the fisherman! Surely it would make a man good and honest and just in spite of himself, if his life could more frequently draw fresh nurture amongst such scenes as these, and in pursuit of the same harmless enjoyment. And thus, casting, landing, moralizing, and profoundly happy, we follow the devious course of the stream, luxuriating in the peaceful certainty that there is naught to disturb the solitude and our thought-wanderings, save the birds and rabbits, and the sheep-bells on the hill.

Two o’clock. And there are Greybeard and the youth true to the tryst. Rods are laid carefully under the lee of an old wall, *impedimenta* hastily flung aside, and then comes a vigorous assault on

egg-sandwiches 'freshened' with anchovies, and Glenlivat diluted with delicious water from a dripping well hard by. Next we have more pipes and the counting of scalps. Out the bonny troutlets are poured on to the grass, two or three of them, poor things, still kicking and flouncing. Greybeard and the scribe muster well-nigh sixty between them, and though their companion can produce but a dozen, has he not, as he explains, done battle with such monsters as the beck ne'er knew before? And though, oddly enough, each and all of them escaped (owing to sunken roots, defective wrapping, or what not), he protests he would not have foregone the tussles he enjoyed with them for all the fish his friends have caught. So each of us is satisfied. Now, reclining on his elbow under a mighty thorn-bush, Greybeard begins a lengthy narrative of the wondrous doings of Catherina, victress in countless hard-fought frays. In a dreamy, reflective tone, he tells how, 'not knocked to pieces as a two-year 'old,' she afterwards became the terror of all country handicappers, at Manchester, Liverpool, and Heaton Park; and once upset the great General Chassé himself at Newton. Then he babbles of Whalebone, Whisker, and Woful, the wondrous brethren, and recapitulates their marvellous stud triumphs with never flagging gusto. And here the youth, who is always in trouble, again puts his foot in it. 'Whisker,' he exclaims, 'ha! brother to Blacklock, 'wasn't he?' Greybeard gazes upon him sternly, and emits rapid puffs of smoke, vouchsafing no reply. A moment after we hear him remark under his breath that 'Plenipo was a horse.'

At a bend of the stream below the spot selected for our banquetting hall, a trout, ensconced between two large stones where the water is scarce deep enough to cover his back fin, has for half an hour past kept rising at short intervals. The scribe lays hold of the nearest rod, and, still crouching on his elbow, poises it for a throw. It is a long shot, and branches are waving all around ready to seize the taper line. You might safely offer 20 to 1 that the flies do not alight in safety. Whish! right over his nose. A bubbling splash, a violent agitation of the pool, a gentle heave, and master troutie lies gasping on the bank. It was the work of a moment and perhaps a little bit of a fluke; but it has the effect of recalling the idlers to a sense of the duties to which they have devoted themselves, and 'onward' is again the word.

The character of the stream here changes. It is narrower, in parts much deeper, and is so thickly overhung with brushwood and heavy branches that it is useless to persevere with the fly. Off come the light duns and 'snipe and crimson,' and a long fine gut bottom is substituted, weighted with a single shot. From a corner of Greybeard's pannier comes the well-filled worm-bag, and sneaking behind bushes, crawling on hands and knees, the fishermen pitch the brandling before them under roots, behind stones, by the side of eddies and the top of pools, to every spot, indeed, where an angler's instinct tells him that a trout can lie. You may call this poaching or pot-hunting, reader, but without making the experiment you wot not of the science

needed to tempt trout to a worm in low clear water, on a bright day. We, the illustrious trio, must be adepts at the art, or else Fortune has this day specially smiled upon us, for our creels grow heavier and heavier, and our forefingers are sore with extracting the barb from troutie's sharp-toothed jaw. From his covert amongst the submerged roots of a stunted alder, Greybeard pulls out a great black-backed gold-bellied trout, so long and thick that we hang over him in admiration as he kicks and flounders on the bank; and in a nasty, dark, creeping pool, the youth catches an eel, and is so smitten with fear that he dares not remove the hook from the slimy captive, and is fain to delegate the office to another.

Now, surely sufficient havoc has been committed, and the evening is drawing on apace. Regretfully we quit the lovely little beck, which by this time, narrowed to scarce more than a yard in breadth, has led us to the outskirts of the moors. Traps are once more packed together and panniers adjusted, and striding lustily out the voyagers are homeward bound. The rooks are holding 'a parliament' in a neighbouring field, and care not for passers by; the hare starts from the corner of the hedge and scurries away before us, and a great brown owl, dazzled by the last rays of the sun, flaps and scuffles through the branches of the oaks. It is a rare hour for walking, and with pleasant country sights, and sounds, and smells, to beguile the road, we travel on famously. There is one terrible hill to be surmounted ere the neck of the journey be broken, and it is not without much panting and perspiration, more than one halt on the part of the elders, and a cursory remark or two from the youngest of the party, that the miniature Snowdon is successfully scaled.

Reaching at length the summit, we pull up rather distressed. 'And now,' says Greybeard, 'give me one little pull at the flask and I will tell you a story. Many years ago—when my father, indeed, was yet a youngster—a strange scene took place at this very point of the road. John H—— had entered his celebrated horse Sylvio for the Cup to be run for on the course we saw this morning, and backed him for a sum so vast for those days that he had not nerve enough to watch the decision of the event, but left the ground, and after wandering about for some time, threw himself, so story says, behind the wall of this very field. After a period of intense anxiety he heard the galloping of a horse and the voice of one of his tenants crying, "Bonny H—— for ever!" "What has won?" cried H——. "Sylvio!" was the answer. "Then," said the man's landlord, "you shall live rent free the rest of your life," and so he did.'

And so through the long north country twilight down the darkening lanes; the cushat moaning plaintively in the dim plantation, the pheasant startling the silence now and again with his short sharp crow; the bat flitting uneasily around, and the countless insects of mid-day well-nigh silent. Past Mr. Burr's pretty cottage and stables, whence issues the tuneless refrain of some jockey boy chaunt; past the cricket-field dotted with white shirts still, late though the hour

be, and resonant with cheerful voices, into the now busy streets of the little town. We dismiss as speedily as possible eager inquirers after our sport, for we are hungered and athirst, and the portal of our destination is near at hand. Ha! but the bath *is* refreshing, so are the roomy clothes, so are the large slippers, so, we trust, will be the dinner, about which Greybeard was so anxious in the morning. 'Tis but simple fare that our *dame de cuisine* provides, for the quips and quaint conceits of cookery she understandeth not, and he were a bold man who flouted her ignorance. Trout, the spoils of the day, delicately fried to a golden huc, with the inevitable fresh green parsley sauce, and piles of thin brown bread and butter; a saddle of lamb, cold, crisp, and succulent, with a mighty salad compounded after a mystic and most venerable fashion; a secret which tortures shall not wring from its possessor; a duckling, fragrant and tender, peas, melting and suggestive of much mint. My friends! it is no fault of mine that 'the twelfth' has not yet arrived: console yourselves, it is at hand, and brings with it hours of grouse; in their stead despise not the omelette *aux fines herbes*, deftly served, and lo! here is a tart of green apricots, and glorious rich Yorkshire cream mantles in a jug of purest white Parian. It likes me not at this season, but yet if it be your will one glass of pale, pale sherry, pleasantly bitter as a sweetheart's reproof, dry as the sands of Sahara, shall wash down the trout. There is Sauterne, cooling and priceless. One bottle of Roederer marches with the duckling. Moet and Clicquot, with your cloying streams, aroint ye! And when hungry nature is satisfied there is claret, soft, smooth, suggestive, refined, born under the blazing sun of '34, and drawn from a bounteous bin. Dost like the picture?

* * * * *

The windows are open to the floor, the cool night wind comes stealing over the broad moor, the sweet-smelling woods, and the bright, ever-murmuring river, ere it fans our cheek and forehead. Couches, arm-chairs, and a litter of books and papers. Pipes, cigars, —meerscham and clay, Lopez and Cabana. Seltzer, ice, whisky of the mellowest, and the pale sherry now first useful. The youth reclines on his back, puffing gently at a magnificent regalia; it may be his thoughts recur to the lost ones of the brook, or mayhap he muses on the tender cares of love. In a huge arm chair sits Greybeard, erect, solid, defiant. But a moment since we spoke of old racing days, and his voice was loudest, and yet methinks he yields to the glamour of the drowsy god. Yes! his head drops gently on his brawny chest, his faithful dhudheen forsakes his lips, his arms drop by his sides. Hush! he speaks! Bending forward we drink in his muttered words, and as we live he is telling some one—far away in dreamland—that 'Plenipo was a horse!'

THE FELON HUNT.

BY M.F.H.

‘THAT was a hound, surely,’ exclaimed Colonel Mohun; ‘listen, again!’

‘I hear it too—to the nor’ard, coming up from Lidford,’ said his friend. ‘But what on earth can hounds be hunting at this season of the year? There is not an outlying deer in the forest, and no other would face a hill away from the river, without a point of inland water to make. It must be a sheep dog; or hounds, at exercise, may have got away upon riot of some sort.’

The sounds died away and stillness again fell upon the waste, broken only by the low breathing of the south-west wind through the waving tufts of the purple moor grass that yielded gently to the breeze as it swept onwards to the far morass of Cranmere Pool. There might be heard faintly the plaintive cry of the curlew and the shrill twitting of the lapwing, disturbed from its nest in the plashy table land that stretches away in that remote and almost inaccessible part of the savage wild. Cranmere Pool, the former abode of cranes, is wont to be called the mother of rivers, and Carrington, in his poem of ‘Dartmoor,’ thus writes of it:—

‘What time the lib’ral mountain flood has filled
The urn of Cranmere, and the moisten’d moor
Pours to the dales the largess of the heavens!
Oh let me wander, then, while freshness breathes
Along the grateful meads, and list the voice,
Dartmoor—exhaustless Dartmoor—of thy streams,
Thou land of streams!’

We regret to disturb the beautiful description of the poet, but the pool is grander in name than in reality. It consists of an uneven hollow, oblong in form, 220 yards in circumference, from six to eight feet deep in the middle,—imperfectly filled with water, and environed on all sides by a wide expanse of bog, which renders access impossible in the winter time. During the summer months it is often dry. No ‘mountain flood’ fills ‘the urn of Cranmere,’ which is fed entirely by land springs and the ‘largess of the heavens.’ Moreover, ‘the graceful meads’ are far distant from these black and treacherous morasses, that have often engulfed the wanderer benighted amidst this howling wilderness. Not that for a moment we would disparage the noble and stately poem of Carrington. It is now open before us beside the ‘Excursion’ of Wordsworth, and the flowing richness of its melodious march of numbers contrasts brilliantly with the puling debilities of that most inveterate Laker, ‘On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,—musing in solitude.’ The Taw, the Dart, the Teign, the Okement, the Lyd, and the Walkham—streams of celebrity to the fisherman—derive their sources from the adjoining swamps, but strictly speaking, the Okement alone flows

from the dark waters of Cranmere Pool, gushing out from a bed of gravel beneath the stratum of peat bog.

In the monotony of desolation that marks these undulating marsh-lands of the centre of Dartmoor forest, there is not a particle of provender for sentimental inspiration. Nothing prevails but a sense of loneliness that depresses, an anxiety of caution, that on seeing a skulking turfcutter and poacher in his sheepskins, moving stealthily behind the piles of turf stacks, makes one grasp the oak sapling with a tighter hold, and instead of chanting forth, in Miltonic 'enthusy-musy,' 'These are thy glorious works,' the interrogatory, sharp and curt, to the moor representative of 'man's disobedience and the 'fruit of that forbidden tree,' is, 'Who are you, you scoundrel?' Glance where you may, there is the same unvarying surface of brown heather in wavy sweeps, with the low, moaning wind disturbing the brooding silence, as if in discontent at such a continuity of unenjoying isolation. Still there is a certain charm in being alone in the domains of primeval nature,—in the momentary alienation from human kind,—free from Thackeray's snobs, one and all; far removed from the grasp of the twelve tribes, that, had justice been done, would have been swallowed up in the Sirbonian bogs of Cranmere, and sole with one's thoughts that, wafting 'from Indus to the Pole,' bring back the scenes of the forgotten and storied past—

'Aërial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale,
In wild Vaucluse, with Love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloïsa's cell.
'Twas ever thus.'

No doubt, and the more personal recollections may be, like Benjamin's tunic of many colours, varied in light and shade. But dark or bright, they are always accompanied by a sense of pleasing mournfulness, conducing to a 'rest and be thankful' principle, that embodies itself in the generous outpouring of—a homily?—No—of a glass of sherry.

There is more philosophy in a glass of sherry than the unbeliever in this tutelary compound is disposed to acknowledge. It invigorates when the system is undertoned by the casualties of existence; it steadies the nerve when in a state of undue irritation. Stimulant or emollient, active or passive, it is the friend of man—his faithful friend,—his consoling friend. 'Vind' Xères di Pasto' ever ready at a moment's notice,—in the hour of joy and in the day of sorrow,—at sixty shillings a dozen with the carriage paid—.

'Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit.'

Ruby Rubby, assisted by a neat maid from the Dartmoor Inn at Lidford, had disgorged the contents of the basket and arranged the lunch on a spotless napkin in a sheltered corner of Haretor, from which the friends were now moving after having performed their parts satisfactorily. It had been daintily composed. The cold 'pot pourri de veau à la Custozza,' with the congealed 'sauce à la demi-

'monde,' was in the last degree *appétissant*, and paved the way for a due appreciation of the 'mayonnaise de poulet à cresson.' We have high authority for insisting on the duties of careful refection. The mother of mankind was most sedulous in her preparations to entertain her celestial guest, the archangel Raphael—

'She turned, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacies best;
What order so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring,
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change.'

The primeval law of courses and a dinner 'à la Russe,' with 'rose' and odours from the shrub unfum'd,' are authoritatively enjoined. Then the angelic guest remarks upon the daintiness of Eve's menu—

'God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights
As may compare with heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice.'

He might fairly take full credit for appetite after his long flight to covert of millions, billions, trillions of miles.

'So down they sat,
And to their viands fell, nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians; but with keen despatch
Of real hunger.'

This is of the Rag and Famish order, without the compliment of a grace before meat, and then we turn from the empyrealism of Milton to the racy and rollicking Don Juan—

'I will not dwell upon ragoûts or roasts,
Albeit all human history attests
That happiness for man,—the hungry sinner!—
Since Eve ate apples much depends on dinner.'

And Tennyson to wit—

'Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home,
And, half cut down, a pasty costly made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret, lay
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks,
Imbedded and injellied.'

We must wash this down with a cool glass. Let it not be red, O 'Baily!'—sub Dio and under a warm sun abstain from the ruby Leoville and Mouton, and above all from the purple Romanée Conti and Corton of Burgundy, with its caloric sediment. Lay hold of that beryl swan neck of Hinterhauser, or that other of Elz Schloss Moselle, and let us have a refreshing draught with the gay Don—

'For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda water.'

How delicious! we must have another, 'Beviam' tocchiamo, Tommy Moore, ancora più—

'Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.'

And with this exquisite cream cheese of Devon manufacture we will call upon the immortal bard of Ayr—drunk though Caledonia be from stem to stern with whisky—and with Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny carol—

'The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barley bree.'

And then from common malt returning again to Paradise and Maraschino—

'Meantime, at table, Eve
Ministered naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd.'

Corpo di Bacco! but this is of the strongest edition of Anonyma—the counterpart of the costume *au naturel* of the demimonde ball given by 'il Re Galantuomo' at Naples. And there is the little maiden from the Dartmoor Inn with her smart cap and snowy bib and tucker, in contumacious disobedience to the sumptuary statutes of Eden. Haretor, peradventure, might be chilly under Paradisaical observances, and the sharp granite, as a couch, an unpleasant substitute for 'the grassy turf and mossy seats' of the archangel! and his hosts. Neither is Ruby Rubby, 'with his own complete perfection,' an exact counterpart of 'our primitive sire,' except in the original sin of having been brought before the magistrate for stealing apples.

'Here, take the remainder of the veal pasty, my fine fellow,' said Fitzpayne.

'Naw—thanks, maister, all the same; 'tis tu wite for my hinkling, and for all the world the likes of our granny, when us a-salted un in——'

'Your grandmother!' exclaimed Colonel Mohun; 'what do you mean?'

'Ees, sure. You sees thicky cot down along there hom' by Tavy Claves—wall, us was up there a-Christmassing with grand-fayther and the folks from Tavistock, and the snaw it com down, and snawed us in—the ole lot on us—cudn't git away nohow; and then granny was tuk bad, and went right off, all to wunce, pur auld crater; and us hadn't no corfin nor nort; and there hur lay stiff outright as a door-pawst. What alive cude us do? So us tuk the pig's trough, and the pickle that was ordained for the pig; and with sister Jinny us a-salted granny in downright; and then

‘arterwards, when the snaw was a’ gone, us took un in to Tavis-
‘tock, and put un to ground vitty. Curiss, sir—warn’t it? I
‘never ates no wite meat since that time; but, howsomdever, I’ll
‘take thicky leg of that there brown dook, if yer honner’s so gude.’

But Rubby was interrupted by the sound of hounds, that once more came upon the wind, and his terrier, Nelson, barked. This time there was no mistake. It was not the short tongue of the fox-hound, nor the multiplied notes of the yelping harrier, but it was a loud and prolonged chorus of hounds in full chase; and as they crested the outer range of the Dartmoor hills between Brai Tor and Doe Tor the body of the pack came in sight, sweeping downwards to the banks of one of the many branches that joins the main stream of the Lyd above Kit Hole. They were powerfully built hounds, with rough and wiry coats, heavy in gait, and slow, as a matter of course. Pace was not an essential in the chase for which they were bred, nose and a superabundance of tongue being the predominant requisites; and as a pack of otter-hounds none could be superior.

In a short time the field—to bestow an honourable appellation on the ragged crew that were following—could be seen scrambling amongst the rocks at Doe Tor, some on foot, and others on horses and ponies, shouting and cheering as if the result of the run depended on the liberal employment of their own individual pair of lungs. The hounds had checked, and were turning back. This appeared to give satisfaction to the old huntsman, in a faded scarlet waistcoat, with dilapidated gaiters and breeches to match. He never said a word until he arrived at the bottom of the steep hill, down which, old as he was, he rode with a slack rein and at a pace that would have shaken the nerve of many of the best in the grass shires. Duly arrived at the bottom, he deliberately stopped, pulled out a greasy handkerchief from his cap, mopped his head, and took a ‘soop’ from a leathern bottle that he carried in a wallet strapped behind the flap of his saddle, and which had evidently done good service already on that morning. He was now comfortable, and, after a pause, said—

‘Darn it, what be all this about, then? It’s never no hotter—
‘nor it bean’t a fox, nor a shep, for the last they gutted to
‘Sourton Tor didn’t run harf so fur—nor it ain’t, seemingly, a carf
‘nor a sheppy, or us must have seed ’un.’

After this soliloquy he began to think that whatever the scent might be there was a possibility of its being ahead; but before suggesting this to his hounds he deemed it prudent to get to the other side of the stream. Having attained his object, and being on vantage ground, Dick Down called to his hounds. They came readily. He had no whipper-in: the duties of that functionary might be said to be performed by popular representation and election, varying in the person according to the country. Nevertheless, Dick had his pack well under control. He had in his wallet, together with the brandy-bottle, sundry odds and ends that superseded the use

of whipcord; and his favourites well knew that obedience would be rewarded.

‘Yoi, Buxom, old wench! Here!’—flinging a bit of damaged ship-biscuit—‘that’s a dear critter! And you, Derrymaid, ‘doen’t be so fractious now; be quiet. Well done, Solomon; ‘you’re true blue! I seed ‘ee make that there het on to the path. ‘That’s a brave boy! and here’s anither bit for ‘ee. Konkerbine, ‘you’re a hout-and-houter!—’most as rampagious a one as ever ‘wagged a starn. Sweetlips, let’s be at ‘em agin now.’ And then Dick made his cast.

The head of the heterogeneous field had arrived by this time, showing a long trail of footers coming on the line, and cutting off the angles with a running accompaniment of shouts from one to the other. ‘Come along, Jim; I never seed such a burster in all my ‘born days; be alive; we’re jist to the top.’ And the policeman A 99, having emancipated himself from duty, was out for a spree on a rough pony, and, excited by the bright sunshine and the uproar, sang out, by way of encouragement to the hounds—

‘Bright Chanticleer proclaims the morn.’

‘Howld your noise there,’ shouted Dick, ‘and let them be. Merry-legs has it there—there hur goes! Have at ‘un, my lads—‘Hoick! hoick!’ and the old man blundered on, impeded every now and then in his narrow path, and swearing lustily as the end of the long otter-spear at his back banged against a projecting rock, forcing him on to his horse’s neck.

The hounds had turned on the side of the steep under Hare Tor, and were holding it straight on the line that the woman had taken in the morning. They stared wildy, and could only carry the scent by snatches, going back heel at every check, like all hounds of that class, instead of flinging for it forward.

Colonel Mohun and Fitzpayne were watching the scene with interest.

‘What can all this be!’ exclaimed the Colonel. ‘Let us inquire. ‘Here, policeman, what are they hunting?’

‘Don’t know, sir,’ said that personage, touching his hat. ‘Squire ‘Kellicot’s otter-hounds were out to-day, and the huntsman ‘stopped at the Dartmoor Inn for a horn of beer. As they came ‘on to the down, beyond the wall, away they went at score, all at ‘once, and there was no stopping them. Whether ‘tis a stray stag ‘from Exmoor that has been lately harbouring in Lidford Woods, ‘or what else, they can’t tell.’

Further remark was prevented by the hounds recovering and taking the scent down the hill to the crossing place at Rattle Brook. Here they threw up again, and the main body tried down the banks of the stream. One old bitch-hound held back, and, with head up, winding the scent, leapt upon the stones, and opened freely.

‘That’s a good bitch!’ cried Dick. ‘Yoi! at ‘un, Gaylass!’ and the pack dashed across the stream to the spot where the woman

had rested and laid down her basket. Then they caught it again, and went up the far side of the hill with a will, carrying a head and racing for the lead.

'At 'un, Haro and Harper!' chimed in Dick. 'You'm all so 'gude as yer mawther Gaylass, what used to car' you a-hunting 'along with herself, when you were pups, to wark, no bigger than 'foumarts. Them's the rale sort to cut along—tis only to volly 'arter 'em. Hoick for'ard!—hoick!' And he sucked the bottle again by way of affidavit to the truth of their canine virtues.

The Colonel and Fitzpayne, joining in this singular chase, made the best of their way over the uneven ground, now amidst a ruck of stones, and the next instant floundering through the black slush of an unexpected bog. The hounds had brought the chase to Tavy Cleaves, then bearing suddenly to the right at the base of Anicombe Hill, they breasted the further side of the ascent, leaving the large swamps of Cranmere to the right. They were far ahead, going in the direction of an elongated pile of rocks, called, in moor language, 'a clitter,' extending under the brow of this round headed eminence. Every hound spoke to it gallantly, but the crash, loud and exhilarating in the gorge of the valley, became faint as the wind carried it away on the top of Anicombe. Onwards trudged the sobbing yet still vociferous multitude; and amidst this Babel of sounds might be heard the interrupted lay of the policeman—

'Fleet Towler leads the croy.'

'That's more than you can do, Mr. Blueman,' cried Dick Down. 'I take it you'm a purty nigh a pumped out,—no fizgig left. Lor a' marcy what be they dogs about?'

The hounds had come up to their game, whatever it might be, for after clambering and jumping from rock to rock, they gathered round a particular spot and marked furiously. The clitter was composed of layers of huge granite blocks, covering a large space of ground, and only wanted altitude to be called a tor. Towards the lower part, a vast slab seemed, by some convulsion of nature, to have been split asunder, and the narrow fissure scarcely allowed a person to force himself through into the dark interior.

Dick Down got down from his horse, and by the aid of his otter-spear, scrambled from rock to rock, at the same time holding a familiar colloquy with his hounds. Encouraged by the well-known voice, they responded loudly; some of them entering the opening in the rock and as speedily retreating. All was now confusion, and each gave his opinion as to the quality of the animal of venery. Dick at last, having arrived out of breath, looked around, took off his cap, scratched his head, the ready sign of Danmonian doubt, and exclaimed 'by Gur!' The expression purposed to convey the idea that the conjuncture of circumstances was beyond Dick's powers of solution.

'Go in to 'im bowldly, my heroes,' he cried, a heroism that he

was far from personally exhibiting, as he stooped down and peered through the dark cleft.

'That's the right sort, Halloo on, Nelson,' cheered Rubby, who with his terrier, and on his hands and knees amongst the hounds, was crawling through the aperture. He had hardly got his nose within the inner precinct, when a sharp blow on the head made him retreat precipitately. Standing up and rubbing his sore head, he exclaimed—

'They 'm all alive in there, they are,—I seed some 'cwoats,—' there's a 'oman, and there's a spice of light there t'other side ;' and calling to his terrier, he clambered over the rocks above to ascertain if there might be any egress on the further and upper side of the clitter.

'Its Rab Williams,' shouted out a dozen voices at once, 'and ' Sam Mason in coorse ; the darned rogue what stole our dooks,' cried one ;—'And tuk our guses,' said No. 2 ; ' And cut the throt of ' my shep and carr'd away the carkiss, and left the skin,' vociferated No. 3. 'It's them surelie.' Amidst this storm of words, mingling with the uproar of the hounds, Dick Down, again titillating the crown of his head, sorrowfully observed, 'Here's a purty Jakes !'

Not one of the crowd ventured on a closer inspection of the premises, contenting themselves with a personal abuse of the supposed inmates,—calling upon them to come out, an event which they neither desired nor anticipated. At length one old foxhound, grey, worn out, yet time honoured, and not forgetful of a brighter day, shouldered his way through the body of the pack, and led through the fissure with the others close upon him.

'Yoi in Lucifer, my owld cock of the wark,' cheered Dick ; 'those Fizwillems have got the pluck anyhow,—they've more ' fight in them than the Blueforts, to my mind.' Gallantly the old hound led into the den of the clitter : he was fairly landed, and at work with something, when the crack of a pistol was heard—then a howl, and the hounds huddled out backwards, still keeping up an incessant din.

'Why, Policeman, it seems to be your turn now,' remarked Fitzpayne.

'Give me your spear, huntsman,' said Colonel Mohun, and taking the long weapon he thrust it through the opening, and was in the act of following, when a loud shout and a tally was heard from Rubby. So long as the inmates of the cavern had been beset by their fellows, they made a stand ; now, however, when they heard the voice of one of higher degree, and the tone of determination that did not admit of compromise, they became sensible of immediate danger, and tried to escape. It is ever thus : when simple brute courage, unsupported by the moral, has flashed out its force, the tide of daring ebbs with the impulse that bore it onward. Not so with him of the higher order : the stern valour is upheld by the sterner resolve, that never flags in spirit, nor blanches under lengthened peril, and triumphs more by the sense of moral than physical superiority.

It is the race between the thoroughbred and the cocktail,—the lord and the lout,—with the ever invariable result.

Rubby had viewed a man running and skulking among the rocks, and making for the upper part of the clitter, where, turning over the edge of the hill, he might possibly steal away unperceived whilst the crowd was gathered round the entrance to the cave. The chance might have been good had it not been for Rubby and his terrier. Ruby Rubby had neither forgotten nor forgiven the whop on his head. It pained him still, and served to sharpen his wits. Having certified the nature of the game, he had divined the probable mode of escape, and, like a good whipper-in, he took the upper side of the covert, ready for a view. He had well conjectured the contingency,—was now in full chase, and the hounds sprang away to his halloo. Now the man was seen glancing past a rock—then he dived amidst the granite piles, and knowing well the intricacies of the stony way, gained upon and baulked his pursuers. Still the hounds—although impeding each other in the narrows between high rocks, were keen on his track—followed every turn, showing the line and enabling the runners to shorten the way and press forward for a capture. On—on—they struggled and toiled, but of the many that started, only Rubby, the policeman, and one other were visible in front.

Dick Down did not accompany them. He stood on a flat rock, looking on wistfully at the strange race, and he had not spirits even to suck the monkey.

‘Drat it, what a fule I be,’ he soliloquized; ‘that I shouldn’t have ‘thoft of the likes of this, when I couldn’t tell most what they were ‘a hunting of. Poor Rab! I’m sorry for ‘un; I’m sure now us ‘have had many a come-by-chance snack, and who the warst? ‘Empty bellies be empty bellies, dog or man, and there’s no law agin ‘that. There was that shep and lambs to Peter Tavy, that was ‘never knowed of, and that old ram to Cawseyford, and that carf ‘what us paid for and sold arterwards to markit—prime vale as ever ‘was. Then Rab’s a kind like cousin to my missus, and she’ll be in ‘to me for this here. Blame that there Collonel; if twarn’t for him ‘Rab might have bided or gotten clane off. They arn’t a cotched ‘un yet though—’

The fugitive, upon reaching the top had gone over the hill, and when out of sight had suddenly doubled back amongst the rocks, making way downwards for the marshes towards Cranmere. He struggled bravely,—and having gained the open, forced the pace to the utmost. A short space only was now between him and the safe retreat of the bogs. The hounds refused to run in or to touch him, for every now and then he gave a snack to the foremost of something from his pocket, after the manner of Dick. It was clear that they were not altogether strangers.

‘Now Rab,’ shouted Dick, in a running fire whilst perched upon the rock, ‘that’s yer sort—stritch away for yer varra life,—that’s ‘right—kick off them butes, thicky Perleeseman can’t car’ his to his ‘likes no how,—the Gov’mენტ harn’t a vitted he proper, little

'Janny's tu to long to his taw—rin man, rin ; Dreadnought won't tich 'ee, for he knowed you when hur wus out to wark,—that's right, gie 'im a bit more ; ha ! drat ye, Bonnerlass, what now ? 'I'll dray into yer whiles, you see ; Rab, Rab, what be ye doing 'of ?'

The man was on the flat, and made a circuit, thus allowing the policeman and Rubby to cut him off, and they were coming up hand over hand at the top of their speed ; but he knew that he had made the race safe. On they ran, with clenched teeth and every nerve strung to the utmost, in full confidence of catching the runaway. 'Bide the bog !' shouted Rubby, as he saw before him the red and yellow moss, with the intervening black patches and puddles of treacherous import. Too late—in went the policeman up to his armpits.

'Hoorar !' vociferated the delighted Dick. 'Rab's tu to many 'for ye. Git up, Bluebottle ; the Perleese Gov'ment's in a minority of eleven. I sim they'll make you Secretar' come next time. Here awoy—awoy, my hearties. Come awoy—awoy !' And toolaloo—toolaloo went the old battered yard of trumpet.

The further pursuit of Robin Williams was hopeless. He had reached the swamp of Cranmere, and no one dared to explore the bog paths of that dangerous mire. The men, dispersed by the sharp run, were congregating together slowly and crestfallen. Dick went to meet his hounds, and Colonel Mohun and Mr. Fitzpayne turned on their way homewards, calling out to the beaten and exhausted Rubby to follow. In a moment the woman of the morning was amongst them. Unseen had been her approach from among the rocks. There she stood, a solitary woman in the midst of a crowd of unfriendly men on the bare wild of Dartmoor. It was the wife of the fugitive. Her dark and sunburnt face was flushed with angry excitement, and she silently went her way in the direction of Tavy Cleaves. All knew, yet from a variety of causes no one spoke to her, until the policeman came up, covered with slime, and with his temper damnified by the taunts and chaffings of Dick and his satellites.

'Stop, Mrs. Williams,' he said. 'One word, if you please. Where do you come from—where are you going—and where's your brother Sam ?'

'I'm a-going down to Mary Tavy,' replied the woman ; 'and you may sarch me if you like. I've a-took nothing, and you've no cause to stop me ; and as for Sam, he's a-working to Gunnis Lake.'

'Sober, my lady,' rejoined the policeman. 'Wasn't that your husband that ran away just now ? I rather think so ; and he got away from the cave up yonder. It's of no use now ; just come up and show us the way in.'

But the woman refused to stir, and leaving her in charge of the bystanders, in company with Dick, who was revengefully lashing, under a false pretext, those of the hounds that had been foremost in

the pursuit of Mrs. Down's far-off cousin, the policeman, with Rubby and one or two more, went up again to the clutter. The Colonel and Fitzpayne, curious to see the beginning of the end, followed. An entrance to the cave was soon effected. It was pitchy dark; there was an intolerable smell of fried fat and gunpowder, whilst the mouldering embers of a fire testified to the habitable uses of this Cave of Adullam, only that respectable Whig David was wanting. A little dry heather and rushes were quickly kindled into a blaze, and the interior became luridly visible. In the corner were some tallow dips, and being lighted, supplied the means of minutely examining this moorland den of thieves, but of the money-changers themselves there was not a vestige. It was high, and there were two inner recesses slanting upwards, through one of which came the light that had been seen by Rubby, and thus the aperture afforded an egress above; the other shelved to the blank rock. But around and everywhere were the coarse signs of plenty. The remnants of a sheep were carefully hung up in this rocky larder—poultry was not wanting—a quantity of hare and rabbit skins bore witness that the guns in the corner had been well used, and the pistol lay on the ground which had shortened the career of the Fitzwilliam Lucifer. Some kegs of cyder and a few smaller ones of a 'more potent liquid were stowed away in the several holes, and the whole interior was supplied with the appurtenances of a dwelling-place. There were yet graver symptoms of depredation, and amongst them on a ledge of rock was a basket full of medicines and liniment. A og was at fault. He had calculated upon the capture of Sam Mason, the brother of the woman Williams, and he was visibly chagrined. The portables were removed, the cyder and spirits paying heavy export duties in kind on their way out.

As the men came forth one by one into broad daylight, the woman from below, apparently unconcerned, scanned them narrowly. They were baffled, and she was inwardly content. Not so the terrier, Nelson. One-eyed, like his great namesake, he was as sagacious as he was brave, and his whine spoke plainly to his master that his suspicions were not allayed. He followed him out, but when the men were departing, and had gone a little way, he ran back suddenly to the cave, stopped short, and barked.

'Tis all alive yet,' said Rubby. 'Loo' in, my boy—us bean't 'nonplushed noways. Sharp's the word, Mr. A.'

And in they went again, making a scrutiny more careful in detail than the former one, yet with similar failure. The dog was most active, and his intelligence keenly excited. He quested closely, coming back repeatedly to the place where the basket of medicine had been placed, nosing it round eagerly, and then scoured away in a cast again round and round the cavern. At last he sprang upon a large slab of granite, and tried to get upon the top of a huge block that formed one side.

'No, no, good dog; that won't do,' said the policeman; 'they're too big to move away.'

'Stop, now—you be quiet—let's look a bit,' cried Rubby.

‘Here, Nel—Nel; go it, my beauty—up there; loo’ loo’ up.’

The terrier leapt once more upon the stone, and failing to reach the upper ledge, Rubby lifted him up. In his struggle to gain a footing on the blocks one smaller than the rest logged, and then Nelson set to work, barking and scratching with all his might and main.

‘Gie us a hand here,’ cried Rubby; but in an instant the stone was violently displaced, then another and another was thrust back, and out rushed a man with his head bandaged, crippled in a leg, and with a large clasp-knife open in his hand. He jumped down to the bottom of the cave.

‘Stave off, or I’ll rip yer up, all on ye,’ he shouted. ‘Take care, or I’ll sarve out some one now.’

‘Steady, my lads,’ said the policeman, calmly; ‘hold up the lights, and don’t move. Sam Mason, come along; this is no use.’

‘Ain’t it, though,’ replied the man, with his back against the rock. ‘You’m that feller what’s been after worritting me for ever so long. ‘You’ve a-hunted me from where I was at work above ground, and under ground to the mines, where I was arning a honest pen’orth. ‘And you, Rubby, my fine chap, I’ve a score for you and yer ‘cussed taryer. Who’s afeard?’

‘This won’t do; you’re making matters worse,’ observed the policeman, advancing fearlessly. ‘Put up your knife, and don’t let ‘us have any more nonsense.’

‘No, no—blast ye! Stave off, I say, or here goes, by —.’ As he spoke the terrier rushed in and seized hold of the injured leg. With a cry of pain the man stooped to hit the dog; the policeman caught his arm instantly—wrenched the knife from him—a struggle—a click, and the handcuffs were on.

Sam Mason was a powerful villain, strongly built, dark as a mulatto from a gipsy stain, and with a countenance shaded by a sullen ferocity that was pledge for many a desperate adventure. Finding himself suddenly manacled, and incapable of effectual resistance, he kicked off those who held him, and, leaping up, tried to dash himself headlong against the stones. When he was brought out into the open air, the woman below, uttering a loud scream, rushed up the hill, and with every term of endearment threw herself sobbing on her brother’s neck.

The mystery was cleared up. Sam Mason, in one of his midnight maraudings, had injured himself severely. He was enabled with difficulty to reach his hiding-place on the moor, where he was nursed by his confederate Williams and his sister. She had obtained from the surgeon of the district the necessary liniments and embrocation, in which was a strong herbal infusion. Carried in a cracked bottle, the contents had leaked out through the basket, and formed the powerful drag which had led to the capture of the one burglar. The fulness of that affection that was exercised to alleviate and to shield the sufferer was the very means that brought about the dis-

aster ; and bitterly did the poor creature reproach herself for the casual inadvertence that had defeated the anxious care of sisterly devotion.

Strange, yet how sweet is the power of woman's love in all the phases of its devotion—in all the many grades of life. Absorbing every other sentiment, it is the master pulse that guides her in the fond pilgrimage—never valued by the recipient of it at its real worth, and often spurned by creatures incapable of appreciating this priceless gift of Providence. Prince and pauper—judge and felon—hero and dastard—one and all partake alike of the benefit of this almighty design for the peace and solace of man. The form may differ, the state of being may vary, but the beautiful affection—'immortal 'amidst ruin'—is ever lovingly and devotedly the same.

CRICKET.

WE live in an age of sensations, and cricket appears to form no exception to the sensational rule. When we left our readers last month at the end of one, and the eve of another match between Gentlemen and Players, we could not anticipate the mass of cricketing matter which now awaits our discussion, nor could we guess at the amount of interest which attaches to the Public Schools' Match of 1866. Taking things, however, as they come, we find the Gentlemen's team at the Oval differing in three names from the Eleven who had just been defeated at Lord's ; and, at the first glance, it seemed that their wicket keeping was likely to be as much against their chance of success as it was before. The Players might certainly have been strengthened, but after they had scored 250, and had disposed of their adversaries for 102 runs, it did appear like Lombard Street to a China orange, and one well-known *habitué* of the Pavilion (whose opinions upon cricket and free trade are held in equal respect) absolutely laid 10 to 1 upon the Players. But the next day showed, no doubt, the finest display of batting which has been seen for many years ; for the Gentlemen's second innings of 352 was made against a succession of the best bowling. Only one single figure was there, and we pass from name to name without knowing where to specially particularize. Perhaps Mr. Maitland should bear the palm as head score in each innings, while the decision which obliged the finish of his second hands was a very questionable one. Mr. E. M. Grace did good service with the bat as his brother did with the ball—(by-the-by we must protest against the former gentleman being called 'Dr. Grace' by the cricket-reporters, who are, perhaps, unaware that Dr. Grace (pater) is an elderly gentleman in the full possession of all his faculties, and devoted to the game of cricket. It must, therefore, be manifestly unfair that the young Esculapius should be borrowing paternal lustre by having his own name prefixed to his father's scores):—

PLAYERS.		1st innings.	2nd innings.
H. Jupp, c Voules, b W. G. Grace . . .	12	b W. G. Grace . . .	18
W. Mortlock, c V. E. Walker, b Dr. Grace . .	0	c Lyttelton, b W. G. Grace . .	8
E. Pooley, c. Buller, b R. D. Walker . . .	3	b W. G. Grace . . .	4
G. Wootton, run out	1	l b w, b W. G. Grace . . .	5
T. Hearne, b V. E. Walker	47	c and b Maitland . . .	41
T. Humphrey, c W. G. Grace, b Dr. Grace . .	15	c Dr. Grace, W. G. Grace . .	0
G. Bennett, run out	10	l b w, b Maitland . . .	7
Jas. Lillywhite, b W. G. Grace	8	not out	2
L. Greenwood, st Lyttelton, b I. D. Walker .	66	c Maitland, b Dr. Grace . .	5
A. Shaw, c Lyttelton, b Dr. Grace	70	c V. E. Walker, b W. Grace . .	0
E. Willsher, not out	14	c Dr. Grace, b W. Grace . .	13
Byes 9, l-b 2	4	Wides	3
Total	250	Total	106

GENTLEMEN.		1st innings.	2nd innings.
Hon. C. G. Lyttelton, b Lillywhite	5	c Pooley, b Willsher . . .	45
Dr. E. M. Grace, c Pooley, b Bennett . . .	12	b Shaw	48
W. F. Maitland, Esq., c Bennett, b Lillywhite	25	c Pooley, b Greenwood . .	61
C. F. Buller, Esq., b Lillywhite	22	c Jupp, b Shaw	21
R. D. Walker, Esq., c Hearne, b Wootton . .	1	c Willsher, b Hearne . . .	52
W. G. Grace, Esq., c Pooley, b Wootton . .	7	b Greenwood	34
I. D. Walker, Esq., l b w, b Wootton . . .	0	c Pooley, b Wootton . . .	12
S. C. Voules, Esq., b Wootton	9	c Wootton, b Shaw . . .	23
A. H. Winter, Esq., c Hearne, b Wootton . .	2	b Lillywhite	19
V. E. Walker, Esq., not out	13	b Wootton	9
G. M. Kelson, Esq., b Wootton	2	not out	13
Byes 2, l-b 2	4	Byes 8, l-b 7	15
Total	102	Total	352

Umpires—Stephenson and Cæsar.

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

PLAYERS.—FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Dr. Grace	143	73	10	3	0
R. D. Walker	80	37	5	1	0
W. G. Grace	120	49	12	2	0
V. E. Walker	68	23	6	1	0
I. D. Walker	36	22	1	1	0
Maitland	68	34	3	0	0
Voules	32	8	4	0	0

SECOND INNINGS.

Dr. Grace	96	27	6	1	0
W. G. Grace	156	51	5	7	0
Maitland	44	25	1	2	0

GENTLEMEN.—FIRST INNINGS.

Lillywhite	140	39	18	3	0
Bennett	56	35	1	1	0
Wootton	82	24	7	6	0

SECOND INNINGS.					
	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Wootton	168	104	10	2	0
Lillywhite	108	42	10	1	0
Shaw	116	57	9	3	0
Bennett	96	42	7	0	0
Willsher	64	28	5	1	0
Mortlock	20	15	1	0	0
Hearne	44	22	1	1	0
Greenwood	44	27	2	2	0

North v. South proved an apology for a match, and we should have thought that had the Thames been made the line of demarcation, a more even contest under present circumstances would have been the result :—

NORTH.—1st innings 85 2nd innings 65
SOUTH 203

The first of the Public School Matches was that between Eton and Winchester, played on the ground of the latter, but won by Eton with ten wickets in hand. Mr. Thornton showed some tremendous hitting power, sending the ball three times out of the ground; and we shall be much mistaken if this gentleman, who is very young, does not prove a thorn in the side of his foes in years to come. The Winchester bowling and fielding was below par this year, so much so as to effectually deceive those who took a line from this match in estimating the results of that between Harrow and Eton. Mr. L. S. Howell, in the Winchester team, is a good bat, and all round player, but he could not win the match by himself against the superior forces of Eton, whose Eleven all scored double figures with the exception of one (run out):—

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

1st innings.		2nd innings.	
J. C. Moberly, b Ferguson	10	c Foley, b Gilliat	3
C. B. Phillips, c Reibey, b Pelham	7	c Gilliat, b Ferguson	1
F. Haygarth, b Ferguson	9	b Lubbock	24
S. K. Douglas, b Ferguson	12	b Barrington	10
F. B. Harvey, run out	52	c Thornton, b Barrington	3
G. Hall, b Lubbock	17	b Thornton	15
J. M. Evetts, c Ferguson, b Gilliat	6	b Gilliat	2
L. S. Howell, c Walrond, b Gilliat	45	not out	27
A. G. Hastings, b Lubbock	8	hit wkt, b Barrington	3
E. Armitage, not out	10	b Barrington	13
W. H. Ley, b Lubbock	5	b Barrington	0
B 3, l-b 1, w 3	7	B 8, l-b 1, w 9	18
Total	188	Total	119

ETON COLLEGE.

Hon. T. Pelham, c Armitage, b Moberly	30	H. Gilliat, b Haygarth	10
C. R. Alexander, c Harvey, b Howell	27	H. M. Walker, not out	37
W. B. Barrington, c and b Howell	34	W. H. Walrond, c and b Moberly	14
J. W. Foley, b Ley	49	R. R. N. Ferguson, run out	0
E. Lubbock, run out	18	B 1, l-b 3, w 5	9
C. J. Thornton, l-b w, b Ley	47	Total	291
J. C. Reibey, b Ley	16		

In the second innings of Eton, Hon. T. Pelham scored (not out) 13; J. W. Foley (not out) 4. Total, 17.

Rugby and Marlborough followed next with every prospect of a score of 1,000 runs during the match, had there been time to finish. The latter school appeared in far more brilliant colours this year than on former occasions ; but the boys labour under the great disadvantage of playing at home with scarcely any 'gallery,' whereas at Rugby the contrary is the case. This is natural enough from the relative localities of the two schools, but we are convinced that a first visit to Lord's on a full day must operate against the nerves of a boy who has hitherto encountered no criticism outside his own school :—

SCORE.—Rugby, 1st innings . . 283 2nd innings, 180, with 7 wickets down.
 Marlborough, 1st innings 224

The match between Eton and Harrow will have become a household word long ere these lines are in the hands of our readers ; and if we devote some considerable space to the details of the play, it is because the press generally has not succeeded in giving to the public a correct account of the fracas which ended the first day's cricket. For instance, one of the weekly sporting journals published a leading article in which the writer gravely represents Mr. Lubbock's hit to have been 'a cut to the off,' while another gentleman, who addresses the 'Pall Mall Gazette' under the signature of 'F. D. H.,' suggests that the unlucky wight who stopped the hit in question was no other than the Harrow twelfth man ! No one can regret more than ourselves the tone of the article in the last-named paper, which called forth 'F. D. H.'s' communication, because the animus therein contained was unmistakable ; and if the writer were to be recognized in the neighbourhood of Barnes Pool after 'absence' on any half-holiday, before the end of the half we should not be ambitious of changing places with him. Our own impression, which is founded on constant personal observation of the Eton play during the past half, is that both the boys themselves and their mentors have done their best to turn out an Eleven creditable to the college ; and when we say that no less than seven professionals (Muncey, Shearman, Dawes, Grundy, Wells, Tinley, and Bennett) have added their instructions to the unremitting attentions of Messrs. Mitchell, Dupuis, and Leigh, we cannot attribute the defeat of Eton to idleness on the part of her boys. We will even go a step further, and suggest that boys do *not* continue to improve under too great a pressure of advice, especially professional advice. But look again at the fielding, that invariable test of careless cricket. We say, without hesitation, that the Eton field was superior this year to Harrow ; the former school, after losing the toss, had six hours of it in a broiling sun. They missed but two catches in an innings of 302 runs. Harrow, on the other hand, fielded worse than we remember for some years ; but their batting was straight and even, and their bowling far above the average. Hence the result. Eton had relied on Mr. Lubbock's underhand 'all sorts,' with the idea that Harrow would not meet them with a straight bat ; but Harrow boys rarely play with anything else, and Mr. Lubbock might as well have directed his efforts against a

brick wall. Had not Mr. Gilliat done good service in supporting the Pavilion end, there is no saying what the Harrow score would have been. His bowling under the circumstances was excellent—53 overs for 55 runs. Turning to Harrow: with the exception of Mr. Stow (whose batting and generalship were above praise), we should call them a steady rather than a brilliant team; but there was cricket in them throughout, and that cricket had been carefully instilled and wisely matured. We are quite sure that no Harrovian who looked on could fail to recognize that master hand whose name was represented, and excellently represented, among the Eleven.

Mr. Cobden is a bowler of great promise, with both pace, delivery, and head. We shall be much disappointed if we do not see him again hereafter trundling among the best of the land. Mr. Money (said to have lost his form in 1865!) proved again that Lord's is one of the grounds on which he bowls to the greatest advantage.

We now approach the one incident which impeded the harmony of the match, and we will give a short statement of the facts which occurred, in justice to both Eton, Harrow, and the umpires. Going back, then, to first causes, we ask, Why do not the police keep the ground effectively? They are well paid for their services, and had they done their duty, we should have been saved such a scene as we trust may never again disgrace a cricket field. The ball when hit by Mr. Lubbock rolled among the spectators, though without reaching the ropes. It was stopped by a little fellow in a check jacket, but *was not thrown by him to the fieldsman*. This is the distinct evidence of Shaw, and is confirmed (to our knowledge) by Mr. Money, who fielded the ball. The ball, under these circumstances, was *not dead*, any more than a ball would be, if stopped by a bench placed in front of the ropes of a tent (after previous agreement that all hits under the ropes of the tent should bear a nominal value). Recognizing, therefore, the extreme bad luck of Mr. Foley's losing his wicket through such a mischance, we cannot see how the umpires could have decided otherwise, or how the committee of the club could have accepted the responsibility of disputing the fiat of the umpire. Moreover, a statement having appeared in some of the daily papers, that the committee of the club met and confirmed the decision, that body has promptly negatived such statement by a notice to the public that the committee *has no power to revise the decision of an umpire*. Mr. Lubbock was undoubtedly to blame in leaving the match unsettled for such a period as three-quarters of an hour, and we must also take exception to the behaviour of a few of Eton's partisans, who have not the 'calida juvena' to urge in their behalf, as it may be urged in the captain's case.

But if Friday's sun went down amid clouds and frowns, Saturday's dawn was bright with the appearance of a continued game and more amicable relations among the combatants. Imprimis, Mr. Lubbock made the *amende* in the most honourable way, which was met by a frank offer from Mr. Stow that Mr. Foley should resume his bat;

and the courteous rejection of these terms by Mr. Lubbock brought to an end a matter which we hope may in future be effaced from the memories of either school.

The second day's play was decisive enough; things went smoothly for the victors, though Mr. Thornton played a most plucky innings, and Mr. Walter showed the bowler more of his bat than any of his companions did. Before evening the conquering match of forty-two which have taken place was scored by Harrow amidst the usual acclamations. We trust their late repeated victories will not render the Harrovians oblivious on the score of fielding, as noticed above; and as for Eton, we shall hope to see them next year profiting by past experiences, and preparing for future triumphs. There is no victory so sweet as the one which succeeds a series of reverses, and no character more noble than that delineated in the line—

'Merses profundo—pulchrior evenit.'

HARROW.

H. H. Montgomery, Esq., b Higgins	12	J. Ponsonby, Esq., b Thornton	33
C. T. Smith, Esq., c and b Gilliat	15	J. H. Gibbon, Esq., not out	35
W. B. Money, Esq., c Pelham, b		F. C. Cobden, Esq., b Gilliat	29
Barrington	15	E. Mathews, Esq., c Barrington, b	
M. H. Stow, Esq., run out	50	Lubbock	10
T. Hartley, Esq., c Lubbock, b		B 12, l-b 3, w 15	31
Higgins	3		
W. H. Hadow, Esq., b Higgins	31	Total	302
R. Digby, Esq., c Reiby, b Walter	38		

ETON.

	1st innings.		2nd innings.
W. B. Barrington, Esq., b Cobden	1	b Cobden	11
Hon. T. Pelham, b Mathews	0	c Mathews, b Money	9
J. W. Foley, Esq., run out	1	st Stow, b Money	5
E. Lubbock, Esq., b Mathews	25	b Money	0
W. H. Walrond, Esq., b Cobden	3	c Ponsonby, b Money	0
C. J. Thornton, Esq., not out	46	b Cobden	7
J. C. Reiby, Esq., b Cobden	4	c Stow, b Money	2
H. M. Walter, Esq., b Cobden	13	b Money	5
H. Gilliat, Esq., c and b Money	24	c Mathews, b Cobden	3
R. N. Ferguson, Esq., b Cobden	0	c and b Money	0
W. Higgins, Esq., c Montgomery, b Money	2	not out	0
B 3, w 2	5		

Total . . . 124

Total . . . 42

Umpires: Hearne and Shaw.

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

HARROW.—1ST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.
Gilliat	212	25	55	3	2
Higgins	178	10	81	1	3
Lubbock	137	14	43	—	1
Barrington	80	9	20	2	1
Walter	48	1	28	—	1
Ferguson	95	13	20	2	—
Thornton	68	13	10	7	1
Pelham	20	1	14	—	—

Eaton.—1ST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wides.	Wickets.
Mathews	104	11	38	—	2
Cobden	132	17	37	—	5
Money	55	5	18	—	2
Hartley	40	3	21	—	—
Smith	16	2	5	—	—

2ND INNINGS.

Money	89	12	32	—	7
Cobden	88	17	10	—	3

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we chronicle the return to the cricket field of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who took his place among the Gentlemen of Norfolk v. I Zingari, the latter club being handsomely defeated in one innings. We are authorized, nevertheless, to contradict the report that (upon the result of the first day's score becoming known by telegraph) the honourable Company of the Spectacle-makers called a meeting, with a view to presenting the freedom of the company to his royal highness, in case the events of the second day should render him an eligible candidate for that honour. It is far more probable that the Prince, who fielded at short leg, has recognized the propriety of being 'taught by the 'enemy,' and has taken a leaf out of 'Jerks in from Short Leg,' from the pen of I Zingari's wicket-keeper, the immortal 'Fitz.'

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD OAK TABLE.

CHAPTER II.

'Twere harsh to control thee, my frolicsome steed,
I give thee the rein—so away at thy speed ;
The rider will dare to be wilful as thee,
Laugh the future to scorn—and partake in thy glee.'

THE separation of his guests for the night, however, was not so complete as John Crocker supposed it to be. On the upper landing of the staircase might have been seen three of the junior members of the party, consulting in a suppressed tone as to the possibility of enjoying a quiet cigar before they parted finally for the night.

Now it so happened that John Crocker, like James VI., had a very strong aversion to the smell of tobacco smoke : in the field he barely endured it ; but within doors he considered the habit of smoking an abomination to be practised only in the lowest pot-house. Smoking had even then become very general at the two Universities ; and, as Stoford, Reynell, and Treborough had only recently quitted those sacred seats of learning, they had acquired the cloud-compelling accomplishment to a vast extent. But the cigar before bedtime was held to be the *bonne bouche* of the day, the handmaid of sleep, without whose aid rest might be invoked in vain. All, however, were well aware of Crocker's antipathy to the fumes of the fragrant weed ; so how to manage the matter without doing violence to his feelings was a question of some difficulty. Nevertheless it

was soon solved ; for where there's a will there's a way, as the old proverb says. Treborough, who slept in a room apparently more remote than those of his two friends from the quarter supposed to be occupied by the family, invited them to adjourn to his chamber, and there have their last weed. 'And,' said he, 'if we open the windows, and pin a blanket over the door, John Crocker will be none the wiser, even though he had the nose of one of Hopworth's fougart hounds.'

Thither, accordingly, the party retired, and having, as they imagined, secured the room against the chance of a discovery, they drew their chairs to the fire and smoked to their hearts' content. But alas ! as it afterwards appeared, all their precautions had been taken in vain. By some contrariety of procedure the current of vitiated air, which should have passed up the chimney, preferred escaping through the windows, and then, taking a downward course, entered the dressing-room window of John Crocker himself.

The veritable fumes of Tartarean sulphur could hardly have surprised him more than the intrusion of this foul and noxious vapour into his sanctuary. In an instant his hand was on the bell-pull ; but, instead of jerking it, the reflection occurred to him that if others forgot their manners he was bound not to forget his, at least in his own house ; so, bearing it as he best could, he soon completed his toilet for the night, and withdrew at once into a purer and more agreeable atmosphere.

The next morning, as he entered the dining-room and greeted his several guests with his usual heartiness, there was no cloud perceptible on John Crocker's brow ; on the contrary, a pleasant sunshine beamed from his eye, strongly indicative of that happy and cheerful temperament for which he was so remarkable. He looked from head to foot, as in truth he was, the *beau-idéal* of a country gentleman. His leathers, made by Maddox of Worcester, were faultlessly clean ; and his long broad-skirted hunting-coat, so different from the swallow-tailed pinks commonly worn at that period, gave one the notion that John Crocker preferred comfort to fashion, and was a sensible man.

'Well, gentlemen,' said he, somewhat gravely, 'I am very glad to find none of you were disturbed in your sleep ; for the fact is my house was entered by burglars during the night.'

'By burglars !' said the guests, almost simultaneously. 'And what did they carry off ?'

'Oh, they did no damage in that way ; but the impertinent fellows had the audacity to smoke in the house ; and I would rather they had carried off my Cellini tankard than taken such a liberty with me.'

Stoford's look of concern at that instant was a study for an artist. Not for the Duchy of Cornwall would he have taken part in that indulgence, had he anticipated the annoyance it must have given to his kind host. Still there was a something in Crocker's manner, a pucker in the lip or a twinkle in the eye, that gradually reassured

him and his fellow-culprits. They saw that, instead of treating the matter seriously, he was disposed to turn it into a joke ; and in reality he could not have adopted a more effective mode for bringing them all on their marrow-bones.

‘ For heaven’s sake, hold hard, Crocker !’ said Stoford. ‘ It was ‘ a gross violation of hospitality on our part, and I may truly say we ‘ are heartily ashamed of ourselves ; so pray accept our apology.’

‘ No need of one at all,’ said Crocker, almost taken aback by this penitential appeal. ‘ I’ve had my revenge ; so now we are quits on ‘ that score.’

And, after some merriment on the part of the ladies and the uninitiated guests, there the matter dropped ; but for many a year afterwards old Ball never met one of those young men without asking him what had become of the rest of his gang.

‘ The wind is still in the east,’ said Crocker, as he quitted my side and examined the vane over the stable-turret, ‘ and there it has ‘ been for the last fortnight ; but so long as it brings neither frost ‘ nor fog, to my mind we could not have better hunting weather. I ‘ have seen rare sport during the prevalence of a steady easterly ‘ wind ; and you will remember that when Meynell had that famous ‘ run from Billesdon Coplow, twenty-eight miles in two hours and ‘ fifteen minutes, the wind at north-east was “ forbiddingly keen ;” ‘ yet, as Lowth says,

“ Not Meynell himself, the King of all men,
Ever saw such a chase, or will ever again.”

‘ Ah, that was something like pace !’ said Stoford, who had now quite regained his composure. ‘ When I was at Great Glenn, in ‘ Leicestershire, last winter, I saw the famous picture painted by Mr. ‘ Lorraine Smith of Enderby, in which the finest feature of that run ‘ is admirably delineated. Mr. Germaine, J. Masters, and the artist ‘ himself are in the act of crossing the river Soar. The first swims ‘ fairly over on his horse Melon, for ever afterwards surnamed the ‘ Water-melon ; the next throws himself off in mid stream to relieve ‘ his beaten horse Joe Miller ; and the third crosses at a ford, only ‘ known to the Squire of Enderby ; while the hounds, carrying all ‘ head and no tail, are streaming away over Enderby Warren as if ‘ they never would be caught again.’

‘ I’d give away a year’s income to see such a run as that,’ said Mr. King, whose passion for the chase knew no bounds. ‘ But I ‘ don’t understand the north-easterly wind, and that, too, in the ‘ month of February. Surely from such a quarter there ought to ‘ have been a frost.’

‘ Lowth must have taken poetic license, I suspect,’ answered Stoford, ‘ and adjusted his compass according to the requirements of his metre.’

‘ I wonder those gentlemen did not catch their death from cold,’ observed Blanche Crocker, on whose mind Stoford’s description of the picture had left a deep impression. ‘ They must have wanted

'their hot gruel as much as the poor horses before they returned to Melton.'

'And they had it, without doubt, and something more,' replied Stoford, 'for Enderby Hall was close at hand when they killed their fox; and not a man of them would be allowed to pass the portals of that mansion without partaking of its hospitality. Brotherhood in the hunting field is a strong doctrine with Lorraine—

" — through whose free-opening gate
None comes too early, none returns too late."

Now, if Stoford had any intention of making a hit, and of gaining a good score in the estimation of Blanche Crocker, he could not have sent a better shaft at his mark than one winged with poetry.

'The infinite circle of song,' as Schiller's translator so beautifully calls poetry, had fairly enrapt her with its magic influence; and, devoted though she was to the charms of nature, to the wild brooks and romantic scenery of her native moors, over which, when accompanying her father to the chase, she swept with the speed of a Camilla, yet a few hours passed in the company of her favourite Schiller, whose inspiration seemed to elevate her very soul, were always the happiest of her life. For the time, at least, if not long after the volume itself was laid aside, the gushing enthusiasm of the poet, his earnest faith, and the pure and noble spirit which animates his heart, made Blanche a sincere convert to the principle of ideal excellence, of which he is the great master; and she longed for a stronger faith in the poet's views, as a plant longs for the light.

'You must ride your mother's horse to-day, Blanche,' said John Crocker, who at least liked her to accompany him to cover, even if she did not wait for the find. 'You gave Cock Robin such a benefit yesterday, that he will scarcely be fit to go again before Friday.'

'He certainly carried me superbly,' said Blanche, 'and the faster and farther he went, the better he seemed to like it; but, for the moor, Josephine will be a great treat.'

Now Josephine had a temper of her own, and Mrs. Crocker had ceased to ride her for some time on this very account. The slightest mismanagement of her mouth by the hand had the effect of rousing the vicious Katerfelto blood in her veins, and she usually managed by a few short plunges in the air to unseat the most expert rider.

'Isn't that your awkward mare,' inquired old Ball, 'that threw the groom last year at Ivy-bridge, and broke his leg?'

'The same,' said Crocker. 'The fellow had swallowed too much of your cider that morning, and began pulling her mouth about, just as Waterton might have handled the cayman when he had him by the head in the Essequibo. Josephine requires a light hand, Ball; and that's just the reason why I mean Blanche to ride her to-day.'

This was quite true; Blanche Crocker could have ridden the mare with a packthread; her hands were perfect, and so was her

seat. The third pommel, by which so many fatal accidents have since occurred in the hunting field, was unknown in those days; nevertheless Blanche generally managed to keep her seat in all difficulties,—except, indeed, when her horse fell, or, as was sometimes the case, floundered headlong into a bog under her.

‘The mare has really no vice,’ continued Crocker; ‘she is simply a nervous animal, and, having a very sensitive mouth, woe be to the rider that handles it roughly or checks her too suddenly! A smooth plain snaffle is the only bit she will endure; and even with it, if the hand and arm do not yield pliantly to her action, she resents it at once.’

‘Quite right, too,’ said Ball. ‘More horses are ruined by mismanagement of the mouth than by any other mode; but ladies have usually light hands, and rarely commit that mistake, I conclude.’

‘Pardon me,’ replied Crocker, ‘many ladies have no hands at all, and for that very reason can only ride finished and well-broken horses. Few really understand the easy give-and-take system, and how to maintain a delicate correspondence between the horse’s mouth and their own hands; and there is quite as much difference between one lady and another in the manipulation of the reins as there is in their touch on a piano,—the hand of one falls heavily on the keys, while that of the other seems to have music at her fingers’ ends. The unliancy, or rather the rigidity, with which the bridle is held is the too common fault of many riders, of women as well as men. They hold on as if they were grasping a hedge-stake and had hooked a grampus, instead of bearing on the mouth with a light tension, and playing with it as if they had a trout or a grayling in hand.’

‘To what cause, then,’ inquired Stoford, ‘do you attribute such general incompetency?’

‘Chiefly to inexperience in early life: few surmount this deficiency and become expert riders in after years; then, nervousness, a want of confidence, and a natural inaptitude for the exercise, may also account for the rigidity with which some people clutch their reins. But, after all, I really believe fine hands to be the gift of nature, and utterly unattainable by the majority of riders, no matter what their experience may be, or what their nerve.’

‘Doubtless a heaven-born gift,’ said Stoford, ‘like the poet’s art or the huntsman’s instinct; though, I am inclined to think, education may do much even for the most unsensitive.’

A too-too-too from a distant horn now roused the company, and brought the breakfast to a summary conclusion. In an instant my side was deserted by every soul, and a general movement to the oriel window indicated the lively interest all took in the hounds now coming to the meet. It was Ball’s pack, headed by John Robins, then considered by far the best huntsman in the west of England, his speciality consisting in a thorough knowledge of the habits of the wild animal he was called upon to hunt.

As he entered the lawn John rode straight for the well-known window, and, lifting his cap as he passed it, the hounds were walked leisurely to and fro for the inspection of all the company. This parade, however, attractive as it was, only lasted a few minutes. Ball was eager for the field, and, although proud of his hounds, he hated show, and only submitted to this ceremony from deference to Mrs. Crocker and her daughter's wishes. Indeed, his respect for the first lady amounted to a kind of idol worship, and he was wont to tell John Crocker that, had he been fortunate enough to fall in with a woman of her quality and good sense in early life, his bachelor days would have been soon ended, and then he might have been a better and a happier man. In answer to which compliment and reflection Crocker never failed to say, 'It is never too late to do ' a good thing, man ; there's many a nice woman would think twice ' ere she said nay to Roger Ball : look around you, I say, and you ' may yet follow what you are pleased to call my good example.'

Ball was on the dark side of sixty, so the hey-day of his youth was well-nigh over, and although he constantly recurred to the subject of matrimony, especially when he met with so happy an instance of it as that of his friend John Crocker, he never assayed the silken chain, but died, as he had lived, a discontented old bachelor.

The old-fashioned stamp of hound, on the breeding of which Ball and his ancestors had bestowed no little thought and attention, was now seen in great perfection ; and take him for all in all, for nose, courage, perseverance, and music, when the pace would permit it, no better animal could have been produced for that hill-and-dale country. The hounds were bred for the double purpose of fox and otter hunting ; and, to judge of them by the sport they showed, it must be owned that Ball's predilection in favour of his own blood, and his doubts with respect to that of more fashionable kennels, might well be justified.

The pack on the present occasion consisted of fourteen couple of hounds, all of which were either of a lemon or badger-pied colour. They were fine smooth-skinned animals, symmetrical, lengthy, and without lumber. Level, however, they were not, for they averaged from twenty to twenty-five inches ; Ball's idea being that the undersized ones travelled best in cover, and the big lashing hounds best over the open ; and so far as work and not show was the object, who shall say he was wrong ?

'Give them more meal and less broth, John,' said Ball, somewhat sharply, as he rode up and scanned the pack ; 'they are showing more ' rib than I like to see in them.'

'That's the two hard days they had last week ; they're now just ' right, tough as bell-wire, and fit to kill the best fox as ever carried ' a brush ; leastways, that's what I think, your honour.'

John's deference to his master, or any other human being on the subject of hunting, was not of the highest order ; indeed, to bate his opinion one jot as to the kennel or chase management would have been a weakness to which he never owned. And fortunately for the

success of Ball's pack it was so; for a huntsman without self-confidence and strong opinions of his own had better lay aside his cap and horn and take to mole-catching, or any other business not requiring much decision or firmness of character. Hence perpetual jars had been going on between master and man for the last forty years, but, as usual, the stronger will generally prevailed, and John Robins had his way in spite of Ball's fist, with which sometimes he well-nigh cracked the pommel of his saddle.

'Ball and his antipode,' said Stoford to Blanche Crocker; 'a contrary couple they seem to be, but in reality they work very well together. John regards his master's rating as a kind of summer thunder, noisy but not dangerous.'

'He certainly does not seem to stand in much awe of it,' said Blanche, 'nor need he do so; for although Mr. Ball may be a little rough sometimes, I've heard my father say that a kinder-hearted man does not breathe.'

'Quite true; but I wish he would not take such pains to conceal his true nature. That constant fault-finding in the field is not pleasant for his friends, and only hardens John's heart, just as the hide of Parson Baker's pony has long since become callous under the perpetual fall of the parson's stick.'

A narrow rugged path, winding by the bank of a noisy brook, and leading to a bridle gate on the borders of the moor, now compelled Stoford to drop astern of his fair companion, and, as he did so, gave him a further opportunity of observing the perfect accord existing between the lady and her steed. To judge by the manner in which his eye wandered from one to the other, it might almost be surmised that he was asking himself the question and endeavouring to decide which of the twain he admired most at that instant—Josephine, with her snake-like head and neck, her thoroughbred look and flowing action, or Blanche Crocker. At length he said to himself, 'To separate the pair would be to spoil the picture: such a combination of harmony no human sculptor ever yet produced.' And that was the truth. Blanche, in addition to the charms of a sweet face and a bright winning manner, had a lithe and matchless figure, and never was it seen to greater advantage than on the back of Josephine. It was the living, animated, graceful work of nature cultivated by that of art; a group of perfect unity, for she sat in the saddle as if she had been born there, and had lived the rest of her life in daily association with her pet companion.

The cover-side at which they had now arrived was a granite tor on the borders of Dartmoor. Ball, who had accompanied his hounds, and had reached the spot some minutes before the arrival of Crocker's party, now signalled to Mumford, the kennel boy, to uncouple a brace of terriers which he carried in saddle-bags on either side of him, and to slip them into the rocks.

'Now then, if the Turk's at home,' said Ball, in a low tone of voice, 'we shall start on good terms with him. The Tartars have gone in, so say nothing till he's well away.'

But there was no fox in that rocky hold ; the terriers soon probed it to its innermost recess, and emerging with a disappointed look, were immediately collared by Mumford and popped into their saddle-bags again.

‘Trot them away to Knowle Wood, John,’ said Ball ; ‘thanks to my friend George Newnham, that cover is as sure a draw as the Bank of England.’

‘Or his own cellar,’ said Crocker ; ‘than which, after a hard day’s hunting, I know nothing better.’

In crossing, however, a piece of rough ground towards the point indicated, the hounds began to feather on a scent, and, carrying it briskly forward, five or six of them threw their tongues simultaneously as they dashed over the moor wall and entered the cover. Then Roger Ball put his finger in his ear and encouraged them with a startling cheer.

‘Master likes music dearly,’ said the huntsman in a low voice to Crocker ; ‘but as your honour knows, if it ain’t given at the right time, it only helps the fox and not the hounds.’

John Robins was an old and a good servant, and therefore a privileged person ; and, as I have before said, his knowledge of the wild animal’s habits made him a most successful huntsman ; a man who, even with moderate tools, did his work admirably. If Meynell or Warde had reared him in their kennels, John Robins’ name would have been as well known as Will Long’s, or Tom Wingfield’s, or any of the old heroes of the hunting world.

But now, every instant, the drag is improving, and the whole pack are in full chorus, but still it is the drag, as any novice might know from the steady sonorous sound that salutes his ear. The fox, too ; is he slumbering quietly in his snug kennel, while this hubbub of war is waking every echo in the vale ? Far from it ; Roger Ball’s first cheer warns him to be off.

A hat, held in the air by a shepherd on the opposite hill, indicates a view, and instantly John Robins, in defiance of long-standing orders, hearing a short lull in the chorus, rattles his horn vigorously, and ten couple of hounds fly to the trumpet that never gave an uncertain sound. In a few minutes they are clapped on his line, and, having the open grassy moor in front, they settle to the scent, and away they go together, like an avalanche on a mountain side.

Roger Ball hears the tail hounds below him indulging in sweet melody, and, from a genuine love of the old legitimate style of hunting, forbears interfering with them till they have fairly broken cover ; he then takes them by the head and rides for a point down-wind, for which he thinks the fox is making. But he does not overtake the leading hounds till they come to their first check in Stony Bottom.

‘One hour and twenty minutes,’ said Crocker, looking at his watch, ‘and every inch of it on grass.’

‘True ; and the fox not half-killed as yet,’ replied Reynell, ‘who, mounted on a long thoroughbred horse, had never really stretched him throughout the run.’

By a quick and judicious cast, however, John Robins soon recovers the line. A hound, called Whimsey, is the first to hit it, and the whole pack are again in full swing and full cry for the next parish. But, through how many parishes the chase led, it would be tedious now to tell; suffice it to say that, although the country was fair and the scent good, yet the gallant fox quailed not for two more hours, but finally gained the tor of Dunmore, the leading hounds snapping at his brush as he entered those deep earths.

Roger Ball looked back in vain for the boy and his terriers; the fox had gone as straight as a cormorant flies, and there had not been a turn to let them in; so the hounds were trotted back eighteen miles to their kennel, undecked by the laurels they had so nearly won.

Well, the talk about that run lasted for a month; every day after dinner the subject was renewed, and every feature of the chase discussed with an interest that never seemed to abate. Roger Ball had not returned to Strawleigh, so the faults and merits, not only of his pack, but of individual hounds in it, and his system of hunting them, or rather of letting them alone, underwent, as might be expected, the minutest criticism. John Crocker was usually the first to commence the conversation.

‘I shall always think,’ he would say, ‘that if that fox had been well found we should have killed him in the first hour; but those hounds jingling on the drag did the mischief, that’s certain.’

‘Quite true,’ Stoford would reply; ‘the fox took the hint and saved his life by it: but you should have heard old Ball’s ejaculations when John Robins lifted the hounds to the moved scent; they were anything but complimentary. He called him a wild, racing, unmusical madman; and swore he was one of Meynell’s sort, and none of his.’

‘At all events,’ said Crocker, ‘there was a method in his madness, for, if he had not done what he did, we should scarcely have had a gallop at all. No hounds can hold a line better than Roger Ball’s; and side by side in chase, they are doubtless as fast as any hounds in England. But they have too much tongue and too little dash, and never carry the head that so eminently distinguishes the modern foxhound.’

‘And without a good head you cannot have a brilliant run,’ said young Reynell, then an ardent disciple of the new school, and afterwards, although in holy orders, one of the most distinguished and fearless horsemen that ever crossed a country.

And so the talk went on, hounds and horses, horses and hounds. It was just the transition period in Devon, and forty years afterwards no such hounds as Roger Ball’s were in existence in that county.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

THE weather is very hot sometimes in Paris, as, indeed, I am told it is in some other places, notably Timbuctoo and Turin; and there arises a consequent desire for fresh air and a dinner by a river. We have all in our hot youth felt this, and have therefore waited under the shadow of 'Achilles' till the confident, if not confidence-inspiring coachman came for us in that drag—pride of the regiment, but belonging chiefly to Tollit—which was to take us down, and barring accidents (and deuced short odds against them), to bring us home from water-souchée whitebait, brown bread and butter, and cup—cup later diluted with claret. When Lord Alvanley fought a duel with the younger O'Connell, he gave the hackney coachman a guinea. 'Take that,' said the witty Peer, 'not for driving me there 'but for bringing me back.' Some such desire must have been felt in old times (of course everybody is a 'safe coachman' now!) by many of your readers when they were safely delivered on the steps of the Club. But I am digressing. Fresh air, and a window looking on a river, I say, are luxuries at certain periods of the year. At the end of the Paris, as at the end of the London, season—at that time, when both your whitebait is 'very fine indeed,' and when with us peas begin to rattle on your plate—when you are helped by an obsequious waiter—well—'Inveni portum'—I have found the haven, a land flowing with milk (of human politeness) and honey (of good cookery), within easy reach of the Boulevards, and yet so easy to get at, that all Sunday Paris rushes there to revel in fried gudgeons. Let us begin from the beginning. You order your brougham at 3 p.m., wind blowing calmly S.S.E., and the company unruffled, and make up your mind to go in for an afternoon. Of course, I say of this place, as of all others, 'do not go on Sunday, if you have anything else to do;' but then to be sure it is just that, we have nothing else to do. You tell your boy to drive 'tout doucement' by the forest of Vincennes, to Joinville on the Marne. En route you traverse the whole Boulevards, from the Italiens to the Prince Eugène, one of M. le Préfet's latest glories. You see at a distance (as in my opinion you should always see a burying ground) Père la Chaise; you peep in passing at the Rue La Roquette, where stands the Newgate of France, and where at intervals is erected that horrible machine, which is the French substitute for our even more horrible drop. O, Joseph Ignatius Guillotin, doctor of medicine! you provided a rare but charming recreation for your fellow-citizens when you ravished that 'Maiden' from bonny Scotland. That 'Maiden,' under her foreign title of 'La Guillotine,' is introduced sometimes to the public, and receives such an ovation as is only offered to highly popular persons and performances. When, in July 1866, Philippe, who confessed to one murder and was certainly guilty of another, with 'extenuating circumstances,' was to be guillotined, the place was crowded night after night by thousands of expectant amateurs,

who hoped that the next sun might dawn on one of those terrible scenes of horror—an execution.

Here no warning is ever given ; and if there still exists any ‘ Sir ‘ Carnaby Jinks of the Blues,’ who wishes to emulate George Selwyn, he will have to pass three or four nights ‘ en faction,’ unless indeed he can succeed in bribing a cabman—they generally know late at night when the fatal morning is coming. But I am wandering, and am truly going from

‘ Gay to grave, from lively to severe.’

Passing this dread spot we drive along the Boulevard to the Place du Trône, pass the ‘ barriers,’ where they still ask you if you have ‘ anything to declare?’—‘ Yes!’ lately replied a man sitting close packed in a tight brougham ; ‘ Yes, I declare that I have no room for my legs’ (exit custom collector outraged)—and pass into the pretty forest of Vincennes, where noble Henriès and Louis’ used to hunt, and where, indeed, I saw a wild rabbit only last week. If you want to see the ‘ donjon’ where Harry the Fifth of England reigned and died, the cells in which the victims of ‘ lettres de cachet,’ were entombed, and the pleasant place of torture where the ‘ question’ was applied and the ‘ boot’ forced on, you must get an order from the artillery officer in command. If you desire to see the best ‘ Tir ‘ National’ (Rifle-club), you pay a franc—it is close by—and if you have luck, you may see the best rifle practice, and perhaps, big-gun practice, outside and all for nothing. It is the long range of the Paris garrison. All the balls are cast at Vincennes also, so it is ever busy.

It was here that on the return from the Crimea all the troops met in parade, but truly in working order (just as they landed), and marched past before the Emperor. There was not a whole uniform, and barely a sound shoe to a company. Close by here is the best steeple-chase ground of France, and also the model farm and breeding establishment of His Majesty. The latter may be visited by tickets received from General Fleury or Mr. Gamble (who do not however give them as a right), and the former on application to the man at the gate, who on ‘ race’ days will charge you 20 francs. When there is no racing the public enter free.

Getting on from thence we approach our ‘ final goal,’ as they say in the ‘ Giaour,’—we get to the railway station. You can go down by ‘ train,’ if you like, only the station is very far from English Paris. And, halt a minute ! I have spoken of English Paris, and now, once for all, I tell you that there are an English and a French Paris, and that they are as different as any two cities you can imagine—as different, for instance, as Athens and Andover ; Bristol and Brescia ; Constantinople and Cheltenham, and so we might go on, ‘ with ‘ alliteration’s artful aid,’ through the whole alphabet, mutes, liquids, vowels and ‘ sometimes w and y’ included. English Paris used to be found in that part of the map of Europe which shows us the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix, as the *ne plus ultra* of lounging ; and,

indeed, even now it really is the prettiest street in Paris, and if you want anything, from patent medicine to unpolished diamonds, the shops in that brilliant street are still, to quote the words of Sir Robert Peel's neighbour at dinner—'Sir Peel,' as they would say here, had taken him for a leading man in the county—'The buffers as I like, 'and as likes me!' And the 'Palais Royal.' Now, we never leave the new boulevards, and ungratefully turn our backs alike on the 'Brothers of Provence,'—(did you ever taste bouille-a-baisse? No! then go there now and do)—where we considered we found the 'only dinner in Paris,' and on numero '28,' and numero '36,' where perhaps we gave more than we received. Well, what then? Is he not blessed who gives? I wonder whether Frascati and his croupiers are blessed at this moment, or whether they have returned to their native element? But this, again, is by the way. You will find no punting or playing now in Paris, I can tell you, gentle reader, unless you belong to a club—then the door is closed with green baize, and I would rather cut out my tongue (not that I write with that member), than speak of them,—or get introduced to a Russian or Polish countess who 'receives;' and as for that—well! upon my honour, I would not! 'Experto crede,' as the Latins are said to have said, believe one on whom that little game has been tried.

English Paris now, then, begins at the Grand Hotel, and ends at the Café de la Madeleine on the south, and at the Café Riche on the north. Arrived at the railway station, we descend on Joinville sur Marne, and at once go off to the 'Tête Noire' (I heard it profanely called the 'nigger's nob,' by a youth evidently a better judge of a sign than of an inscription), and order our rooms. 'La Tête Noire' is as big as a new and 'limited' hotel; there is a garden where whole parishes might dine; avenues of private cabinets (never confuse this expression with privy councils), and whole square acres of public rooms. Who was it in some book who 'paused on the 'threshold?' We did, the first time we entered this vast caravan-serai. You dine there cheaply and well, and are waited upon by servitors or rather servitresses who puzzle your French—that language which you possibly, in common with many of your countrymen, possess, 'after the school of Stratford-atte-Bow,' more ornamental than useful. 'Garçon' we know is Gallic for 'waiter!' but these are not 'waiters,' they are female! now there is no word 'garconne' in the French dictionary any more than we can find the expressive words 'mauvaise soujette,' yet I fancy there are as many he's as she's in that last category. Order your dinner, then; do not order 'fried gudgeons' or a 'matelotte,' for you will as surely have them as 'whiting pudding' and 'devilled bait' at Greenwich, or the inevitable 'duck' at the Star and Garter. The Lord be good to us, how I used to loathe that daily duck! Then go out and you will see the prettiest bit of home scenery to be found near Paris: before you runs the Marne, studded with a dozen islets, round which in summer breaks the slow current of a really bright river—a thing rare out of England—spanned by a great bridge not only built for

traffic, but trending off in small arches, which clearly prove that the Marne of the winter does not repose in the bed of the Marne of summer, but rushes about like a disreputable river-god, the cause of wide-spreading mischief. How we might moralize about this! and the effect of breaking bounds, and of too much indulgence; but, unfortunately, we only speak of water. Could we call up any

‘Spirits from the vasty deep,’

we might really do a ‘good business’ in immorality. To the left our disreputable Marne serpentines himself away through gloriously-wooded banks, and is ‘lost to sight’ (still however remaining ‘to memory dear’) among groves which we wish we could say were not of ‘poplars.’ (Confound that impertinent tree, we have it in our earliest ‘Noah’s ark,’ with the green rabbits and the pink pigs, no doubt chosen as rare specimens by the proprietor; find it on our first tour, and if we live and die abroad, are haunted by its fluffy, caterpillar-breeding shadows to our final home.)

There is a great underground canal here, 1,800 feet long, much such as you may see in Staffordshire and then, having looked at that over a bridge, and possibly thrown a stone in, turn your eyes to Saint Maur, a pretty place in a pretty situation. Here are the salient points of an ‘outing’ to Joinville, where I advise you all to go at least once. If you get bored there go back to the wood of Vincennes. There is a certain restaurant of the ‘Porte Jeune,’ where you can *eat* if you cannot *dine*—where your table is placed by the side of a calm and pellucid lake (I like feeding the ducks, but that is a vulgar taste)—where you swallow your soup to the music of an orchestra led by Dame Nature, and consisting solely of night-ingales—where you can see the native in his element (not water), eating his melon with a knife! Then you light your cigar and wander off through the wood, brilliant now with a myriad of stars, and meet your brougham at the gate which leads to Paris. I have given you an odd day, my reader, but do not neglect it. It is different from anything in England—different, and not a bore. I have done it, and will again; therefore I say, ‘Go thou and do likewise.’

Another very pretty summer’s ‘outing’ is Meudon, six miles from Paris—a railway from the other bank of the Seine—or an hour’s drive. Meudon, now the residence of Prince Napoleon, is one of the prettiest places in France, and no sportsman or other lover of forest scenery should omit to see it.

Situated on a grand terrace, the old house of Meudon looks down on one of the finest woodland districts of France. The gardens were planned by Le Nôtre, the imitations of whose stiff style may still be seen disfiguring nature’s handiwork at Hampton Court, and in some few very old and respectable English country-houses.

The following description, written by the ‘Mercantile Dandy,’ Tom Raikes, in 1834, gives a very graphic account of this residence, which has seen many vicissitudes, and been inhabited by constables

and kings, princes and parvenus—by the heirs of St. Louis—Bourbons—Napoleons—Orleans—and is now again in the hands of a Buonaparte :—‘ We went to see Meudon to-day, which belongs to the Crown, and is occasionally inhabited by the Duke of Orleans. It is a good house, but the furniture is modern—put in by Napoleon. The great beauty of the place is the terrace, and the extensive view which it commands for many leagues of the surrounding country, Paris, the Seine, etc., etc. It was built by Louvois, and left by him to his widow, who sold it to Louis XIV. for 400,000 francs and the palace of Choisy. It then became the residence of Monseigneur le Dauphin, and was afterwards pillaged in the Revolution, and then restored in the Empire. Meudon is situated on an eminence above Belle-Vue, two miles from Sèvres, and at an equal distance between Paris and Versailles.

‘ I forgot to add that it was sold to Louvois by Sabité san G. Servient, Superintendent of the Finances in the time of Louis XIV., who spent treasures in embellishing it. He entirely harried the old village, and rebuilt the new one, in order to form that beautiful and extensive terrace on the hill, which is so much admired.’

So wrote that ‘ Star of the East which set in the West,’ and who is always good reading.

Meudon is really worth seeing. The Prince has a great collection of works of art there—pictures, statues, arms, &c., &c.; he has also a pack of hounds, which hunt every Sunday in the season. The scene of a ‘ burst’ through those woodlands—the hunter’s echoing horn—the many noises and much irresolute galloping—if not the least like hunting, is at least very much like Schneider, and is a picture to behold. The hunting is of course open to the public, but to see the house permission is necessary, but not very difficult to get. And this reminds me that in Paris Prince Napoleon lives in the Palais Royal, and with a little influence and a little trouble it is possible to see the palace. It contains mines of artistic wealth: pictures by David—a fresco by Julio Romano—dozens of sketches by Ingres (after David)—some statues—a wonderful collection of arms of every date, form, and country—and finally, perhaps (if you can get permission to see the inner room—the smoking-room—the ‘ unholy of unholies’), more cigars than you have ever seen out of Hudson’s or Benson’s. As snuff to the late Duke of Sussex, so cigars to the present Prince, who is indeed a noble smoker, as indeed, is the Emperor, who usually lights another cigarette as he smokes out the last. Would you like a story about his Majesty the Emperor, to relieve the rather instructive tone I am obliged to take up in this attempt to enlighten. My wish is to tell the truth not dully—

‘ Ridendo dicere verum,’

but it is not always easy; for, as we all know, ‘ facts are stubborn things,’ and sometimes refuse to be amusing; so perhaps it is as well to enlighten our darkness with a flash of anecdote.

Early in 1848 Prince Louis Napoleon was sitting on the chain
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pier at Brighton, talking to a friend—an Englishman. ‘Prince, is it possible that you have abandoned politics?’ asked the Englishman. ‘Que voulez vous!’ asked the Prince. ‘I am still suffering from the effects of imprisonment. As your proverb says, “What’s one man’s meat is another man’s poison.” Ham was my poison, and has nearly killed me. Still, I have betted the Princess Mathilde that I sign myself Emperor of the French in four years.’

You know, the Emperor always believed in himself—a fine creed—and used to talk—I knew it once happened at Lord Lytton’s place, Knebworth—as Prince Louis Napoleon, of what he would do as Emperor. Fortunately for France, he has realized all that he promised in that Hertfordshire smoking-room. But I am straying from my story. Go and see the Palais Royal if possible; and mind you ‘do your pictures’ properly. The Prince had another residence in Paris; a house built on the plan of the ‘Villa Diomede,’ or any of the best villas in Pompeii. When furnished, and lighted with the thousands of classical lamps that his highness had collected in his travels, it was very pretty. When seen, however, in the cold light of day, and deprived of that luxury of adornment which is required in such southern houses, it was but a poor palace. So thought his Highness, and so he sold it. The ‘Villa Diomede’ is very well in that hot corner of Pompeii (close to the dirty albergo where they sell lachryma Christi, at a remunerative price, and where the plague of flies still exists in all its intensity), where we stand and wonder; but a Pompeian villa in the Avenue Montaigne, in 1866, was an anachronism, as well as an error of climate. You may see it now for a franc, and have a concert given in. Going to a different subject altogether, I really must advise those of your readers as like such amusements—which, I confess, seem to me more fitted for an ‘old mole’ than for decent people clothed by Poole—to go and see the Catacombs. You must apply to the Hôtel de Ville, addressing yourself to the Inspector-General of Excavations; and if you have interest enough (but it is not very easy), you may get an order. If you like seeing millions of square metres of bones; if you like wandering about under instead of in Paris, allez! don’t stint yourself; there are miles of excavations; and while we are driving quietly down the Faubourg St. Germain, you will be poking your way about, with a candle, many feet below the level of decent society. Still, go if you like; I have told you the way. I would myself as soon go an excursion up those drains, to which I have already alluded. I have been, too, into the Catacombs of Rome and Naples. In the first I saw nothing; and in the other, asking a friend what he thought of it, he replied, profanely, ‘It is like a cellar full of empty bottles!’ ‘Where,’ replied a friend, who was blundering after us, misdirected by the light of a tallow-candle (twenty-four to the pound), ‘where would you put your *dead men* if not in the tomb?’ We thought it a fine joke, and laughed consumedly. But to return to Paris—upstairs, not basement Paris. I must again lead you off to ‘fresh scenes and pastures new.’

You must not neglect the markets of this metropolis ; for, in the first place, they are instructive, as showing the paternal care taken by a despotic Government for its people ; and, secondly, because they are very pretty. I have already, as it were, skimmed the cream off this subject, by taking you to those cheap retail Gardens of Eden, —entirely managed by Eves of different ages—the flower-markets, but still much remains to see. I do not suppose you will tarry long in the meat-market, or become a peripatetic philosopher in those groves of beef and mutton ; but poultry is pretty to look at, game good to view ; and then, in proper times and seasons, you will see fruit and vegetables from the five quarters of the world. If, too, you come to reside, or even stay some little time in Paris, you will find the advantage of these great wholesale-retail magazines, where you have fifty times the choice, and ten per cent. less of the extortion of the shops. Besides the great Halles Centrales, in the Rue Rambuteau, which cost a million and a half (sterling), and pays a fine dividend, there are fourteen other markets, besides the horse killing and consuming company's establishment (very limited at present), which has just, as I hear, started a 'knackery' of its own. These include markets for fish, meat, vegetables, fruit, flowers, hay and straw, horses (to ride and drive, not eat), cows, pigs, rabbits, and dogs.

A strong minded and stomached English country gentleman, with several farms on his own hands, may go and see the slaughter-houses in the Quartier Montmartre. I do not like 'killing days myself, but others do ; and the bucolic stomach, as we know, is unjaded and strong. This I will say, I have never seen such a translation into modern language of the well-known words—

'Procumbit humi Bos,'

as I saw the only time I was at that murder-house. A great ox was walked into a doorway ; a man with a mallet stood opposite ; one crashing blow, and, without an effort or a groan, that which was ox had become beef.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

'CIRCUMSTANCES over which I had no control' (you may, I assure you, take this very literally, for I was in bed with gout in the writing hand—gout, I should tell you, induced by a sudden return to early hours and virtuous habits, they being, in their turn, superinduced by the end of the Paris season) prevented my keeping your readers properly *au fait* of the doings and sayings of Paris in your number of 'Baily' for July. I owe, and moreover pay, many apologies to that select body, and 'promise not to do so any more if I 'can avoid it' (especially the gout). Podagra is the devil, but gout is what Charles Lever—the lords be good to him ; they ought now the Tories are in office—calls 'the punch band,' is a devil, doubled, teak-built, and copper-bottomed. Well, then, I must 'hark back' for a moment, and try and hit on that old June scent ; fortunately, the ground is not much foiled, as few events have happened this month—events, I mean, befitting 'Baily,' where we do not care to publish the dire success of breech-loading, when applied to

our fellow-creatures instead of other fellows' pheasants, or the dread return which is the result of the use of that deadly quick-loader.

I must cast back, then, like a hare-hunter, and try round the Grand Prix. It is a very old story now, yet we here are never tired of talking of the triumph of that 'Grand Seigneur' the Lord of Badminton, who not only won the race like a good sportsman, but also his money; who made the best speech (in French) after the Jockey Club dinner at the 'Trois Frères' which has been heard in Paris for a long time, and when impudently dunned by 'one of those confounded writing fellows, you know,' gave 100*l.* to our Chantilly Protestant Church. Verily he shall have his reward; and I hope the Duke of Beaufort will win another and a prettier Grand Prix de Paris in the coming year of grace, and of the Universal Exhibition, 1867. By-the-by, I hear that the Jockey Club here are irate because some of the English papers criticized the shape and make of the *Objet d'Art* won by Ceylon. Now we should not, of course, 'look a gift horse in the mouth.' I never had but one given me, and I confess I did look in, and found the noble animal past mark of mouth—must, in fact, have been of age when I was a boy, which perhaps accounted for the 'gift;' but, as a rule, you should not do so. Still, with an 'Object of Art' fair criticism is allowed; and this 'object'—certainly not of 'high' art, for it was as flat as a frying-pan—was neither elegant nor classical. It is very odd that the French, whose designs for glass, china, and even household plate are beautiful, cannot make a racing-cup: they confess it themselves. Yet the country which has produced a *Gladiateur* should also be the parent of an *Emmanuel* or a *Roskell*. *Apr**opos* of cups, the Imperial donation given by the good sportsman who rules over France for a Great International Pigeon Handicap, will be shot for at the 'Cercle des Patineurs' in the Bois de Boulogne one day of the Grand Prix week next year. Programme for visitors—two days' racing, two days' shooting, and the rest for the Great Exhibition of everything from everywhere, with great public money added. Respecting this 'Cercle des Patineurs,' I should tell you it is a pigeon-shooting club in the summer and a skating club when it freezes. Everybody who is anybody belongs to it, and the Emperor himself frequently goes down and shoots our substitutes for 'Barber's owls.' You stand under a portico, and the traps are placed on an isthmus running into the lake. When I add that there are ladies and refreshments, I think you will admit that we treat our pigeon-slayers well.

Since the Grand Prix (Ceylon's year, as we call it) we in Paris have been deprived of legitimate horse-racing, but scarcely a week elapses without one or two meetings, some (for instance, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rouen, Nancy, &c.) very good. Close here we had semi-flat semi-cross country meetings, at Vessinet and Porchfontaine, but they were, though amusing, of little note. At one of the last meetings at La Marche, Captain Vansittart's nice little horse Snarleyow came to grief, and was much shaken. Captain William Barron has purchased a string of race-horses, to which we all wish good luck: they will be trained at Chantilly. The Duke of Hamilton with his French string has every sort of luck except that of winning. He has, as I dare say you know, just bought Cortolvin of Earl Poulett for 800*l.*

They are beginning to bet on the Omnium, but I think as yet the points of the pencils are not much worn out. Deauville, the days between Goodwood and Brighton, is to be a meeting quite above French average; and all Goodwood winners are bound to come over and spend their money, and all Goodwood losers to get back their losses. Socially, we are a little dull in

Paris. This war has played the deuce and all with what the papers call 'Fashionable Society.' Nobody knows where to go. Baden?—Too early. Hombourg?—Closed, and filled with Prussians, whose 'nadel-gewehr' is even more fatal than the deadly rake which hooked away life, or, at least, the means of living, from so many victims every year. Wiesbaden?—Can't get there. Wildbad?—Don't want; and 'so weiter und so weiter.' Two of our friends tried Norway, but they not only found no fish, but were, like Beau Brummell with the French language, defeated by the elements: *there was no water!* Now without water you cannot fish. When there has been a run on the banks of the Norwegian rivers they are indeed bankrupt (of species—that is, salmon), and there is a panic among the speculators in that hazardous investment of 'good waters.'

So we stop in Paris, and bore ourselves and the stranger without our gates. The clubs are deserted; those who have not lost all their money are, I presume, punting at the 'establishments' of French watering-places. Dreary spots! But almost every one having lost his little all by the beginning of July, the number of those playing by the 'sad sea waves' is as limited as a new company, and will, I dare say, succeed as well as the average of those deceptive institutions—as well, and no better. Society is rather like a ghost, only that it, especially of female, 'speaks when it is spoken to,' for it goes out chiefly at night. From 9 P.M. till midnight the Bois and the Elysian Fields are filled with four rows of carriages, and very possibly (but I will not say for certain, being inexperienced) the French ladies imitate the Venetian *dama*, as quoted by the divine Williams. As to their pranks, their husbands and the moon—. But we wish not to talk of that. Let us rather draw up the curtain of respectability, and go to hear Thérèse sing one of her great songs. Entrance nothing—lemonade two francs fifty, and a 'good bond' for the waiter. To be sure you will hear a coarse singer sing a song rather common than comic, but then all, even up to duchesses, are there. And shall we keep away? Forbid it, *Venus à la mode!* As well be out of the world as out of the fashion. Musard's, now the Champs Elysées concerts, cost tenpence; they are worth ten Thérèses, and you are not obliged to consume anything, except, perhaps, dust, which there is 'given in,' like the 'bit of timber' acquired by Mr. Brass when he purchased for Dick Swiveller that stool about which the sagacious Richard at once exclaimed, 'Why, one leg is longer than the others!' Well, barring a trifle of dust, which, after all, concerns your valet more than yourself, and, indeed, even creates a wholesome thirst, which, regard being had to the duke's or the Russian's room at the 'Golden Restaurer,' to which you will naturally come later, is not, perhaps, a bad thing, barring that provocative to noble drinking and a crashing, as of shingle, which prevents your hearing any of the music, you will get a fair franc's worth out of that tenpenny concert. I say, go there. If you cannot hear you can talk, and you may sometimes see something. I saw, for instance, only this very night was a week, the beautiful C— of B— going away in the coupé of the M— of Z—, while the Count, who is nearsighted, thought he was carrying his wife's shawl behind his wife, for whom he had mistaken the fascinating Estrella, who introduces the bolero—'un bolero con fuego'—at the Comédie des Beaux Arts Nationaux. But I say again, perish all scandal, and let reputations live as long as they can—they are but short-lived here at the best of times. Still, they *do* say that the husband did get a wiggling for 'leaving me with no carriage, and 'nobody to take care of me but that horrid Marquis, whom you know I detest.

It is hot for theatricals. High art, you see, will not keep, and is therefore unfitted for this temperature. Dramas are a delusion and operas a snare. Yet I must tell you of the great success of the French translation of 'Arrah-na-Pogue' at the Gaietés. It is a charming performance, admirably put on the stage, and has already gained for Mr. Dion Bouicault a great reputation in those boulevards where critics most do congregate and more do talk.

'OUR VAN.'

INVOICE.—July Jottings.

JULY has been more important in its political, than its sporting results, and the telegrams of Reuter have superseded those of Wright. The knockings out in the foreign markets have been more numerous than in the home ones, and even the Northumberland Plate did not produce more dead 'uns than the operations of Bismarck, who got all he could for his employers in a manner that showed him to be an experienced workman. By his means we learn that the Kings of Saxony, Hanover, and a lot of minor German Platers were 'struck out,' with as little ceremony as Honesty at Newcastle. And, although a great deal of sympathy has been expressed for them, the author is as indifferent to them as Lord Glasgow to the remonstrances of the Press against his not naming his horses. It is lucky, perhaps, for the Sporting world, that they have been kept in some sort of excitement from the wars and rumours of wars, for on the racecourses they have found it very difficult to get up a sensation, as, since Stockbridge, scarce a racehorse has galloped except at Newmarket, where the July and Chesterfield made out Achievement to be superior to Crucifix, and great must be her breeder's estimate of her when he refused eight thousand for her transfer to another stable. It is singular that if she is compared with the pictures of Alice Hawthorne, her resemblance to her is wonderful, and she might be described as a perfect second edition of Heseltine's wonderful mare. Like Alice, she requires very little training, and we understand Col. Pearson is going to run her right through her engagements, which certainly must be admitted to be a bold undertaking; but then we believe 'Fortuna juvat fortes' to be his motto. At least the Sikhs, and they are not bad judges, consider it to be, when they saw him dashing among them with his troop, like a light weight making running in a large handicap across the Flat at Newmarket. During the four days to which The July is now extended, dullness and fair weather predominated, and the Ring were more occupied in discussing the new Ministerial appointments, especially the Sporting ones, than seeking for fresh favourites for forthcoming events. The Duke of Beaufort's nomination for the Mastership of the Horse was voted the best that could be made, as it was felt he would have a place for everything, and everything in its place, and he would be sure to turn his knowledge of horses and taste in equipages to good account. The Lord of Croome was assigned the Buck Hounds, and as he goes well across a country, no one could show cause against it, but subsequent events went to show his Lordship, to use a Turf vulgarism, 'was never in the 'hunt.' When Lord Courtenay's name was read out for the Secretaryship of the Admiralty, the political Members of the Ring cordially endorsed it, as they conceived, and not wrongfully, we think, that his Lordship was just the sort of person to put down pleasantly the troublesome inquiries of a Radical

Member for a Naval Borough, relative to the expenditure of an Iron-clad. But here 'the Prophets were floored to a man,' as his Lordship had to give way to Lord Henry Lennox, likewise known to our readers, as well as to the Sporting World generally, from his connection with the Goodwood Stable; and if he work *sas* laboriously at the Portsmouth, Woolwich, and Chatham establishments as he did at that of John Kent's, we have no fear of Lord Derby regretting having put him into training. Lord Bradford, as successor to Lord Sydney, we opine will demonstrate that a brilliant horseman and fine sportsman can tell what is fitted for the Stage and the Music Hall, as well as one who has been bred up in the musty traditions of the Drama, and who can recollect Hazlitt, and always gave the preference to a five-act tragedy in blank verse, to a three-act comedy of modern life. Of Lord Colville, the new Master of the Buck Hounds, we know nothing but what is favourable, and it is to be hoped he will persevere with the Reform Bill which Lord Cork brought in when he came into office, and which was found to give such perfect satisfaction to those who hunted with the Royal Pack. General Peel, as Secretary at War, will be as much at home in his office as on his hack at Newmarket, and it is gratifying to find, even during the short time he has been in power, he has paid as cordial testimony to the value of the Press in relation to the descriptive letters of Doctor Russell from Austria, as he did to those of 'Argus' in the memorable Tarragona controversy, which it seems has not yet exhausted itself. The accession of Lord Naas to the Secretaryship for Ireland, we are not surprised to learn was joyfully hailed by Irish Sportsmen, as likely to prove beneficial to their Turf, as his Lordship will be enabled to bring his official influence to bear upon the vital question to his countrymen, of how to improve the breed of horses in Ireland, so as to make the rearing of them a profitable speculation to the small farmers and country gentlemen of the Emerald Isle.

And here we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity which presents itself of remarking that our auguries of the success of the Palmerstown Breeding Association have been borne out by the results, as at the last General Meeting a dividend of four per cent. was paid to the shareholders; and when the remaining shares are taken up, and the hands of the Company strengthened, so that they can better develop the resources of their establishment, which is valuable both in a national and private point of view, the present dividend (a very fair one for a young Company) we are satisfied will be much increased. The stock at the present time consists of three stallions, twenty-two mares, and thirteen foals; and we do not consider the Association made a bad bargain when they sold a baker's dozen of yearlings to the Marquis of Conyngham for nine hundred and twenty pounds. In looking over the balance sheet, it is impossible not to be struck with the moderate nature of the expenditure, which shows Lord Naas does not keep more cats than will catch mice, while the condition of the animals on the premises is as faultless as a Blenkiron or a Ransom could desire. Altogether Lord Derby's Ministry, although combining such a sportive element, is made up of such men of business and high character, that we see no reason why it should not win its trial with the people, notwithstanding they set them a great thing to do between this and next Session, with their favourite champion Reform. The proceedings on Friday were commenced by an affair, which, we are happy to state, we did not witness, viz, a match between a Soiled Dove and a Reigning Beauty, in which the former had the best of the encounter. And when we consider the blameless lives of the parties to it, we are rather surprised they should not have studied the *convenances* of the Heath better.

From Newmarket in the south, to Newcastle in the north, is rather a long journey, but we must ask our readers to put on their seven-leagued boots, and accompany us to what we may very fairly term 'The City of the Dead,' for the number of corpses in the Northumberland Plate fairly justifies the appellation. Why Newcastle should be selected for such 'layings out' as annually take place there, we have never been able to understand, except we suppose the operators adopt the Eastern system of 'burning their dead,' and therefore evince a preference for a place where coals are to be had for the asking. The race-course, we are happy to find, is much improved, which it required to be, for all 'Morgues' are neat. It is strange the chief contributor to its contents this year was a Master-man; but even he had his subordinates, who knew their business thoroughly, as the patient public have found to their cost by this time; and prayers have been put up by the victimised backers to the Admiral that he will mete out justice in September to the culprits, who require to have it firmly impressed on their minds that honesty is the best policy. The brothers Dawson are as well known in the North as the Corsican ones at the Princess's, and make the Northumberland Plate one of their *specialities*. Mat first brought Pimate, with a high character, from his œe at Russley, and Tom came up with Rococo, with an equally good reputation from Hambleton, from a very stiff examination with Harry Brailsford, which made the partners in the great China House, to whom he belongs, imagine the representative of Hong Kong would take away the Plate; and with this idea, which was uppermost in their minds, they resolved it should not be an empty one. In the end the supplies were voted to him quite as freely as to the ecclesiastical horse, and to this pair the struggle was confined, and as soon as they got half-way up the straight, the good-looking son of Gemma di Vergy came away, and negating the idea that he could not stay two miles, won as cleverly as his owner or breeder could have desired. Red Earl, after all that was said, ran as straight as his master, and Miss Haworth went amiss on the morning, and suffered much from there being such a bad pace from the first. Windham, who seems to be as great an evergreen as the statesman after whom he is named, looked magnificent, and performed equally as well, but the sin he committed at Liverpool being visited on him here, stopped a repetition of his victories.

To see Lord Zetland with a racehorse again was a pleasure, and with El Cid and Podargus we hope the foundation of a new era of Voltigeurs and Videttes has been laid. It is true we have no Robert Hill to train, or John Marson to ride them, but still, while the good Earl has a colour in 'The Calendar,' hundreds of Yorkshiremen and Southrons will be found to back it. Carlisle still holds its own, despite of Dean Close, who wages as pertinacious a war against the Meeting as the Marquis of Townshend against the doorstep beggars of the metropolis. The old border sport of wrestling still divides with the natives their love for the Turf, and although the present Milos have not yet attained the distinction of the Canns and Polkinghorns of former days, the crowds that assemble to witness the contests prove that muscular Christianity has yet its followers and admirers. The Cumberland Plate is the only race which is looked for on a tissue; and Mr. Parr, who was on his way to Scotland to look out for a new moor, the lease of his old one having expired, took a regular Flatcatcher with him to get hold of it, which he did after a sharpish struggle, and the young one so appropriately named served his master quite well enough to keep up the prestige of his name. Hungerford was given up to Treen, gipsies, and small betting men, who quarrelled over the Northumberland

Plate like schoolboys over a twelfth cake ; and the running over the Handicap confirmed in some measure the operations relative to Morris Dancer for the Czesarewicz last year. Worcester saw Lord Coventry present in spirit, but absent in person, at least so stated the journals which are supposed to represent his opinions, and the short supply of horses testified that the proceedings of the last Meeting had not been rubbed out of the recollection of those who usually support the Pitchcroft of 'The Faithful City.' However, in the autumn, all cause for disunion, it is said, has been removed, and Worcester will be itself again ; therefore we will not stir up muddy water, but express our satisfaction that the contending parties have found a satisfactory basis to treat upon, and all differences have been arranged upon terms becoming to those who took so active a part in the struggle, which at one time assumed very much the character of the Kilkenny cats. Life Guardsman, who could not quite stay the Liverpool Cup course, won the Worcestershire Stakes, which was a quarter of a mile shorter, and a very badly executed commission resulted in a very small profit to the owner of the hero of the Dee Stakes *émulate* at Chester. The Berkshire circuit had no special case tried on it, either at Abingdon or Reading. It was at the latter place the Duke of Newcastle commenced with his new stud, but we regret he could not be congratulated on his Misfortune, who, stumbling on the post, not only upset herself, but the calculations of his Grace and friends. Mr. Brayley, who does a good business in the Plate line in this district, fully kept up the fun of the fair, and his 'samples' were duly appreciated. Nottingham received strong support from the head of the House of Donnington, who seems to have taken the Meeting in hand, and to have weakened the strength of the Barber dynasty, which has been for years omnipotent in the Sherwood territory. Mr. Greville's old mare Bradamante, which was left to Mr. Payne, must have got back to her Stamford form, as she won the big Handicap without much trouble ; and Soapstone, the last of the Touchstones, came out in an entire new line of character, viz., as a Queen's Plater, and the début was a successful one.

Stamford was as aristocratic as ever, and more harmoniously conducted than usual, there being no weighing-room disputes, and Mr. Merry would seem to have lived down the opposition which his appointment as *chargé d'affaires* brought down on him. The Lord of the land, we regretted to hear, was an absentee from the state of his health, which still continues very delicate, but his duties were well filled by Lord Burghley, who doubtless will take care the blue and white stripes are perpetuated in the Calendar. For the Burghley they made Pintail the favourite, from being supposed to be many pounds superior to Bradamante, but she could do nothing with the Oaks winner, who was 'a tormentor' to all the lot, from the start to the end. And as she dressed over Elland just as easily the next day, the next yearling out of her dam is pretty near sure to get into the four-figure list at the Hampton Court exposition. The home-bred yearlings went off pretty well, and the Brother to Knight of the Crescent, which went to Mr. Stirling Crawford, would have realised considerably more but for a mistake on the part of Mr. Chaplin, who wanted him very much. In good looks he is quite equal to his illustrious brother, whom John Scott is endeavouring to get round by Doncaster. In the two-year old races Vauban took his own part manfully, and from the style he cut down Friponnier, when Messrs. Pryor and Hawkesley put down their money—as if price was a matter of indifference—it makes the well-named Brother to Todleben as good, if not the very best, outsider we have yet seen

for the Derby. Few provincial meetings have a better future before them than Huntingdon, and as lady manageresses generally succeed at theatres, perhaps the same success may attend them at race meetings, if they show half the energy of the Duchess of Manchester, who by the aid of her friends has made Huntingdon as fashionable as Goodwood. In the minor details some amendments are needed, such as a greater number of exits and entrances, and a refreshment room in the Stand for a hungry and thirsty Ring, as well as for those who have not the privilege of the entrée to the carriage hampers on the course. It is singular the advantages of Huntingdon have only just been appreciated, for it combines every requisite for racing, being within an easy reach of Newmarket and all the southern stables, and the course is quite as good as that of Doncaster. The racing needs no dwelling upon, but old Oberon, who won the Handicap, will soon become as associated with Huntingdon as the veteran I am not Aware of former days; and it is singular the two fairy horses, Oberon and King Charming, were so close together that the Arbiter of their destinies found almost as much difficulty in dividing them as a Board of Guardians' surgeon would experience in separating the Siamese twins. The Two-Year Old race brought out a fine leathering colt in King Victor, but he was too big, and looked more like a mare in foal, so much so that no one would touch him, and Mr. Beville, without a guinea on him, saw him beat Oponox by a short head, much to the annoyance of 'the Plungers,' who got 'a real header' thereby. Goodwood looms brilliantly in the future, and the Bognorites are looking forward to an unprecedented harvest. From a very long experience we should have considered it to be impossible for these human locusts to have 'put up their weights;' but where a hundred and fifty guineas was not considered sufficient for a villa for five days, their millennium may be said to have arrived.

Leaving the 'Post for the Paddock,' we must now tread back our steps to Middle Park, where we found another Saturday Review of Mr. Blenkiron's. The day was quite a Cup day, in more senses than one, and several of them were run for with better fields than we sometimes see on the crack courses. The lot, as a whole, must be pronounced a most useful one, although in some instances they lacked the quality of the June series. As was generally anticipated, the Stockwell colt out of Typee got to the head of the poll, Count Batthyany plumping for him most unreservedly. He had a fine frame, but wanted time, and is just the sort of colt for John Dawson to wait with. The Orlando colt out of Gossamer, which William Day bought for Sir Frederick Johnstone, took our fancy as much as anything, as he is bound, as the trainers would say, to race. The Weatherbits were all very useful; and the filly out of Kate, which Mr. George Angell got hold of, was one of the best movers we ever saw. Lord Winchelsea, who is going to try his luck again with William Day, did not make a bad selection when he took the Newminster filly out of Naughty Boy's dam; and the Pastrycook colt went almost with one consent to the Admiral, who looked in the best of spirits, and seemed very pleased with the manner in which the audience endorsed the compliments of Mr. Edmund Tattersall. The Dundee colt out of Exact was the cheapest lot that was put up, and Mr. T. V. Morgan, we fancy, will not regret his venture, although the colt is rather light of limb. The prices on the whole were quite as good as could be expected, when so many of the great guns were absent, for the June sale will always be considered an exceptional one. Mr. Bell's lot next made their appearance, and quite justified the reports that had

been prevalent about them; and M. Cavaliero and the Viennoise sportsmen will read with pleasure of See Saw out of Margery Daw, and a Buccaneer all over, going for 700 guineas; and it is lucky, perhaps, that peace is being proclaimed, or the Prussians might have taken and kept him *en revanche* for the loss of Saunterer, who, we may observe, held an undress reception after the sale, as did likewise King John. It is needless to add that both horses bore looking into well. The Piper, a rare good-looking Trumpeter out of Maggie Lauder, kept up the fame of the Danebury sire, and may be said to have played a good tune to realise in a few minutes 420 guineas, which Mr. Pryor gave for him. Gloire de Dijon, another Trumpeter out of Creeping Rose, was one of the thickest and most racing-like fillies that have been put up this year, and we hope Captain Cooper, who got her for 350 guineas, will have more luck with her than he has had with some of his recent ventures. Altogether Mr. Bell has made a good start, and if he keeps to his present style of yearling, he will be placed amongst the foremost breeders of the age. Mr. Mather's Prime Ministers were disposed of at Knightsbridge on a very good day, and it might have been imagined that the success of Mr. Pitt, who won ten races last year, would have done something for them. But although they were all as handsome as paint, their want of size told against them, except in the case of Mr. Snewing's Prince George, who, from his commanding look and excellent shape, ran up to 400 guineas in no time. Mr. Mather, we believe, is now going to distribute his mares among bigger horses, such as Blair Athol and Thormanby, and we are satisfied he will find the benefit of the step. And now we are on the topic of Yearling Sales, we imagine we cannot do better than call attention to the new scheme propounded by the proprietor of the East Acton Stud Farm to endeavour to neutralise the effect of the climate of the North on yearlings that are bred for sale, and to invite our readers' opinions upon it. We believe it to be a universally-admitted fact that the young stock bred in the North do not come up to the hammer in the same forward condition as the Southern young ones, although they may be equally valuable from their good looks, and breeding. And it is suggested that after a sufficient number of first-class boxes have been erected, that Noblemen and Gentlemen should have their yearlings sent up in the early part of the spring, so as to have the range of the excellent paddocks which are to be found at Acton, and be got ready for sale under the superintendence of the owners' own servants, who would have the same control over them as if they were at home. By this step the yearlings would have the same chance given to them as those of Middle Park or Hampton Court; and as East Acton is not above three-quarters of an hour from Tattersall's, they would be always open to the inspection of those who were interested in them. As a place of sale also, it would be unrivalled, as yearlings always appear to so much more advantage on a green than in a yard; and the same appliances for supplying luncheons and other refreshments exist even in a greater degree than at the establishments we have already mentioned. The proposition has already received the cordial support of the Breeders to whom it has been suggested, and by this time next year we have no doubt the scheme will be in full working order, and the benefit of it duly experienced by both vendor and purchaser.

The Horse and Hound Show is stirring up all the Yorkshire hearts, and like as with the National Hunt Steeple Chases, the Committee have gone into it with an earnestness that has already insured the perfect success of the undertaking. The entries of horses exceed considerably those of any other exhibi-

tion, there being no less than 514 horses put down for competition, which is 179 more than were entered last year. The Hound entry has also progressed wonderfully, there being 79 more than there were shown at Doncaster at the last anniversary. Of Judges they have a strong Bench, and we are glad to record they are a little more active and clear-minded than their Irish brethren, and there can be no doubt of their 'rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.'

In the Hound List the Badminton, Cotswold, Heythrop, Wynnstay, Puckeridge, Grove, Vale of White Horse, Lord Portsmcuth, Lord Poltimore, and the New Forest will be represented, and at the same time the whole strength of the Yorkshire kennels will be brought to bear upon them. Altogether it will be a grand field day for Yorkshiresmen, and we only wish Sir Tatton could have been spared to witness it. The Prince and Princess of Wales will have a private stand for their accommodation, and we learn that the fear that the Prince may feel a little out of his element at Bishopthorpe has not abated, and it is considered he would be much more at home with an S. B. at some of those splendid seats within easy reach of York, than at the Palace, where the code of etiquette must naturally be stricter than at the abode of a lay Peer. However, as the Heir to the Throne had nowhere else to lay his head except at Bishopthorpe, and has the kindest and prettiest of hostesses, we hope all will come well of it; and we are satisfied that his Royal Highness will find no more staunch adherents than among the hunting men of Yorkshire.

The Eton and Harrow agitation relative to the umpire's decision seems to be gradually subsiding, but those who once witnessed it are not likely to forget it, and none but a spectator could have believed that party feeling between the old and young hands on both sides could have developed itself to such an extent. As is natural with those who educate public opinion, we lean to the side of authority, when we see no reason to doubt its integrity. The Prince of Wales, it will be seen, has taken to the flannel jacket very kindly, and met with no complaisant bowler, as some people might have fancied. In playing at Sandringham with I Zingari, whom he entertained, he occupied the post in the field called 'short leg,' and the Duke of Cambridge, who has evidently never studied the game, reading this statement in the papers, it is said was very indignant; 'as of course,' he said, 'if the Prince makes himself so common, they are sure to make their vulgar jokes about his short legs!'

Among the fêtes of the month there have been none more agreeable than the Dramatic Show, which would hardly have come under our notice, but for the Fairy Betting Ring and enclosure, in which we found ourselves with no other companion than the Special Commissioner of the Field, who lured us inside on the same principle of the fox without a tail representing to his more fortunate acquaintances that the part of his person of which he had been deprived was neither a useful nor ornamental appendage. Whether the attendants at the Palace that day were all Welshers we cannot say, but their absence from the Ring would leave one to draw that inference, or else the joke was not understood by the millions. The prophecies sold by good-looking female jockeys were not at all bad, and the prediction of Dalby for the Chester Cup next year was received with immense laughter from the reasons that were assigned for it, but these having already appeared in print, there is no reason for giving them again.

Our racing news is not very extensive or very exclusive, but such as we

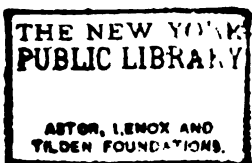
have is at the service of those for whom we have to purvey. The Dukes of Hamilton and Newcastle have each been supplied with studs by Mr. Padwick, the largest buyer and seller of racehorses in the kingdom. The price he got for the present lots has not yet transpired, but none of his friends are uneasy about his having committed a suicidal act when he parted with them out of his hands. Sensation bets are still the order of the day, or rather night, and the latest one received is that of 40,000*l.* between Hermit and Palmer for the Derby, made by their respective owners, which is a certain proof they both think well of them. And as they are of substantial means, and had previously backed their animals, the wager is not open to the objections which would have attached to it in other hands. The Duke of Hamilton is now the hero of the hour, but has not yet been very successful with his team; however, we suppose his turn will come in good time, and we are assured he is coming out in great force at Baden, where he will have eight horses, and his great ambition is to carry off the Grand Steeple Chase there, which promises to be unusually interesting from the number of German animals that are going to have a cut at Effenberg for it. It is fortunate for the Badenites that they should have escaped all the horrors of the state of siege to which Homburg, its great rival, and Weisbaden, were exposed; and while each of those places has had the military quartered upon them, and their amusements interfered with, Baden has had its balls, concerts, and fêtes, as if Germany was at peace with the whole world. And now there is a prospect of a cessation of hostilities, the Germans will be only too glad to be enabled to witness the running of their horses, which, up to the present time, they have been unable to do.

The entry for the Grand Prix is a good one, and there is every probability, we learn, of the colours of the Squire of Wantage being seen for the first time in the Black Forest with Flatcatcher; and should his old attendant, George Hall, accompany him, we are certain he will be an object of reverence by German and French jockeys. Dalby is another celebrity who is said to be going for it, and the presence of a double Chester Cup winner on the green sward of Iffenheim will be looked upon as one of the marvels of the present age, and a striking sign of the times. The scratching of Gladiateur for the Goodwood Cup has revived the old outcry against Count La Grange, who, although he has become an honorary member of our Jockey Club, is yet refused the privilege of the rest of that body of striking out a horse that cannot be trained without asking the consent of those who had backed him without his knowledge or advice. That he is well we are aware; but one look at his off fore leg, which miraculously did not give way at Ascot, we are convinced would satisfy his bitterest opponent that his chance was utterly gone. The idea that Count La Grange is indifferent about Cups is so erroneous that we feel bound to contradict it, for if there is one prize more than another a French nobleman or gentleman is ambitious of winning it is the Goodwood Cup, and we well recollect how great was the triumph in Paris when Jouvence first took it across the Channel. The pæans were also renewed when Monarque defeated all our cracks, so that how such a surmise as that to which we allude could have got into circulation we are at a loss to imagine. The numerous admirers of the Druid will learn with pleasure that he is sufficiently recovered from his severe illness to be up and stirring again, and will make his first reappearance before a York audience at the Hound Show; and we read with satisfaction that, while he was, as it were, so dead amiss as to cause us to be apprehensive of seeing him again in *propria persona*, the Royal Agricultural Society awarded him

their Twenty Pound Prize for his treatise on 'Mountain Breeds of Sheep,' a companion paper to the one on Shorthorns, which also gained him a similar distinction; and as he had been on the tramp for the materials from Sutherlandshire to Cornwall, and was salivated with wet on Dartmoor, we cannot help thinking 'the added money' might have reached a larger sum.

Our Mortuary Table happens, fortunately, to contrast very much from that of last month, for it is a perfect blank. Jem Mason, we are sorry to learn, is gradually declining, but retains his spirits remarkably well; and as some misunderstanding prevails as to the nature of the subscription which was got up at Tattersall's a short time since, we will put the matter in its proper light. In the first place we are glad to state this excellent sportsman and most exquisite horseman across country is surrounded by every worldly comfort, and the kindness of his friends is unceasing. But from being unable to attend to business for the last fifteen months, he has been unable to make that provision for those about him which he would liked to have done. And this idea preyed upon him so much, that Mr. Campbell of Monzie, started a subscription with fifty pounds at the head of it, in order that it might form a small fund to effect the object in view. It is due to the famed pilot of Lottery and other steeple-chase cracks to state that he is in perfect ignorance of the project, which has been instituted from the best of motives. A new invention in shooting-jackets has just been submitted to us, which, from its extreme novelty, deserves to be known, particularly at this season of the year. It consists of a Tweed ordinary shooting-jacket without sleeves of any kind or description, those being attached to the accompanying waistcoat. Consequently the freedom given to the arm in shooting is considerably increased, and the ease to the wearer much heightened. The waistcoat when worn by itself, like the chest of drawers, 'contrives a double debt to pay,' and may be worn during cricket, croquet, fishing, or any other outdoor amusements. The inventors are the well-known firm of Smallpage and Co., of Maddox Street, Bond Street, and we have no doubt an inspection of the article will confirm the truth of our remarks.







The Chamberlayne

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. THOMAS CHAMBERLAYNE.

IN a Magazine devoted to the record and illustration of our National Sports and Pastimes, it is only befitting that Yachting, from the manliness of its nature, as well as its value to a maritime country like our own, should have its proper representative given to the world. And in selecting for that character Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne, whose name is as familiar to the Salts on the South Coast as that of Admiral Rous at Newmarket, we flatter ourselves we have selected the right man for the right place, and that no opposition will be offered to our candidate.

Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne, of Cranbury Park, near Southampton, was born in 1805, and is descended in a direct line from the Count de Tankerville, whose younger son, John de Tanquerville, was Lord Chamberlayne to King Henry I., and from hence the name was derived. Mr. Chamberlayne graduated at Magdalene College, Oxford, and succeeded to his large estates in Hampshire and Leicestershire in 1834, when he commenced what he still carries on, viz., an active support of all the amusements and sports of his native country; and, as his fame as a yachtsman and a cricketer are pretty equally divided, we will take him in each of his characters, and endeavour to do justice to them.

Residing within a few miles of so celebrated a yachting quarter as Southampton, his taste for that amusement was fostered by the example of his friends; and he soon joined them with a determination, if possible, to surpass them. Where there is a will, there is a way; and Mr. Chamberlayne, who is as great a mechanic as the Duke of Sutherland, resolved to construct a vessel which could contend for the honours of Cowes, Ryde, and Southampton, without disgracing herself. With this view, and to obtain a good foundation for his work, he purchased the old hull of a celebrated cutter, called the 'Arrow,' which had been built many years before by that excel-

lent yachtsman, Mr. Joseph Weld, of Lulworth Castle. This hull had been stripped of everything, and was lying, full of water and mud, on the shore of Itchen Bridge, preparatory to being broken up for firewood; and from her midship section he built a cutter of 84 tons, calling her after the old vessel, the 'Arrow,' which has ever since been the terror of every squadron in which her pennant has flown. Than her *début*, nothing could have been more successful; as, when she came out, she won the Royal Squadron Prize, that was given for vessels sailing round the Isle of Wight, by four hours and a half; Mr. William Delafield's 'Dryad' being second. Such an exhibition would, with most men, have been deemed sufficient proof of her capabilities; but Mr. Chamberlayne was not content, and, by lengthening her and increasing her tonnage, he improved both her speed and comfort; and we need say no more of her qualifications than that she has won cups and prizes to the amount of Two Thousand Pounds; and, to borrow a simile from the Turf, she has been quite a Rataplan and Fisherman among the Queen's Plates, and it has been almost impossible to handicap her. In the construction of the 'Arrow,' and in the sailing of her in her races, the object of Mr. Chamberlayne has ever been to prove to the most sceptical, that a fast vessel is not necessarily the most uncomfortable one, as the noblemen and gentlemen who have cruised with him will testify. As much has been said and written about the 'Arrow's' victory over the 'America,' a concise account of that race may not be uninteresting, or out of place.

The course was round the Isle of Wight, leaving the Nab Lightship on the starboard hand; and the excitement at Ryde, Cowes, Portsmouth, and, indeed, in every yachting port, was very great, and large sums were depending upon it. The 'Arrow,' however, we should state, laboured under a serious drawback, in being disappointed of a new mainsail, and consequently had to be sailed with an old one; and when off St. Katherine's Point, was beaten to windward both by the 'America' and 'Musquito,' which vessels rounded the Needles in advance of her, the 'Musquito' being eleven minutes, and the 'America' about nine before her. Here again we must borrow the language of the Turf, and state that the 'Arrow' then began to draw up, and passed both the 'Musquito' and 'America' between Egypt and Cowes, and beat them easily. Indeed she would have come in a long way ahead of the 'America,' if it had not been for the tactics of that celebrated yacht sailor, Jack Nicholl, who, as the wind was dead off, kept the 'Musquito' close astern of the 'Arrow,' and of course stopped her.

After this victory, many persons, wishing to disparage an English vessel by lauding a foreign one, asserted that if the 'America' had been sailed by a native crew, the result would have been very different. But, unfortunately for such an argument, the 'America' on this occasion sailed a far longer course than when she beat the 'Aurora,' of 42 tons, and did the distance in 2 hours and 10 minutes less time. She also, on this occasion, had the assistance of Mr.

James Lyon, a match in yacht sailing for any Yankee that ever went afloat.

But this was not the only triumph which Mr. Chamberlayne acquired as a yacht-builder; for, wishing to try a new bow before giving it to the 'Arrow,' he constructed a small 12 ton vessel, called the 'Quiver,' and, before she was quite finished, he sailed her in the Thames Yacht Club Regatta, and won the prize, beating eight of the fastest vessels in the squadron; and on his second and third visits to the Thames, he achieved a series of similar triumphs. He then broke her up, as he found her rather wet in a seaway, from the fineness of her bow.

The third vessel which owes its origin to Mr. Chamberlayne's ideas of construction is the 'Rosebud,' the property of his son-in-law, Sir Bruce Chichester, and which was designed to show that a keel is a perfectly useless appendage to the midship of a vessel; and as a cutter so designed is a novelty, we may state, for our sea-going readers, that she is registered 38 tons, her length being 59 feet, while her breadth is 14 feet; the height of head-room in her main cabin is 7 feet; and she carries 33 tons of ballast, and draws only 8 feet of water. After a successful *début* at the Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta, she had to be laid up for an alteration in her rudder, and was, unfortunately, so strained that, from her leakage, she has been unable to sail since; but in the course of the winter the necessary alterations for remedying this defect will be made. It may not be inappropriate to remark that Mr. Chamberlayne has a private building-yard on his property at Northern, near Southampton, and that the whole of the work is done by his ship's carpenter, under his own personal supervision, which is an instance of devotion but very rarely witnessed among gentlemen of his fortune and position. That his mechanical turn of mind is not solely devoted to nautical matters is proved by his having invented and patented two modes of preventing accidents on railroads, which have met with the approval of the chief engineers in the north and south of England; and in all sections of mechanics he may be regarded as one of the leading authorities and experimentalists of the day. But our limits warn us to leave the deck of the 'Arrow' and the workshop of the *Savan* for the cricket-field of Lord's and Southampton, where for years the subject of our sketch held the highest offices.

The fame of Hampshire as a cricket county is too well known to dwell upon, and the Hambledon Club is one of the oldest in England, as the chroniclers assure us. But its renown was gradually expiring when Mr. Chamberlayne came into his estates. His first step to revive the prestige of his favourite game was by making a beautiful ground at Cranbury, and getting together an Eleven second to none in England, containing such well-known names as Bathurst, Lee, Townsend, Payne, Louth, Ridding, and Garnier. With these he very presumptuously, as was thought at the time, challenged the Marylebone Club at Lord's. The result of

the contest, however, was a victory by Hampshire of 47 runs; and in the Return Match at Cranbury they won by two wickets. This gave new life to the spirit of the noble game, and a call for a new County Club arose, which was established, in 1859, under the title of the South Hants Cricket Club, which is still flourishing, having witnessed in its career the rise and fall of many other clubs in the county. Mr. Chamberlayne shortly after succeeded that stanch and liberal supporter of cricket, Sir John Bayley, as President of the Marylebone Club, and on his retirement he nominated the Earl of Winterton as his successor, a nomination which met with universal concurrence. Among coursers Mr. Chamberlayne was at one time almost as well known as among yachtsmen, as by the aid of his friend the late Duke of Gordon, who obtained for him the valuable services of his celebrated trainer, John Newton, of Burton-on-Trent, who was a pensioner of his Grace, he got together a fair kennel of greyhounds, which at Ashdown Park, Debtford Inn, and Eversley, were very frequent winners. On his retirement from coursing he made his trainer a present of his entire kennel. For a few years he kept and hunted a pack of harriers, and showed fair sport over the country now hunted by that good sportsman Mr. Dear, of Winchester. On giving up he distributed his pack between Mr. King, of the Hambledon, and Mr. Yeatman, of Stockdown, whose reputation with harriers needs no comment from us; and a third part he sent to India to hunt jackals, of which they gave a good account. Although a very strict game preserver, he is still a stanch preserver of foxes; and in his covers, where four or five hundred pheasants may be killed in a morning, it is no unusual occurrence to see three or four foxes on foot. This fact certain Yorkshire landowners should 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,' for the Masters of Hounds in that country would give their ears for a similar state of things. And as a proof of the correctness of Mr. Chamberlayne's opinions that foxes and pheasants will live together in amity, provided the owner of the coverts is a sportsman and his servants honest, we will give the following instance for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

A short time back in one of the main earths in Cranbury Park there was a litter of cubs, and Mr. Chamberlayne took several friends and showed them the prints of their pads at the mouth of the earth, and the remains of rabbits, rats, and rooks with which the keepers fed them. At the same time, without moving from the spot, he pointed out to them some low brambles, under which a hen pheasant was sitting on nine eggs.

To driving Mr. Chamberlayne has long been devoted, and his handsome team of greys are as well known in Rotten Row as in Hampshire. Contrary to the opinion of the late Sir Henry Peyton, and some other members of the Four-in-Hand Club, that big horses will not stand hard work, Mr. Chamberlayne never will look at an animal for his coach under 16·2, and his wheelers are occasionally over 17·1. Grey is his favourite colour, and that they do not

knock up is tested by his having driven some of them until they were eighteen or nineteen years old. Of the stables at Cranbury, built and designed under his own superintendence, both Hampshire and Mr. Chamberlayne may well be proud. Erected at an expense of 20,000*l.*, they are matchless in style, and their interior economy must be seen to be appreciated; and even Mr. Gamble, the *Ecuyer* to the Emperor of the French, might take a hint from them, which is no small thing to say in their favour.

On the Turf Mr. Chamberlayne has not figured so conspicuously as in the other amusements in which he has taken part, but he had a few animals at one time at Danebury; but they are scarcely worthy of being reproduced; and by his running of Rosalie at the Crewkerne and Hambledon Steeple-chases, he would seem to have a growing inclination for that sport.

By this sketch of Mr. Chamberlayne's career, it will be seen he is no ordinary man, and no useless member of society, for he has brought his wealth to bear upon the fruition of his talents with the best results; and instead of hoarding up his money, he has devoted it in promoting the amusements of his friends and fulfilling in every respect the duties of an English country gentleman. In private life he is as much respected as in his public sphere, and Hampshire may well be proud of him.

HEAVY BETTING.

BY THE 'GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

I AM not mistaking the Royal Exchange Buildings for a stone pulpit, nor 'Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes' for a 'New Book of Homilies,' but that need not prevent my offering, and the reader accepting, a seasonable word of advice on the subject of heavy betting. I am sure it is wanted: for if the object of gentlemen and others connected with the Turf be the welfare of that innocent suckling, that rickety babe, who is never supposed to take care of itself, but must be coddled and Daffy's-elixir'd into strong life by the advice of the press or the manipulations of officials, be assured there is nothing in the world so detrimental to its health as heavy betting. The expression 'heavy' betting must be kept in view. This is no *otiose* epithet (an epithet, by-the-way, which old Harrovians will appreciate), after the fashion of our school elegiac manufactory, but as opposed to the ordinary wagers, which appear to be an integral part of the racing system, in whatever soil it may take root. We must take the world as it is, and not as it ought to be: for if there be a 'right and a wrong,' there must be a 'worse and a better;' and they are to be condemned who are unable to see any distinction or degrees of good and bad. Without pretending that gambling is a positive good, we may say that the moderate stimulus of a pony is preferable to the sensational excitement of a

monkey: and that when gentlemen talk of matches for ten thousand guineas, those must be the devil's matches, and too strongly tinctured with brimstone.

There can be no doubt that man is a gambling animal—the Englishman in particular; and since the closing of such outlets as Crockford's and the dens in the Quadrant, 'Cui nihil simile aut 'secundum' (excepting a most respectable hell or two at the principal head-quarters of the Turf, for the benefit, we suppose, of those who cannot win or lose enough on the events of the week), all our energy is expended in horse-racing. This is the first excuse we meet with for a supereminence in betting, which is at present vainly toiled after on the Continent. Frenchmen are nowhere near us, with all their effervescence, and, with the honourable exception of some half-dozen of the *haute noblesse*, look as miserable over the loss of a hundred francs as they well could do over a hundred pounds. We have the Arlington, to be sure, where they say men play 'a little,' and such-and-such houses where an exchange of counters takes place more or less, as it always has been, and probably will be. But the English board of green cloth is Newmarket Heath, or its equivalent.

This 'Auri sacri fames,' this accursed love of money (that is, other persons' money), is dependent upon neither climate, temperature, physical geography, education or the want of it, wealth, poverty, sex, or age. The Russians are as bad as we are: the French, Spanish, Italians, and the phlegmatic Germans, indulge in this weakness more or less—though Bluchers are the exception among the latter rather than the rule. Southerners out-herod Herod, and the colonization of California has been made in a spirit which would have delighted the goddess of chance. The Malay loses his last—whatever he calls it—everything but his scalp-lock; and then 'runs a muck' literally: which metaphorically happens also among civilized nations: but it is not lawful to shoot this latter, excepting under peculiar circumstances connected with what used to be called 'honour.' Talking of shooting, deep gambling is associated with two very ugly reminiscences—suicide and duelling. Heaven forbid that I should frighten the rising and racing generation by such language; but there were some melancholy instances years ago, which I forbear to relate, of this unhallowed association. These antiquated notions will be laughed at—why?—because the latter is out of fashion, and the former—well! we don't hear of it every day among the *better* classes. But we do not know how often it happens.

Undoubtedly a wager adds effect to the pleasure of running for stakes. No man denies it. The question at present is not one of wagers, but wagers in excess. Now we shall have a multiplicity of excuses offered for this excess, none of which are available. Admitted that they add to the excitement. A small additional sum will be sufficient for that purpose. There is scarcely a gentleman connected with the Turf who will admit that money, and money

only, is his object. Men shrink from the avowal. I hardly ever met with any one who played whist for money at small stakes. A few sovereigns give an interest to the game. But when men play for five pounds, and five-and-twenty the rub, with an expectation that a hundred or two will be betted on the game, they have no longer any such reticence. Is this the case with the Turf? When a man backs his own horses for ten or twenty-five pounds he has the excuse of the expenses of his stable, which are scarcely covered by the stake he wins. Is that equally so when he stands to win or lose thousands? Surely not. But he is loth to admit that his whole object in racing and in training horses is to make a purse. A certain shame attaches to the assertion. It was undertaken purely with an English love of sport, according to the general view of such matters, and a love of English sport does not sanction so sordid a suggestion.

The expenses of keeping up a racing establishment are undoubtedly very great, far beyond that of any other amusement into which a gentleman can enter. Hunting and shooting on the most liberal scale have no sort of comparison with it. Not only is the material of the most extravagant and costly charge, but every ordinary expense in the case of the owner of race-horses is doubled or trebled. Food and stabling must be of the very best. The attendance, from the trainer to the lowest stable-boy, has a prestige which he is not slow to acquiesce in, but to confirm by the most extravagant demands. A jockey of moderate pretensions is a luxury which few can contemplate without wonder: he drives a fashionable huntsman into the background, and the best whipper-in that ever brought to the fore a skitter bears no more comparison to a successful stable-boy than I to Baron Knebworth. Independently of this the necessary movement of a string of race-horses is a signal for a general foray by lodging-house keepers, hotel masters, clerks of courses, and officials of every description, without whose assistance it seems impossible to travel ten miles in any direction. We admit the truth of all this; but we have one answer to it. Who are the men that Providence intended to keep race-horses? Not the poor or the out-at-elbows broken-down gentleman: not the successful tradesman, who has made a few thousands by unscrupulous charges: not the speculative stock-broker: not the sporting publican, nor the illiterate artisan, who has turned an original fiver into fifty thousand: but the nobleman or gentleman of assured position, who has taken to the national pastime as a recreation befitting himself and his position. I know these are unpopular notions, unpopular with those who have their own interests to serve; but they are not the less correct for all that; and they will find favour with those who love racing for itself, and whose return will be sought in the improvement of the thoroughbred horse for the purposes of his country.

In years gone by this was undoubtedly the golden rule by which most men were actuated. There are a few such still in existence. It is invidious to mention names, perhaps, but none will feel offended

if I say the Marquis of Exeter and Lord Glasgow are of the number. There are others: but criticism is lynx-eyed, and it is needless to give more than a type of the class. But enormous stakes and extravagant betting beget suspicions which ought not to exist. I make no secret of my wish to see the aristocracy of this country what it should be in all matters connected with English sport; but that position is not to be attained by a system of betting which lowers the standard of general respectability, and brings the parties concerned, and their private affairs, too prominently before the public. There are names which have lived, and which still live, as household words in English mouths, and with whom are connected infirmities inseparable from their greatness. But these men are remembered for other qualities; and they who will not imitate them in these should be careful of attaching importance to those which have not yet ceased to appear only as spots upon the sun. When Charles James Fox was taken from Eton at fifteen to visit Paris and Spa, he was allowed to visit scenes which laid the foundation of his future weakness. An honest biographer is compelled to state the fact; but his true admirers would willingly forget the blemishes of a great man.

One incalculable evil which every man sees, and which many deplore, is the inevitable process by which the gentlemen of this country are drained of their resources. An occasional fillip, such as the commencement of the present season is said to have given, will keep them in their position on the Turf; and the happy combination of luck and pluck prevent them from utterly sinking in a majority of cases; but there must be something humiliating in the confidence with which all men talk, and some sporting journals write, of the backers of horses 'wintering upon their creditors of the ring.' These very creditors are willing to allow as much law as possible: for playing a victim is very like playing a fish; and in cases where title-deeds are myths, and where honour and respectability have nothing but high acquaintance and a coat of arms to fall back upon, the only chance of being paid at all is in the virtue of patience and the policy of silence. There are men of education and high birth who are as much in the power of the betting fraternity as the unfortunate debtor was in the power of his aristocratic creditor in Rome; but, as in the former case, they are not able to take the man, body and soul, as their inalienable property, to be kept in bonds or to serve out his time, the only hope of profit is by allowing them still to frequent the course and gamble as best they may. That is their chance of recovery, and they act upon it to an almost unconditional extent. The ring are not losers; but they are patient creditors and good pay when things go wrong: for they know that a day of retribution must come if men will but 'bet high.'

It is this inducement to heavy gambling which is so bad a feature in the system. A heavy bookmaker can afford to lay odds in such round sums as the friends and associates of a young nobleman would be, the one unwilling and the other unable, to do. Nor is

it at all derogatory to the character of the professional bettor to say that he makes this his point. To men making a simple business of the thing, the amount of the stakes is of no great importance, so long as he can lay out what he wants and at his own price. How much money must have been laid to the owner of Lord Lyon (or any good winner on a Derby or Leger horse) to have enabled him to win half of what he was said to have done? Yet the ring was not broken, and never will be. It is impervious to small assaults and only strengthened by heavier ones. In this way it is easy to account for men, who ought to be following some honest but not too lucrative employment, living in the regions of May-fair or Belgravia—entertaining their *convives*, and a certain class of—well! it would be scarcely fair to give men a bad name because their love of good eating and drinking exceeds their dislike of bad grammar: drinking champagne while their fathers, mothers, and brothers have difficulty to get beer; employing servants who are with difficulty restrained from laughing or crying at the discrepancy between a gentleman and a gentleman's situation. These are very good men, many of them; ready to do a good turn to any one of their own way of dealing, for there's great *esprit de corps* among them, and willing to relieve their relatives by substituting something more generous for the small beer of the family pewter. It does not absolutely follow that because a man lives by gambling he should have no natural sentiments, far from it; but it does make him a very unfit representative of an aristocracy, which, if it does not date from the Conquest, or from Crecy and Poitiers, has at least hereditary talent, wealth, science, or goodness on its side. It will take 'the people,' as exhibited in the cottages of the provincial poor, a long time to regard the newly-made squire as his legitimate lord; and the transplantation of dialect from B— Square, in more instances than one, would sadly 'puzzle the 'parson of the parish.'

Now without saying much in favour of gambling at all, it is not too much to assert that moderate betting between gentlemen could have no such ill effects as these. Had betting extended no further than between men of like fortune and position, however large and however exalted, this evil would never have existed. There would have been losers, it is true; but their losses would seldom have amounted to a total loss of caste or property; and where such was the case, it could but have gone into another branch of the same class. Fewer gentlemen, once men of property, would have had to eke out a small pittance in some fourth-rate town of the Continent, or to seek a precarious existence at the tables of French or German watering-places.

But beyond this, such excessive gambling produces a bad example on society. It demoralizes generally, not the men only who are personally concerned in it, but others who are affected by a morbid vanity to ape their betters. It encourages a longing for reaching a place in society which nature has denied them. There is no temptation so great to a certain class as the pleasure of associating,

upon familiar terms, with great people : people so far removed from them by birth, education, and manners, as to be scarcely intelligible to them. A very heavy bet constitutes a mutual link, which is unapproachable by others. To be eternally 'my-lording' 'this man and that,' to be apparently hail-fellow-well-met with those 'who never could form one of our family circle, is a very vulgar but 'comprehensible vanity.' It can be acquired by 'heavy betting.' This produces mysterious whisperings, and a fellowship which should be sedulously avoided. These remarks may hit hard, but they whom they hit will be the first to acknowledge their justice. 'A robbery' is a very bad thing when it is designed by one man ; but to find that it may be whispered in the ear of an English gentleman, without repulsion and disgust, not unfrequently with partisanship and co-operation, is much worse. The temptation held out by the acquisition of money is the most dangerous of all temptations. Men regard it as such ; and it is manifest that many would pass through the ordeal of paying what they owed, if their debts could be contained within a moderate sum ; while the alternative of comparative poverty or great wealth would shake to the centre the principles of moderately honest men, and induce a laxity which in all matters connected with the Turf it is so desirable to avoid. Sir Robert Walpole, a tolerable judge of human nature, said that every man had his price. It could scarcely have been spoken of pecuniary estimation, and no doubt in some sense the statesman would have pointed to the characteristics of each. I believe the prospect of an early and rapid fortune can be met by nothing but an universal opposition ; and we can look for it nowhere but among the gentlemen who are too apt to set the worst possible example in this respect. There has been heavy betting before now, but it was the exception, whereas now it is become rather the rule.

I have made use, upon other occasions, of the word 'demoralize' in connection with heavy betting. I mean to say not only that it induces a laxity of principle and hardness of conscience, but it inculcates vulgar habits of extravagance in a class fitted by education and connection for the respectable commerce of middle life. Could betting of this kind be confined, as it once was, before the days of Crockford and Jemmy Bland, to the great, society would be scarcely affected by it. It would soon cure itself. For, as a boy with marbles, who wins from only two or three companions, soon tires of his game unless he has new fields to try his venture, so it gives but small pleasure to the select five hundred to ruin one another. A young man, who comes upon town, desires to be at the top of the tree, to eclipse his equals in some conspicuous manner, and if he have not any readier or more praiseworthy method of doing it, it may be done by ruinous gambling. He will be a nine days' wonder, and the observed of all observers for a time ; but he will become, at the same time, a prey to the sharper, and a sort of paymaster to the forces until his money goes or his eye-teeth come. And the upper classes are like cholera patients, who, though they recover

themselves, are apt to spread the disease among those for whom there is no cure. The present racing system does an infinity of mischief of which we never hear. Officers, civil servants of every grade, university men, and those waifs and strays that hang about the skirts of fashion, are sure to suffer and go out without making a sign. It is the case with some thousands. Their career is soon summed up. They find the society into which betting brings them more agreeable than profitable. An accidental bit of luck at first increases their faith in fortune. They must live as those with whom they consort are accustomed to live. Heavier betting is to be resorted to to pay their debts and to hold their own. Then come heavier losses, a grand coup which does not come off, and some fine morning their place is void and no one knows them more. The colonies are peopled with such persons; the towns of France, Germany, and Italy are full of them, living upon their friends or their families, with the prospect of a dunghill or the workhouse for their old age. It often strikes me with serious reflection to know what is to become of the clever amusing fellows, who owe oceans of gambling debts; who, having borrowed money of all their friends, are tolerated for their services and bonhomie, as 'umbræ,' at great houses, when their generation shall have passed away, and they themselves have become stupid, forgetful, drivelling repeaters of thrice-told witticisms, too ignorant to laugh with and too pitiable to laugh at. I can see plenty of them every time I go to a race-meeting; their name is 'legion.' I presume they are calculating the odds on perpetual youth in their own favour. It makes a vast difference, 'Davusne loquatur an heros,' whether a Lord Grosvenor and a Duke of Bedford back three horses each of their own for 10,000 guineas, as was reported, or whether Colonel Jones and Major Smythe (there are no Smiths now) indulge in a similar vanity, even in any probable proportion.

There was once an author of some repute called Henry Fielding. I think many of the readers of 'Baily' will know him—the great majority by his famous novels of 'Tom Jones' and 'Joseph Andrews,' in which all the indelicacy belongs to the age, and all the talent to himself. He was, at least, a close and severe discriminator of human nature, and has many trite remarks scattered through his works on the inconveniences of gambling. He, like me, would prefer to take the inferior part of mankind under his especial consideration only. He is much too well bred 'to disturb the company at a polite assembly.' Fashion, he tells us, can alone cure the evil. He desires us to wait till 'great men become wiser and better;' till some laudable taste shall teach them a worthier manner of employing their 'time,' &c., &c. If Mr. Fielding had himself waited till such a consummation, he would have been near upon one hundred and sixty years of age, and would have looked forward to a still green old age, if it had to be measured by the standard of modern propensities. The passion has grown since the beginning of the last century with a vigour which is due to the most efficient cultivation, and to the

natural growth of ill weeds. Surely it would be worth while for the Jockey Club to set their faces against it ; and as it is impossible to enact laws which would not be easily enforced, to do by example what they cannot effect by precept. In the days of Fielding there was an outlet for the ruined gamester of every degree, and of which he availed himself to a considerable extent. He might become a highwayman, and terminate a worthless career by the pistol or the cord, without the inconvenience of suicide. Elaborate argument is not required to show that there was some analogy between the career of the licensed pickpocket and the unlicensed ruffian. 'How easy,' says my authority, in the days of George II., 'was the transition ' from fraud to force ! from a gambler to a rogue ! perhaps indeed it ' is civil to suppose it any transition at all.'

This is a great authority, the most competent and acute analyser of character of the last century : and who quotes Herodotus with much satisfaction, and a malicious desire that our own laws could be administered, like those of Amasis the Egyptian king, upon all who could not prove that they had some lawful livelihood, only under a milder penalty than death.

The public papers during the last month have reported two or three very sensational bets on the part of young noblemen and gentlemen, which appear to be (as far as the press is concerned) the result of club gossip and bravado. These things, however, tend to set men of a lower class talking, and encourage a foolish tendency to over-betting, which serves nothing but bad ends. Whether it be a fact or no, matters little to the public ; but whether it become the subject of common tittle-tattle or no, makes all the difference. If young men with enormous revenues are proud of their influence, they should mind to turn it to a good account.

I will conclude this with two sketches which may be of service to those who recognize their truthfulness. At the same time they are only types of a condition that exists throughout society.

The Duke of A—— is a young man, who has had a long minority, and inherits, at one-and-twenty, a very handsome income even for a man in his exalted position of life. He has gone through the ordinary education of an English gentleman, and on his accession to his property, is not long in discovering that he has a taste beyond thin bread and butter and the organ. The inclinations of an Englishman make themselves conspicuous. He longs for the county hounds, and they are not unwillingly surrendered by his predecessor, who has discovered that that bed of roses has its share of thorns. In process of time he feels that good may be done by giving a proper impetus to turf pursuits. He is quite acute enough to know that in doing it he may be done : that he makes his *début* to a crowd which admires his pecuniosity quite as much as himself. Still he has some faith in that common sense and high feeling which has carried through some of his predecessors unscathed. He purchases a stud, not of such overwhelming magnitude that he scarcely knows what half of them are doing, or where half of them are kept. He takes care

that the few he has shall be as good as his own judgment, aided by long experience of others, can procure. In this way he commences a racing stud: a stud, be it remarked, not made up of third or fourth-rate horses, which are only worth keeping with the hope of a favourable handicap, in which twenty losses shall be made up by one great win; but one in which blood and symmetry unite, and from which his efforts may well be directed to the acquisition of a Derby, a Leger, or an Oaks. Of course, so valuable a prey is not to be allowed to escape without some efforts to land him. Such efforts are vain. Why? because, rich as he is, he feels no anxiety to risk monkeys, when the nobler animal, a pony, will do. If he really were a needy man, who shall say what he might do? Being a duke, with a rent roll of some sixty thousand a year, why should he desire to make it more by the loss of a neighbour? He is above the charge or suspicion of avarice, surely; and his pony or two suffice to give him what is politely called 'an interest in the race.'

This being the case, why should he act any part but that of an openhanded and openhearted English gentleman? He has no object to gain in immoderate gambling; he avoids the snares which would be invariably set for himself; he maintains the dignity of his position, free from damaging associates (for even dukes do not raise blacklegs to their own level); he has a sufficient excitement beyond the stakes, in backing his favourite for a pony or two; he sets a good example to those few persons who are influenced by habits of high birth, and has the satisfaction of knowing that he is joining in the national amusements of his country, and improving the breed of her horses, without detriment to his reputation or his fortune. If he loses his money he can afford to do so without letting his temper follow it; if he wins, he sets at defiance the insinuation of sordid motives by the moderation of the stake.

The Marquis of B—— is a young man whose education, in like manner, has been attended with those advantages which accompany a well-cultivated taste for Greek iambs, cricket, rat hunting, and the Christopher, and which has been further strengthened by the strong meats of the Universities or the Household Brigade. He starts in life with advantages equal to those of his friend and companion. He is as well-bred and as wealthy, and is not long in discovering that he too will do well to participate in what is commonly known as the national sport. But his mind is of a different caste to his friend. He is susceptible to flattery, which is discreetly administered by a discriminating press; and to the calls of ambition, whose satisfaction will be attained only by an immediate notoriety. His early plunges are therefore void of the prudence which has marked the career of his neighbour. He instructs his commissioners to spare no expense, to stop at no price, in the purchase of his horses, and to limit themselves neither in the number nor the extravagance of his bets. He becomes the talk of the town. Gentlemen of equal fortune and equal rank wonder how long it will last, and smile at the vulgarity of the ostentation. Those who would imitate

a marquis at any price, end with the fable of the frog and the ox. The harpies rejoice, and silently chuckle over the feast which the fulfilment of their hopes is providing. The stud grows larger and less valuable; and heavy 'coups' come off less frequently: what began by being a pleasure has now become a passion. The lawyer steps in and helps the money-lender. Bit by bit, the noble property is being shorn of its ancient glory. The Irish estates are gone: there is a mortgage on Dunderhead, and Swampstead is in the hands of the Jews. Then comes a certainty at last. The Derby colt has had a surprising trial; he will not be brought out for the Two Thousand. The Marquis of B—— stands to win one hundred and seventy thousand to nothing: so says the 'Penny Gaff,' which knows all about marquises, and must be right. Then commence various manipulations about the horse. Now he is down at 10 to 1, again he is up at 3 to 2; down he goes again, and then the public discover that he is a roarer. He takes his gallop between two known roarers, and again the 'Gaff' and the public are at a loss. Two days before the Derby the horse is scratched, and the marquis goes abroad. The world and the 'Gaff' abuse him, and believe that he has saved Swampstead by the lost Derby. The fact is, that he knows nothing about the business, but has been swindled by trainer, jockey, tout, and commissioner, and finds that he can only save Dunderhead by four years of continental economy, during which time the tenants who regarded him, the friends and family who loved him, and all who know his good qualities, are left to moralize on the termination of a career which collapsed under the pressure of 'heavy betting.' Of the unfortunate frogs who have endeavoured to imitate the bull, some are living upon their brothers and sisters in a dishonourable dependence; others are unable to show their faces in this country and feel ashamed of them in almost any other; and no inconsiderable portion of them have returned to their natural condition of the gaol or the workhouse.

The Marquis of B—— will begin life again upon a diminished income and popularity in the course of eight or ten years, but with a matured judgment and higher sense of enjoyment.

HIGH LEICESTERSHIRE.

BY M. F. H.

'ON n'a dans la vie qu'un chien, comme on n'a qu'un amour.' What a pity! For the moment let the former portion of the saying by the caustic Frenchman be accepted, and, giving it a large range, it may be construed into, 'There is but one Leicestershire.' The whipper-in of the sentence must be determined in the singular or plural, according to taste and experience. We should be both just and generous, bearing in mind that Lilith No. 1, not being according

to Adam's fancy, Eve No. 2 became the substitute.* High Leicestershire! When was it higher than in the palmy days of George Osbaldeston, 'the best sportsman of this or any other age?' It is gratifying to witness the universal tribute of regret at the departure from amongst us of one held by all to be without a compeer in the various branches of sporting, and more especially in those that require a perfection of muscular and constitutional development. His fame is in the mouth of every one. Rarely has it occurred that the meed of praise has been bestowed with such general and consentaneous accord. There must be something unusual and far above the common average in the character and capability of a man to make himself conspicuous above his fellows in any one pursuit. If, as in this case, the requirements were primarily external, still the calculation of comparative degrees of power, with a minute observation of the economy of nature, and of the wild animal, demand the exercise of an intelligence that the more studious would be unwilling to concede. Nevertheless, the fact remains true. There is a dunce out of doors, as there is a dunce in-doors, with the difference that the chamber dunce is always the biggest of the two, the most useless to himself and others, not redolent of savoury odours, sparing of tub, and abundantly provisioned with a conceit, that, sooner or later, is the cause of sorrow and vexation of spirit. One thing is beyond doubt, that had Osbaldeston, cui Deus sit et propitius et clemens, been Secretary of State for the Home Department during the late Hyde Park riots, Mr. Latitat Beales, to speak in familiar terms, would have come off second best. There would not have been a symptom of puerility—one-two would have set the snivelling on the other side; whilst 'the smooth-tongued chief' would have cheered—given the long odds—and have joyously exclaimed, 'Bravo, 'Sec. mine;' Eton comes out strong in the proper administration of Conservative punishment. The many panegyrics that have been put forth in honour of this pre-eminent Master of Hounds have dwelt on the public attributes of his character: the more private portions of his life may be recounted probably by one having ampler means for the task. There is one particularity, however, ever reflective of credit on him to whom the merit may be attached, for the which we can vouch; that is, the singular attachment evinced by all who were or had been in his employ. It is said that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet, but the reverse of the rule held good with Osbaldeston. His servants and dependents, one and all, were wont to speak of him in terms of unqualified regard and respect. Wingfield, Shirley, Sebright, Burton, Sadler, Stevens—huntsmen of standing and repute, who were in his service for years—were

* FAUST. Who is that yonder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well. It is

Lilith.

FAUST. No?

MEPHIS.

Lilith, the first wife of Adam;
Beware of her fair hair; for she excels
All women in the magic of her looks.

Shelley's Translation of Faust.

unanimous in their high estimation of him, in and out of the kennel, as a breeder of hounds, as a proficient in the field, and as a kind and generous master. The attachment of his feeder, Gardiner, amounted to adoration. A lively temper when excited did not detract from his other good qualities: it is a sure sign of a warm heart. Other and worthier pens will be redundant in eulogy of this distinguished sportsman, yet we should not have been content had we not added the tribute of our memorial mite in honour of the famous Squire. He is gone.

‘When cold in the earth lies the friend we have loved,
Be his frailties and errors forgot by us then:
Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o’er them in silence, and close them again.’

High Leicestershire! Is it of the past or present that we have to speak? There is a marked distinction and a palpable difference. Things are not as they were in the days of the giants. The substitution of pace for legitimate sport, and hard riding for a knowledge of hunting, have necessarily effected an entire change in the mode in which this grandest of sports is carried on. Whether it be for the better or for the worse is doubtful of determination. If the question be solved by an appeal to numbers, it is sufficient to say that ten men hunt in the present day where one did in the days of our forefathers, but of sportsmen the provision is scant indeed. Fox-hunting, accompanied by all the panoply of imposing externals, has become generalised. Establishments of irreproachable appointments may be found, with few exceptions, in every county; and not a country house is advertised without the vicinity of a pack of fox-hounds being mentioned as forming a principal ingredient of attraction. This is as it should be. But let it be observed that the oppidan agents who dress up the excellences of these El Dorado abodes with sporting allures, are fully cognizant that kennel propinquity ascends or descends in the scale of value, according to such kennel belonging to a private or a public establishment. There are sundry drawbacks in the latter. Comparatively, there are few, if any, in the former. It is just possible that an application may be made, deferentially, for support; and should the wanderer amongst the gorse coverts—not being virtually a foxhunter, or from some other reason—express a disinclination to accede to the proposal, albeit couched in the most courteous terms, he and his belongings, from a proper feeling, may be deterred from participating in some of the pleasant consequences that foxhunting is sure to engender. No such penalty is attached to the neighbourhood of private establishments.

It has been stated in ‘Fraser’s Magazine’ that these ‘Masterships of Despotism,’ as the writer is pleased to term them, are repugnant to the spirit of the age. Why? We know full well that obedience is at all times distasteful to the riotous and disorderly, accompanied by undeserved abuse of the person exercising the inconvenient privilege of command. To obstruct sport by pressing hounds unfairly at a check, or to maim one by riding a puller into the midst of the *mêlée*, will be certain to beget a severe remonstrance. It is,

or should be, the same with the Master of the many, unless he may fear the withdrawal of a subscription—a not unlikely occurrence—and then the storm of reproach would proceed from the fence funkens—republican subscribers in the far distance—all Masters, and always in a bad place—against him who has committed the sin of being in a good one. Then again, it is stated to be gratifying for a subscriber to know that he has a direct property—positive, monetary, and particular—in the ‘Dogs.’ That is to say, one pound may be supposed, in the plenitude of an abounding hallucination, to have appropriated, fragmentally, the blood-tipped stern of Roderick, from the Belvoir Rallywood; another twenty shillings the head and neck of Caroline, out of the Portsmouth Clemency; one more, the shoulders of a Poltimore Lexicon, or the straight limbs of a son of the Beaufort Trojan; whilst two ‘quids,’ unsweated by Moses and Aaron, may have conveyed ideally a vested right in the pendent appendages of the Landue Stormer. So that Ticklebat, the subscriber, solaces himself with the notion that he has a personal connection, more or less direct, with the best kennels, and fills up a post-prandial bumper of claret in honour of his nine hundred and ninety-ninth part of an M. F. H. It is a dangerous thing to travel out of one’s latitude at all times; never more so than to predicate about foxhunting without competent knowledge. The Master of a subscription pack has often an ungrateful task to perform; and not the least distasteful part is to deal with those puny members who contribute shabbily to the expenses of the establishment. Tony Tenpound is always impertinent, self-sufficient, radically abusive, and a snob. There are many first-rate sportsmen to be found in the list of Masters of subscription hounds, and they will be the first to acknowledge that the ancient kennels, hereditary and time-honoured, comprise all that is most valuable for the preservation of fox-hounds in that high state of efficiency and of pure blood to which they have arrived in the present day.

From the earliest period, Leicestershire has been held supreme in its hunting sovereignty, with Melton for the capital. Shorn somewhat of its olden honours, it remains so still. We do not allude to the time of periwigs, silk vests, and jack boots, when our ancestors left their beds in the middle of the night, sat down to a breakfast that more resembled a dinner, and were received on their issuing forth from the hall door with a fanfare of horns, and a prolonged cry of hounds, perfectly bewildering. Those bygone days are memorially registered amidst family portraits in old mansions, by a full-length portrait, by Kneller, of a sportsman, arrayed in a flaxen wig of the Louis Quatorze fashion, a green hunting-coat, with silver couples hanging at his side, a whip like that of a pig-driver, with a coat-of-arms on the handle, and cocked hat in hand, pointing to hounds running hard in the far distance, where he ought to have been himself, instead of looking on with the bland smile of an incompetent ninny, and courting the approbation of a gazing posterity.

There is a vague mystery as to the exact time from whence the

modern fox-hound may be said to date his existence. Stag-hounds and harriers were the inhabitants of the kennels in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and a fox, accidentally found, was hunted by both the one and the other. That he is the descendant of a cross betwixt the two appears to have been thoroughly established; and it is a matter of speculation whether there was not more than one cross. The celebrated Colonel Thornhill, of Thornville Royal, used a Spanish pointer, and crossed back to pure blood in the second and third generation. This is an undoubted fact, openly avowed, and noticed in the sporting publications of that day. His object appears to have been to augment the power of hunting combined with obedience; for hounds in that dark time were most riotous, in and out of the kennel, and discipline, as at present understood, was unknown. Merkin, Conqueror, Lucifer, Lounger, and Madcap by Lucifer, amongst others, are recorded to have been excellent hounds. Merkin was sold for four hogsheads of claret. Colonel Thornton also introduced the blood of a French stag-hound that he had obtained from the Royal kennels of Fontainebleau. Conqueror was largely used in the North, especially in the kennels of Sir M. Masterman Sykes, and Mr. Humphrey Osbaldeston, of Hunmanby. The hounds of the latter, with Isaac Grainger as huntsman, were known to be amongst the best of their day. The broad nose and large head to which the late Mr. Warde was so partial, might have been derived, possibly, from straining back to the Thornville Royal kennel. Mr. Lee Anthony's Clothier, the ancestor of some of Mr. Warde's gigantic favourites—going back to a Northern kennel—had the broad nose and line-hunting property, with a loud tongue, that he deemed indispensable in a fox-hound. Lord Althorp's famous bitch Arrogant, by Mr. Warde's Charon by Clothier, came from the same strain. Colonel Thornton also bred from a harrier, Merryman, a ticked or blue mottled hound of nineteen inches. This cross succeeded admirably; and the 'tick' may have been discovered, faintly, in the majority of the Northern kennels at the beginning of this century. Many of the Monson hounds are known to have been so marked; and to this we can attest from having seen them the year that Osbaldeston purchased the Vernon pack in order to obliterate the mottle and to give them fashion and a lighter neck.

The above is a simple relation of substantiated facts. It is indisputable that not until the end of the last century did the pure fox-hound exist as in his present shape. Before that time he was stained, or, in other words, represented a combination of races until his modern form had become thoroughly perfected. Some of the earliest sires of renown were the Fitzwilliam Ranter of 1770 and Traitor of 1797; Cheshire Bluecap, 1772; Yarborough Dover, 1786, sire of the Grand Ranter of 1790, the ancestor of the Osbaldeston Ranter out of a Vernon bitch of the old Ranter blood by the Monson Wonder. And in a later day appeared, amongst others, the Corbet Trojan, the Belvoir Jasper and Juniper, the Beaufort

Abelard and Nectar, and the Lonsdale Harbinger. This latter hound was the sire of the Beaufort Hazard, sire of the Drake Hector, one of the best stud hounds of his day.

High Leicestershire consists strictly of the Quorn, the Belvoir, and the Cottesmore. At an early and more fortunate time it was truly a grass country, holding great scent, and enabling hounds to carry it on at a pace and with a head that the sportsmen of other less favoured Shires sought in vain to imitate. The glories of the Quorn commenced with Hugo Meynell. He introduced the fast system of chasing instead of hunting a fox, teaching his hounds to fly to the head and to press the pace. All hounds run hard upon a burning scent; but it is the forcing and creating the pace by quick and forward hunting upon a half scent, getting nearer and nearer the game upon improving terms, and finally running into him meritoriously, that marks both the brilliant hound and accomplished huntsman. Meynell knew that a fox 'hot from smart chase' leaves a fuller scent than when going leisurely along with a lot of dribbling hounds after him; and, again, after a blazing run, at that critical and often fatal moment when, from excessive evaporation of sweat, the particles of scent decrease, his close hunters of the Monson blood helped him on to the line, and gallantly won him his fox. There is no greater error in hounds than that their energies in hunting should die with a dying fox. This was a glaring defect of the olden time. It is at that precarious check that the old hounds, with their bristles up, show their determination and value, and held lightly on by a word of encouragement—'Yoi—doit!'—take the lead from the younger lot, have at their fox perseveringly, and work him hard until they turn him over. Meynell changed the tactics of the huntsman as well as of the hound.

But the fast chase brought into vogue, necessarily, a system of hard riding that John Warde predicted would be the evil of the coming generation. The pride of place was linked with the jealousy of maintaining it; the sturdy crop-eared hunter disappeared; a higher-bred animal took his place, and foot became the primary quality of the Leicestershire flyer. The comparative merits of horses were determined by matches, and steeple-chases were introduced. The first we can find recorded at that time was between Mr. Bullivant, of Sproxtton, Mr. Day, of Wymondham, and Mr. Frisby, of Waltham, 100 guineas each, to start from Womack's Lodge to Woodwell Head, four miles out, and to return to the winning-post in a field adjoining the lodge. Mr. Bullivant, on Sentinel, a famous horse, had the lead from the first, hard pressed by Mr. Day. The horse of the latter unfortunately hit a gate-post and fell, and Mr. Day, as well as the horse, was much hurt. He remounted, however, and continued the race. This accident allowed Mr. Bullivant to come in an easy winner. The second place was severely contested by Mr. Day and Mr. Frisby: the last half-mile they were locked together, and Mr. Day obtained the place only by half a neck. Time, 25 min. 32 secs.

The more conspicuous—properly speaking, the first flight men of those days, were Colonel Villiers, afterwards Lord Jersey; Mr. Weld Forester; Lords Robert and Charles Manners; Lord George Germaine; Mr. Lumley; Mr. Loraine Smith; Mr. Robert Lowth; Lord Lonsdale; Mr. Vanneck; Sir Gilbert Heathcote; Colonel Mellish; Messrs. Peter Allix, Lindow, and Rawlinson; Lord Spencer, Lord Althorp; Messrs. Felton Hervey, and Nethercot; Sir David Baird; George Payne, father of the present; Frederick Ponsonby; Sir Thomas Salisbury; Sir Andrew Barnard; Sir Rose Price; Lloyd of Aston, Lucas, Bowen, Roberts, and others. Leicestershire stood forward prominent in its superiority, without an approach to rivalry. The Metropolitan Shire, especially in riding, gave the law to the hunting field. The rush for a start—‘Give them room to settle well down to it!’—the dash across the open pastures—the give and take hand with an easy pull that steadies a horse before coming to his fence and collects him together for a drop on the bank with his hind legs for the propulsion of a second jump—required a far different horseman than the one usually met with in the provinces. ‘I only wants my fingers: ‘them’s the things for ketching ‘em up and making ‘em go!’ said Dick Christian. Grass enclosures, with an occasional high post and rail—a splash and bound fence with a ditch to or from you—a lane gate, varied now and then by a park paling and the eighteen feet of Whissendine water—could only be thoroughly mastered by a horse proper to run in any steeple-chase. It was in Leicestershire that was first inaugurated the authoritative dictum, ‘It is the pace ‘that kills.’

Immediately after the era of Hugo Meynell appeared three Masters of Hounds whose reputation will endure so long as fox-hunting is held in honour in the land. These were Musters, Assheton Smith, and Osbaldeston. Mr. Musters has been styled, with less of exaggeration than usually qualifies a fancy nomenclature, ‘the king of gentlemen huntsmen.’ That he was most efficient in the field is a merit that has been unanimously accorded to him by the most competent judges. He drew for his fox with a patience and skill never excelled, and nothing would persuade him to leave a covert if he imagined that his hounds, having a night scent, had gone over their ground too quickly. In this speciality he was very similar to the present Mr. Russell. His discipline was good, and effected without whipcord. He had the happy attribute of making his hounds fond of him by kindness, and they flew to his cheery voice at all times with an instant alacrity. Here, again, was a quality in common with Mr. Russell. His hounds worked well both on the line and in chase, but in a severe run they did not carry a commanding head. This defect arose from a deficiency in feeding, a kennel department in which Musters signally failed, and that was only counterbalanced in the field by his consummate skill. Although a welter weight, with a sinking fox he was invariably in his place, doing that duty well with a few couple that, with a more even and

nutritious mode of feeding, would have allowed the body of the pack to have aided in performing in their proper place, and have resulted in an earlier and brighter finish. This was his single failing, for in all other respects he well deserved his reputation of being the king of gentlemen huntsmen.

Assheton Smith is chronicled as 'the mightiest hunter that ever rode across Belvoir's sweet vale or wore a horn at his saddle-bow.' No one ever would or could disallow the propriety of this assertion in allusion to his riding. Many a hard rider on a first-class horse can get over a big fence, and will not mind to encounter a fall. That is only one part of the performance: the more difficult remains; and in a rush over the Vale of Widmerpool from Six Hills Gorse, with hounds at their best pace up wind, through deep ground with large fences, the brilliancy of this consummate rider became a proverb, and was a marvel. He got away with the rapidity of lightning, and, the scent holding good, maintained the lead against every one to the last. In reference to 'the hunting-horn at his saddle-bow,' that emblem of Mastership has been borne by many a worthier one. Assheton Smith was prone to the thirty minutes' burst. He cared not either for a hunting run or for hounds that could effect it. He only half drew his gorses; on a find he went away with his leading hounds, and coming to more than one check, drew for a fresh fox. Neither were the large hounds he had at Quorn remarkable for any quality beyond pace. After leaving Leicestershire for Hampshire he bought the Grafton establishment, and George Carter became his huntsman. Being quickly satisfied of the superior merit of the Grafton, the large pack was dismissed; and it is to the discrimination of Carter in breeding that Masters of Hounds are indebted for the Saffron, Watchman, Neptune, and Nigel blood. As a rider over the grass grounds of Leicestershire, Assheton Smith was prominent even amongst those of the foremost rank. His excellence remained unrivalled to the last.

We now come to the third Master—Osbaldeston—who combined in his own person the abilities of the two former sportsmen. It is unnecessary to dwell upon his riding powers after the Clinker and Clasher match, and other feats of equestrian hardihood. It is as a Master of Hounds—in every department of that office—that he has acquired his deserved celebrity; and Leicestershire may be said to have been at the zenith of its proud fame when he hunted the country with his Furrier pack. So much has been lately said of his prowess, that it is needless to recapitulate the oft-told tale, and our remarks shall be brief. He was a consummate huntsman, both as a line hunter, and in chase; his kennel discipline was perfect; and he was the best feeder of his day. His hounds therefore were always in the highest state of condition, and swept over the ample pastures of Leicestershire in a compact body, like a flight of blue rocks. And it must be borne in mind that they were the result of his own judgment. He purchased the Monson hounds: afterwards he had the Vernon, and crossing them with the Belvoir and the Broeklesby,

produced a pack that, for goodness, pace, and perfection of symmetry, will not be seen again in this generation. As years pass away his great merit will still live on as a by-word, and his fame will be quoted by those yet unborn as 'the best sportsman of this or any other age.'

Let us enumerate the names of some that, in those days of decided superiority, held a high place in the annals of Melton, and were worthy companions of the renowned triumvirate:—The Duke of Rutland, Lords Elcho, Alvanley, Plymouth, Rancliffe, Gardener, Euston, Chesterfield, Macdonald, Waterford, Scarborough, Suffield, Sir Charles Knightley, Sir Bellingham Graham, Sir James Boswell, Sir Harry Goodricke, Sir James Musgrave, Sir David Baird, Sir Richard Sutton, Sir John Power, Colonel Lowther, Colonel Wyndham, Colonel Anson, Messrs. Coke, Cradock, Gurney, Maher, Moore, Gilmour, Holyoake, George Payne, Charles Forester Coventry, Canning, Edge, Gaskell, Green, Tomlinson, Grant, Burbidge, Captains White, Ross, Little, Peel, Percy Williams, &c. &c. The majority of these have departed to the bourne from whence the traveller returneth not; yet there be two that may still be seen at the covert side and in their accustomed place amongst the foremost. These are Lord Wilton, and Mr. Burbidge, of Thorpe Arnold. It is not only that they go well for men of their age, but they are in the first place, beating the majority of young hands, from sheer nerve and science. In a fast run from Thorpe Toussels, during the last season, Mr. Burbidge, on a grey horse, led the whole way. Lord Wilton was always an accomplished horseman, and, from his proficiency over the flat, is a correct judge of pace—a quality that few possess. His horses are high-bred, and perfect fencers; he has capital hands, a close seat, a quick eye for a country, with a knowledge of hounds, and a determined will to be with them at all cost—and he is always with them. Long may he retain the power!

The classic day of Leicestershire terminated with the Mastership of Sir Harry Goodricke. His immediate successor failed in his mission; and although Mr. Errington and Sir Richard Sutton—Masters deservedly popular—subsequently redeemed a portion of its olden reputation, yet the blow had been struck from which it never recovered. The period of Lord Stamford was one of brilliancy and of large expenditure; and it is imperative that whoever is at the head of the Quorn should be amply provided with the wherewith to supply the exigencies, and to meet the incessant demands that, in such a vast establishment, are of daily occurrence. Melton is peopled, during the hunting season, by men from every part of the kingdom, having large studs, with the means and appliances to boot. Yet, strange to say that a Master of ability—Mr. Clowes—who had formed a pack of hounds, that in a couple of years would have been one of mark, was lost to the country from an absence of proper support. It cannot be expected that a man should damage himself for the amusement of others. The premiership of Leicestershire appertains to the Belvoir kennel. The division of the country, the

incessant change of hounds, and the uncertainty of tenure, are causes why the princely establishment of Belvoir, unencumbered by these disadvantages, should reign paramount. A combination of the properties that characterize and are inherent to hereditary kennels—nicety of appointment, civility of servants, undivided authority, and hounds of notorious excellence—will always make the meet of 'the Duke' popular, and the favourite at Melton.

The subject is far from being exhausted, yet 'Baily,' like Paradise with its eastern gate, has its limits, and the black letter cherubim longeth after fresh pastures. Of the future of Leicestershire it would be rash to predict. Prophets, in these fast days, go supperless to bed. Even the patriarchs have been plucked for honours by Masters of Rugby and Regius Professors, for being short of pace, and inclining to stick in the mud. The division of the olden shires, however, has produced two masters and sportsmen—Mr. Tailby and Mr. Anstruther Thompson—competent to take a first class in any examination. No better men, no truer sportsmen ever handled the silver horn. They combine the merits of the old and modern systems of hunting, and account for their fox with a full or with a defective scent. This is the true 'pietra di paragone.' A new master reigns on the flags, where Musters, Assheton Smith, Bellingham Graham, Osbaldeston, and Goodricke were won't to scan over their favourites. The galley in which he sails is a fair one, 'Youth 'on the prow and Pleasure at the helm.' But it is not always fair weather, for 'e'en in the tranquildest climes, light-breezes will ruffle 'the blossoms sometimes.' Yet with the determination to succeed half the battle is won, and if the ear of hot youth turn not away from the counsel of experience, let us hope as we will augur a bright prospect for the future of High Leicestershire.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

THERE are day excursions by dozens, inviting the summer visitor to Paris to give himself and his belongings four or five hours' fresh air. St. Cloud for instance, with its 'great waters,' and Versailles with its greater waters; but as for the watery performance, I am sure you can see a better display any Saturday at the Sydenham Palace. Not long ago I was in the Scala at Milan. 'This is the 'finest theatre in Europe,' said my hospitable entertainer. 'Was, 'perhaps, before Covent Garden was built,' remarked an Italian just arrived from London; and so it is with the 'grandes eaux' of Versailles, they were the largest until somebody made bigger. There is good walking at Versailles (don't go down on a fête day), and the park and the Trianons are worth seeing; for me, I always fancy I am back at that little Trianon, with 'Tom Burke of Ours' (oh dear friend of my youth!), and expect to see the Emperor enter and rebuke us for being frivolous. It is not being frivolous, however, to look after creature comforts, and as, if people will go out sight-

seeing, they are sure to be hungry—there is a saying that ‘sorrow is dry,’ but I am sure (look at a pic-nic for instance), that pleasure is dry and hungry too!—it is better to find out where to recruit exhausted nature. There is but one place in Versailles, that is L’Hôtel du Reservoir, and if there are many people in the train you had better telegraph down for your room, or table, else haply you may get the key of the street, and have full permission to go and ‘bed and board’ at one of the other horrid little hôtels of Louis Quatorze’s village, which is now a fine town.

Why, one day we were enticed out of our carriage by a specious restaurant keeper, who assured us that he had a garden and the ‘dinner which the Messieurs would condescend to command:’ other places were full and we ‘alighted’ (as they say when a Royal Highness stops at a station) and found, I assure you, that the garden was composed of four poplar trees and a pump, which masked a stable yard, and that the bill of fare consisted of one rabbit, then playing about in the yard, one eel, epoque doubtful, a mutton cutlet of the period, and two onions.

There is nothing to be seen at St. Germain-en-Laye, except rather a pretty view of Paris; but if you like to go there you had better take a ‘cabinet’ at the Pavillon Henri Quatre, and listen to the band as you eat the suburban dinner, so admirably described by one of Mr. Disraeli’s swells as ‘something you can’t eat and bad wine.’

At Sceaux you can literally go up a tree and dine there. It is six miles from Paris, and very pretty. From May to October there are village fêtes and dances every Sunday, and here you can see that scene of which we have so often read, but so rarely seen, the French peasants dancing. You will be horribly *desillusioned*, as they would say here, still go—see all—go everywhere—do everything—do it young, too, if you can, and very likely if you have luck you will be utterly used up before you are thirty, then your misery is over. Nothing remains to be done, so you sit down quietly and mourn, amidst the ruins of your recollections, over the extinction of excitement. According to the present theory this would be a great event ‘pulled off,’—the end and aim of life gained early. I should tell you that there are in the summer constant Patronal Fêtes, that is, village fêtes, something between a fair, a festival, and a religious ceremony; these are excellent opportunities of seeing the village life of France. Gambling is, I am sorry to say, a prevailing vice; they do not play high truly—six almond cakes, an aged rabbit, a teacup, a glass mug, engraven or rather illuminated with the ‘once loved name,’ those are the stakes of these primitive punters. But then, there is the manly ‘Tirs au pistolet,’ and the soul-subduing dance. Soul-subduing, yes! and body-reducing too! for nobody could dance on long as do these happy peasants, and not get thin. But I say to our visitors, Go and see one fair. I spoke above of ‘Tirs au pistolet.’ In our hot youth, when William the Fourth was king (excuse my altering Byron’s line), we used to hear a great deal of French pistol practice. I find they shoot very well but not so steadily as half a dozen of our

countrymen who reside here. They are too mechanical shots. It is much the same with the gun : I can find you a pigeon shot or two who can shoot the French cracks out of the race, solely because they shoot so calmly, not fearing defeat or caring much for triumph.

There is another sight which I must not pass over in this digressive chapter, which is intended to suggest, at almost any season of the year, that great panacea for a yawning and complaining man, bored to death with his hôtel—‘ something to do.’ Chantilly stables must be visited. It is easy to get a note to one trainer, and that will open the doors of all. The Newmarket of France is now ‘ well worthy the attention ‘ of the curious,’ and will be found, as they say in advertisements, ‘ to ‘ repay a visit.’ Although the death of the Duc de Morny, the ‘ Lord George ’ of France, broke up the largest stud in France, yet Chantilly can now show a string worthy of the English metropolis of racing. Besides, the scene is so picturesque that it is quite a good thing to see it, early in the morning. What is wanting, however, at Chantilly is an hôtel. In old days, when there was no Great Northern of France, Sporting Paris used to go for the week, and take a house, so no inns were wanted ; now that men, to save the bore of early rising, and travelling by a crowded train, would go down over-night, there is no place in which to put their heads. There are, in fact, two or three names or signs of hôtels, but they are vastly uncomfortable, and, of course, proportionately dear—dear-ness and discomfort always go together. But if there was a decent habitation as well, one might pleasantly pass a week at Chantilly. The forest would supply rides for twice that time. There is very fair shooting to be had (and sometimes hired) near there, too. Apropos of which, I can tell you a curious detail of the French game laws, which possibly your readers may not know. If you rent a manor, the whole of which is contained in a wall—I am not sure if a simple ring-fence will do—you are independent of laws and seasons ; the ‘ *chasse n’est jamais close pour vous* ;’ and if you like you may shoot partridges in June and pheasants in August. It is, of course, a relic of some old territorial privilege, dating from the days when the Lord of the Manor, having slaughtered all his own game, walked over the boundary and began at that of his weaker neighbour.

There is hunting in the Forest of Chantilly during the season. Trainers turn out, and, recollecting the days of their youth, give themselves ‘ several nice gallops ’ (I quote the ‘ *touts* ’), while light-weight jockeys ‘ set to,’ and even finish with the deer. Although stag-hunting, even when the deer is found wild, as here, is but very small beer indeed, yet a gallop up a long grass ride, in a pretty forest, is always pleasant ; so I say to our sporting visitors, do not let Leicestershire prejudices prevent your seeing a deer found and killed in the forest where Condé used to hunt, and sometimes, as we know from history (although he was quite ruined at the time), entertain and even mount his august relative, the Fourteenth Louis. It was at Chantilly that the great culinary catastrophe of the age took place. Louis the Fourteenth was King of France, but Vatel was king of the

kitchen. Dinner was ordered, as we have all heard it ordered by heedless hosts. 'Oh! I don't know exactly. As soon as we get 'home from hunting. If we are late—you understand.' An order which effectually puzzles a cook. 'Late home from hunting' meant then about one o'clock, and at twelve the fish had not arrived! The *Chêf* asked again at a quarter past: answer, 'No, Sire.' Again at half-past, the same question, and the same reply. The sauce à l'Hollandaise was made: all was ready. Vatel looked at the clock—perhaps the very one which now does *not* tell us what the hour is, at Chantilly—entered his room and shut the door! and the window! Ten minutes later the fish—a turbot, and, as we learn, as fine a fish as ever was seen—arrived, and the *chêf* was summoned to his command. Alas! expectation and disappointment had been too much for him; he had ceased to be a cook, or, indeed, a man; he had 'suicided himself,' as they would say. The king—they had a good run, and he was pleased, having perhaps 'gone well' along a flat grass-ride—was pleased to treat the affair pleasantly, and only said, 'Va-t'en Vatel!'

One thing which should never be forgotten in the history of social Paris, is the Fête of the 15th August. You may not care for such scenes, but still they are to be seen: indeed it is the popular sight of the year. And then, dear *blasé* reader, it only takes place once in the twelve months, so you may put up with it. It is not recurrent. You may consider it as the Emperor's birthday. It is not, but that is a detail; but at any rate, it is a great fête; and from dewy morn to shadowy eve there is on that day a holy absence of police, and a deep devotion of popular enthusiasm. I advise everybody who comes to Paris to endeavour to be there on 15th August. It is really a great fête! I put aside all the festivities—the theatres opened gratis—the fairs, the dances, the illuminations, the fireworks. Everybody has seen those—seen them, too, much better; but still I advise any traveller near Paris to be there on 15th August, and see what really is a people's fête. They talk enormous nonsense about the tone of these festivities, but the fact is they are truly popular; and I recommend any student of 'Baily' and social history to come here the very next 15th August and study the French *people* when they are 'out for a lark.' I feel sure your readers will forgive me for so slang an expression. They are well to look at; good to see. They are a kindly lot to come against, are these French people. The great Imperial Fête is a curiosity in the history of fêtes. It begins at daybreak, and finishes about the next daybreak. Four-and-twenty hours of people's pleasure, I assure you. It is, however, really worth seeing; and if any reader of 'Baily' likes to visit the fairs of the Place des Invalides, or the Place du Trône, he will be amply repaid. You see French life there; and where else can you see it? Not in society, certainly, for that is utterly false; not in the *demi-monde*, for that is palpably a glittering and a passing delusion; not in respectable circles, for they are worse than anything—dull, imitative—in a word, a 'bore.' I say even to my most ex-

haunted friends—and I confess that Useless, Hard-up, Worthless, and others of the old set are pretty nearly done to a turn,—I say, come over to Paris and see what we can do at certain seasons, before you retire from the world and lead the life of a semi-hermit in the back drawing-room of the 'Army and Navy,' called, I believe, by profane friends, the 'Rag.' Ah! that 'Rag!' has it not for a 'thousand years'—or at least for a good many—braved the 'battle' and the breeze?' I don't know much about its battles; but I have certainly seen a 'breeze' or two there in my time. One bit of advice I give to the visitors to this fête—avoid the crowd on the bridges. You can see everything just as well without going into the thick of the throng: and going into it is very dangerous. The Parisians are apt to lose their heads in a crowd, and then comes a panic. The result of this year's panic was that fourteen people were killed and thirty-five wounded on the Pont de la Concorde. Next year being the 'Exhibition,' there will, of course, be fifty or a hundred per cent. more people; and as the vast Champs de Mars, where the fireworks used to draw off all the population of transpontine Paris, will be taken up by the great Palace of Industry, I hardly know where the crowd will be able to find space.

And now, in this discursive chapter, I must just allude to the 'Exhibition' itself. It will be opened the first of next May, and will outshine all 'Exhibitions' and 'Expositions' which have as yet met the public eye. It is a very favourite scheme of the Emperor's, and no pains will be spared to make it a success. I strongly advise those readers of 'Baily' who intend assisting at this vast display, to secure their rooms in good time, for I really do not know where all the promised visitors can be lodged. The building, which is not quite a 'Palace that's made of glass' (to quote Mr. Joseph Muggings on the first English Exhibition)—being, indeed, a mixture of glass, iron, and stone,—is oval in shape, and, as far as we can judge from a mere skeleton, will be very striking. It is situated in the Champs de Mars, just in front of the Ecole Militaire. Among other novelties, an 'Exhibitor's Club' is to be opened. It is to have all the advantages of a modern Club, with the addition of a special telegraph and postal service. Others beside exhibitors will be admitted; and I strongly advise English at all interested in the Exhibition to become members.

But to return to our festive wanderings. Enghien and Montmorenci must be done. You do them in an hour, by the Great Northern Railway. Here are baths and waters (very nasty, and, I dare say, very wholesome), donkeys to ride, and a pretty country (a rare thing in France) to ride through. Here your Parisian delights to take his pleasure, while Madame Parisienne revels in the Sunday balls of Enghien.

Studious readers of 'Baily'—I presume you have some—will, no doubt, be charmed to learn that J. J. Rousseau wrote that highly immoral (not to say dull) work, 'La Nouvelle Heloise,' at his house, the Hermitage, Montmorenci. In spite of this, however, I advise

all your readers to go and see that place, and Enghien, as I do Versailles, St. Cloud, St. Germain, and Meudon. If in Paris for any time, I should also suggest visits to Chantilly, Compeigne, and Fontainebleau; and if it is winter, and they can assist at one of the Royal Chasses, I think they will admit that they have not read 'Baily' in vain. Of course it is not like hunting—what out of the Shires really is? I must pause a minute, and go back to that glorious scene, a Meet in High Leicestershire. A warm, damp morning; a small 'stick' covert, not too large a field, your best horse, and a good start! Ah! that is life! It is nothing like that here. Only a grand spectacle, as, to the sound of too many trumpets, the gorgeous cavalcade careers through the green rides of the noble woodlands. A pack of fine hounds, not quite 'fit,' perhaps, but a procession of horses not to be surpassed, and in condition so wonderful that one fancies Mr. Gamble must have a secret way of training. Then you see all that is pretty in Paris—Emperesses and Ambassadors; sometimes English beauties (who cut down the whole field); and, in a word, if not hunting, it is very pretty; if not sport, it is very pleasant: so hire a horse of John Howse, and put in an appearance.

Visitors to Paris for a short time have little to do with servants: as a rule, they go into hôtels or furnished apartments, pay for all in the mass, ring their bells, and get more or less attendance, 'selon' the height of their story and the good-nature of the servants; but some of your readers may probably come to stay permanently in Paris—and then I pity them. The question of servants seems to me to be the 'vexed question' of social Paris. The French servants—who, I am told, are charming when living with French people—are simply detestable when taken by foreigners. I assure you that I know a family at this moment leaving Paris solely because it cannot keep any servant a week. They lie, steal, drink, appropriate; they do not bring in your letters or papers; and they do let in exactly the person you wish not to see: they do have many followers. Shall I tell you a story? Well, yes I will. Monsieur W—— P—— was disturbed one night by abnormal noises, and by 'sounds of revelry' in the attic, and so he got up and went to inspect the country. As he got near the door, he was sensible of a ringing, as of the festive tumbler, of the words 'trinquons,' of a consequent clinking of glass, and other Bacchanalian noises; and finally, as he reached the door, a fine manly voice trolled out—

'Tiens, voici ma pipe, voilà mon briquet,
Et quand La Tulipe fait le noir trajet,
Que tu sois la seule dans le régiment
Avec la brûle-gueule de ton cher amant.'

To this was added a pleasing whiff of extremely strong tobacco. The scene is, you will kindly remember, the attic; and the time, 2 A.M. Monsieur W—— P—— burst open the door; and there he found his nurse sitting on the bed, while a very, very large Zouave

was squatted cross-legged on the opposite chair, in an advanced state of bad brandy, smoking fearfully, and singing like what he really was, a Corporal.

Very irate with this body corporate, or corporal, M. W—P— proceeded to kick it. Then the soldier attempted to button on his gaiters, which for his greater ease and pleasure he had removed—we all of us know what it is to try to button boots or gaiters without a button-hook—then, I say, intoxicated Zouave said—
'Nevers mindsh me' (I put it in English), 'nobody, I aint. But 'spare Jeannette. Most friendly and hospitable little girl—always 'ready kindly to receive anybody.'

This reminds me of what I once heard of an English cook, who had been jilted by a perfidious militia-man :—

'Very sorry, Anne,' said her mistress, 'to hear of your troubles : 'you must be very unhappy.'

'Begging your pardons humbly, mum, I'm not at all, for, thank 'heaven, I can love anybody.' So she suited herself to circumstances.

Now this is pleasant in a quiet and respectable family, where early hours are kept ! But, I regret to say, so you will find it. Only last week, too, a friend of mine found his butler with a private key to that cellar which the master flattered himself was for himself alone. A drunken cook is a bore, especially before dinner ; but a butler who is draining your 'sweet' and 'dry' and 'chasing' your own coffee with your own old curious green Curaçoa, becomes too bad for endurance.

I advise any family coming to settle in Paris to try to get an Italian—half cook, half courier, and the other half (a really Italian courier is all halves—dozens of them) domestic servant and lady's maid,—and make him keep house—find you in everything for so much a head, if he will ; so then he will rob you alone, and rob you too *à prix fixe*, which is an enormous advantage.

One other piece of advice I will volunteer to English coming to Paris : they will not take it. Who ever takes advice ? I don't for one. Still, as I have taken on myself—and it is extremely like my impudence, I am aware—the delicate task of catering morally, mentally, socially, and materially, for the disciples of 'Baily,' I must have my say. Well, then, pray try to do at Rome as the Romans do. If you will insist on having an English apartment, English servants, muffins, tea, and cream (which you can't get here, though you can at real Rome) for breakfast, cold beef and hot pickles for lunch, a tea for the ladies (with thin bread and butter) at five, and a good dinner of plain English roast and boiled, with vegetables—especially the insular potato—Harvey's Sauce, pale ale, port, and sherry (oh, Lord ! so nasty !), the whole to be consumed in the company of your compatriots, does it not strike you ?—you will excuse the unpleasant question—does it not strike you that you might nearly as well have stayed in Albertopolis ?

Truly said dear old Horace, who was always changing the scene,

to Baïæ one day (goodish dinner with Mæcenæ), to Pompeii the next (wonderful mullet!), drinking like a fish, too—

‘Nos, nisi damnosè bibimus, moriemur inulti.’

(that looks like going in for the ‘Landlord’s bottle,’ if ever anything did!); truly he said,

‘Cælum non animam mutant qui trans mare current;’

and, in fact, you will never change your ‘animam’—your nature—unless you change your habits (I don’t mean your clothes; that you are sure to do), and your ways of life and living—so it seems to me you miss the great pleasure of travel—novelty, and the great benefit of travel—change. In these days the world is so closely linked together by iron bars and wire chains that it is hard to find a novelty. We are withering under routine; but then it is our duty, and it certainly will be our pleasure, to take advantage of any change we can find.

Now, as I have said before, there really exists the very greatest possible difference in the ways and means of life between London and Paris, and a man leaving his club at 6.30 P.M. may wake up in a totally different world twelve hours later—but then he must not go to Smith’s boarding-house, Jones’s hôtel, or Robinson’s tavern. I often wonder that *blasés*—used-up men—don’t go and stay in the hôtels in the Quai d’Orsay, and live entirely *ultra-Seine*. It is a district purely French—nay, purely Parisian, and as little known to English as Timbuctoo or Arabia Petræa. I am in a moral humour, and so express the most unpleasant of opinions, but for the life of me I cannot imagine what fun Jones can find in coming ‘abroad’—abroad! Heaven save the mark!—and passing the whole of his time with Brown and Robinson.

I do not suppose your readers care very much for seeing French workmen and that class, yet so practical is the age you know—the ‘practical age’ came in with beards and general utility after the Crimean war—that it is just possible that some of them may care to see how French life in a blouse is passed. They are not a bad set the Blouses, taken *en masse*; and I confess I like to see their interior life, or, rather, I should say, exterior life, for theirs is one long existence of cafés. From this class, by-the-way, I except all carriage-drivers: *they* are the biggest ruffians in Paris; and I feel perfectly certain that if there is ever another revolution, the cab-drivers (*fiacre* and *rémisses*) will be in the thick of it. The republican spirit is so strong in them that they can hardly resist running into a private carriage out of very spite and hatred of class.

I think the nastiest sight in the world is a red-nosed driver: his glazed hat hung on his lamp, his legs crossed, and the loose reins dangling about his ankles, while he talks to some friend driving the other way. When he runs over a woman and child—which of course he does daily—he says, ‘Hè la bas!’ and passes on his way. I wonder what M. Pietri would charge for just one good go in at the audacious ruffians!

But the general class of working men are very quiet and respect-

able; and for any one who goes in for that business I would suggest that he goes up and dines at Bonvollais's, on the boulevard nearly opposite the Porte St. Martin, where, be it said, he will dine much better than in many grander places, and at a price so moderate that it will cause him to open the eyes of astonishment; and then, having dined and caffè'd and dry-curaçoed, let him stroll into one or two of the great cafés devoted to the working classes which abound in that district. As for management, the clubs of London might take a lesson from them, and as for company, it is only *too* respectable. Billiards, dominoes, and cards are the amusements, and the wives come with their knitting, or other work, and so spend a peaceful evening in a well-ventilated and well-lighted room, instead of sitting at home, in, perhaps, a poisonous attic. By-the-way, while on this subject, there is another spectacle which I recommend to your practical readers—the 'Bouillons Duval,' or cheap restaurants for the people. M. Duval is the great butcher whose shop, at the corner of the Rue Tronchet and Rue Neuve des Mathurins, is one of the wonders of Paris. It is artistic—floral—florid! The heads of calves are here decorated and got up till they look quite wise—dead sheep become quite ornamental—kidneys are ranged in groups—hearts are hung with flowers—and whole groves of evergreens make a sort of material portico, in which the 'real' and the 'good' are seen side by side, and may be bought for sous, and taken home and roasted. But beyond this M. Duval has opened eleven cheap restaurants in the city. Now I have dined there, and I declare you get the best soup (twopence-halfpenny—enough for two), and the best *roti* (about sixpence, in Paris. You have marble tables; and if you are a swell, you pay a halfpenny for a tablecloth. The class of people who dine at these cheap and good establishments are eminently respectable—*employés*, I should say, soldiers *en rétraite*, and others of the educated classes to whom a dinner for tenpence is more convenient than a dinner for one-and-eightpence.

But I must not be 'practical' any longer, or I may chance to be dull.

Being up in that neighbourhood of the Porte St. Martin, you had better go there and see Duvergier in one of her thrilling characters, decked with Demidoff diamonds till she glitters like a starry night; or visit L'Ambigue Comique, where, if you can see, as I did lately, a play representing the 'intimate life' of England, all I can say is that you will have a great treat. Ladies in low dresses went *without* bonnets to Cremorne—they fought a duel in a cellar in the Strand—and the 'Child-stealer' carried on her fearful trade, under the protection of several noblemen, in a large house in Piccadilly. It was an amusing representation in about six acts and—say—sixty *tableaux*, and lasted about six hours. If people who come to Paris are fond of theatres, I advise them to go there; they are very nice, very hot, and very long. 'That,' said Harry Reckless, when he left the Châtelet, 'is indeed a very fair training for a future state!'

Indeed, they are *too long* and *too loose*. You will forgive the very bad joke (Toulon and Toulouse). When we have to explain our jokes they are indeed past laughing at, and after that nothing remains but to cry over our imbecility.

Positively I cannot stand a great performance—it lasts four hours—it is hot, crowded, dusty, and bedevilled; and, as the Eton French master observed, ‘If it makes no difference elsewhere, I ‘would rather be d——d than go there!’

You should go and see the singing-houses, though, if you are here—‘L’Alcazar,’ the ‘Bat-à-clan,’ and others of that genus. If you wish to see France you must see the French. Depend on it it is the only way, and one of the simple ways which the English neglect.

Nobody esteems my own countrymen—let alone the women and children—more than I do, but I confess that they do cram square people (*en voyage*) into round holes, and altogether see, hear, feel, and do less than any travellers who take tickets. At times I am almost frantic with them!

‘It’s very odd,’ says Paterfamilias, M.P., F.R.S., G.S., ‘that I ‘cannot get the “Daily Telegraph” and my cup of tea exactly at ‘nine o’clock. I have to wait a quarter of an hour, and then am ‘told that “the water does not boil itself.” Mark this!’ says our friend, a staunch Conservative. ‘No country can come to much ‘good which cannot give you your tea at the hour it was ordered, ‘over-night—*over-night*, mark you!’ The rest of the hôtel, having possibly just gone to bed, after an early (or late) supper, with Bordeaux, in magnums, does not perhaps care much for the English gentleman’s lament, and so sleeps on.

But I seem to be wandering about vaguely, and to be touching on subjects that a saint would not pick up with a pair of tongs. Alas! I am not a saint. I only go about the world seeing what happens, and then sometimes popping it down on paper for the benefit—if it is a benefit—of ‘Baily’s Magazine.’ I have a deal more to say about Paris—I have much more to write as to what to ‘eat, ‘drink, and avoid’ (literally, *i. e.*, *apropos* of literature), at this and other seasons; but I must close my letter, else I shall become so long that I shall be ‘Baily,’ instead of a mere contributor—the whole, instead of a part—not an article, but a perverse and persevering magazine, boring people about what perhaps they knew before; in a few words, in fact (changing the text), ‘A thing of ‘nuisance, and a bore for ever.’

THE SQUIRE.

THE Second of August will for the future be a noteworthy day among the compilers of Sporting Almanacs, as witnessing the transition of the Squire to his ‘Happy hunting-grounds,’ after a career of unclipsed brilliancy in this or any other country, in which the chase is reckoned as a national pastime. The event had long

been anticipated, for few frames of seventy-nine could withstand the repeated attacks of rheumatism to which his own had been subjected, especially when it is considered how it had been shattered by his 'moving accidents by flood and field,' the chief of which have been duly chronicled in our pages, and from them circulated in every quarter of the globe. Without exaggeration Mr. Osbaldeston might be termed 'The Last of the Mohicans,' and represented an era in English sporting which must now be admitted to have come to an end, for all the characters which flourished in it have passed away. That the new school will equal their predecessors we have grave doubts, although Melton furnishes a good contingent force of hard-riding men, and the Shires are redolent of Sportsmen for whom no fence is too high or day too long, and to whom the charge of effeminacy can never be applied. But the manners of the age have changed since the Squire was in power, and hard drinking is no longer considered a qualification for a Sportsman, but is regarded as a vice to be shunned; and a man may now ride with the coolness of a Mason, a Becher, or a Dick Christian, and yet combine with it the attributes of a drawing-room hero in the evening. Not that Mr. Osbaldeston was destitute of polite accomplishments, for whenever he was present at a ball he would dance as long as he could play cricket or ride; but then in his zenith Terpsichore generally played second fiddle to Bacchus, and the grosser pleasures of the table were preferred to the lighter ones of the ball-room. So we will not yet despair of Young England, for we believe under the cloak of dandyism there is an under-current of chivalric courage which will carry the professors of its doctrines through all emergencies. In reflecting on the whole course of Mr. Osbaldeston's wonderful life in the saddle, and at the billiard-table, and in the turnip-field, or the pheasant covert, it is impossible not to express a regret that he had not a Boswell at his elbow to record his opinions on critical cases in sporting matters at the time they occurred, as they would furnish a book of precedents of the most valuable description for those who came after him. Of anecdotes also of choice departed spirits he could have furnished enough for a 'Sporting Raikes' like the 'Druid' to have compiled a volume that would have been read with equal avidity both by old and young. Of all the heroes of 'The Turf, the Chase, and the Road,' none excited so much curiosity among the general public as Mr. Osbaldeston; and when a little, short, square, dumpy man, with a shrunk-up figure, round shoulders, and limping gait, with battered features and teeth all set wrong, was pointed out to them, they were incredulous as to his being the idol of their adoration. The dress of the Squire also was little calculated to add to the general effect of his character, for it was anything but sporting, and must have often given Mr. Poole a pang, for it latterly consisted of an olive-brown surtout with a velvet collar, a black cloth waistcoat, grey loose trousers, and large button cloth boots; and, when thus attired, on a Newmarket pony his appearance was most grotesque, and none would have taken him for 'the best Sportsman of this or

any other age,' as was happily said of him in the inscription on the snuff-box presented to him on leaving Northamptonshire. The copious account of his exploits which appeared in the Memoir which accompanied his Portrait in one of the early numbers of our Magazine renders it unnecessary we should add to it many new anecdotes of him. Still, as every fresh illustration of his skill in manly exercises, as well as of his courage, will be perused with avidity, we append those which, in our opinion, are most worthy of being preserved, guaranteeing their authenticity from the high source from which we derived them. But at first let us remark that too little attention has been paid to his cricket career; and as we have the honour of numbering among our readers so many disciples of the willow and flannel jacket, we will endeavour to supply the deficiency. As a cricketer we have no hesitation in saying the Squire was only inferior to Lord Frederick Beauclerk, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Budd, among the gentlemen cricketers of his day; and being a slashing hitter and a fast bowler he was almost invincible at single wicket. He certainly thought himself so, as he played a match at Lord's, in 1813, single-handed, against three celebrated players of Mitcham; but the odds were too great, and Bowyer and the brothers Sherman beat him by 31 runs. In the following year, at Lord's, in conjunction with Lord Frederick Beauclerk and Messrs. Bligh and Budd, he met four Players of Hampshire: the Gentlemen of the Marylebone Club winning in one innings and 26 runs. The same year, with Lord Frederick and Mr. Budd, he beat the best three players that England could produce, viz., Lambert, Sherman, and Howard. In this match Mr. Osbaldeston bowled every wicket. His next performance was for 50*l.* a side, against the two best players of Nottingham. Harry Bentley went down from Lord's to stand umpire, and on the evening before the match, went to see the Nottingham men practise in the King's Meadow; but Tommy Brewster would not allow him, saying, 'What we know in Nottingham we keep to ourselves.' When the match came off, the Nottingham players were unable to get the Squire out, and, after scoring 84 runs, he gave up his bat. He then bowled them out, they only scoring 17 runs in their four innings. After the match was over, Bentley said to Brewster, 'Well, Tommy, what you know at Nottingham you certainly do keep to yourselves, for I am sure we have seen nothing of it.'

At length Mr. Osbaldeston gave a challenge that he and the player Lambert, with two to field, would play any four in England. Of course such a challenge was not passed over; and Brown, the fast bowler from Sussex, was brought up to take part in the match, which ended in the defeat of the Squire. So vexed was he at the result that he immediately scratched his name out of the Marylebone Club; and so ended his cricket career.

In addition to our account of his steeple-chases, we must state that when Moonraker had beaten Grimaldi at St. Albans, so convinced was the Squire that it was owing to the rider of the latter having waited too long, and that he ought to have won, that he gave

500*l.* to Captain Evans for Grimaldi, and matched the grey against Moonraker, at the odds of 600*l.* to 400*l.*, four miles over the Harrow country. The course was from a field where the Sudbury station of the London and North Western Railway now stands, to Drummond's Hill. The Squire rode Grimaldi, and Dan Seffert Moonraker. All London was there, and the Squire was full of his chaff. 'It will be strange,' said he, 'if the best man and the best horse in 'England together should be beaten.' His confidence, however, was justified, for he took Grimaldi along at such a pace, that Moonraker was dead-beat a mile from home, and could scarcely keep on his legs, and Grimaldi won easily.

As a game shot the Squire was first-rate; and it is recorded that he ended a great day's sport by killing 16 snipe in 16 successive shots.

In this match at partridge-shooting with Mr. Crauford, it was an old man against a young one, and he was beaten (the second day) more by walking than in shooting. However, it was observed that, although he was as good as ever with his first barrel, he was slower with the second barrel than younger men.

Like all true fox-hunters, he was not insensible to the charms of females, when beautiful, as is pleasantly illustrated in the following anecdote:—

When Osbaldeston was on a visit at Lincoln, he met at a dinner-party, previous to a county ball, the beautiful Miss Burton, afterwards Lady Sutton. It happened that Miss Cracroft, a rival beauty, had a nosegay in which was a hothouse flower of exceeding rarity. It attracted general admiration, and Miss Burton especially admired it, whereupon her rival, for some private reason or another, twitted her after the manner of dear friends. This was not lost upon Osbaldeston. Pleading an excuse after dinner for leaving the wine party, he got upon one of his horses, and rode to the house of the person from whose conservatory the flower had been obtained, twenty-five miles distant, and brought back another and more brilliant specimen, which Miss Burton displayed in triumph at the ball supper. The distance was accomplished, at night, in about four hours.

Of his careless regard for his own life, when that of another human being was in danger, we have ample proof in his behaviour under the accompanying circumstances:—

When Osbaldeston hunted Lincolnshire, the hounds, in a fast run, had crossed the Witham above Bracebridge. A boy, in one of the river barges of the country, 'big with tumultuous joy,' lost his footing and fell from the barge into the river. It was deep and sluggish. The boy rose once to the surface, sunk again, and was drowning without any available assistance being near. Osbaldeston saw the accident, turned away from the bridge, rode over the fence into the marshy field, jumped off his horse, went in, dived after the boy and brought him safely to land.

His knowledge of kennel management we cannot better illustrate than by the subjoined remarks:—

In a conversation on the merits of feeding, held with many sportsmen of repute in the Rickmansworth kennel, such as Messrs. Harvey Combe, Gaskell, Drake, and others, he turned to Gardiner, his old feeder from Lincoln, who had accompanied the hounds into Hertfordshire, and patting him on the shoulder, said, 'This was 'always my trusty friend and adviser in all my kennel difficulties. 'I'll back him against any feeder or kennel-man in England.' He once told Jack Musters that he was a 'Prince in the field and a 'cobbler in the kennel.' Musters often fed on barley-meal, and occasionally on carrion. His hounds, excellent in themselves, as he was himself, never had clean coats, and failed in the evening from unevenness of condition—so said Osbaldeston.

In the great Waterloo Run of Mr. Anstruther Thompson, he took the liveliest interest; and, as it was the last one upon which he probably ever wrote an opinion, we subjoin it in the accompanying letter, feeling assured it will be perused with pleasure, and estimated at its worth:—

*'No. 2, Grove Road, St. John's Wood,
March the 5th, 1866.*

'MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for "Baily's Magazine" containing the great run in Northamptonshire, which is the longest I ever remember covering so large a tract of country. As two foxes were viewed by your whipper-in, and a third by some other person, I think the hounds must have changed foxes; but taking every incident into consideration, it does Mr. Thompson and his men great credit. If the last fox was the hunted fox, they must have killed him shortly, being only two fields before them.—Believe me, yours most truly,

'GEORGE OSBALDESTON.

'A. H. Baily, Esq., Cornhill.'

Our task is over. We have endeavoured—most imperfectly, we fear—to do justice to the greatest sportsman the world ever knew since the days of the Assyrian Nimrod. He is gone; but the time we imagine will never come—not even on the arrival of the long-expected New Zealander at London Bridge—when the name of GEORGE OSBALDESTON is forgotten by English sportsmen.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

YACHTSMEN have during the present season had but little cause to complain of a lack of excitement, for since the commencement of the year there has been a constant succession of matches, many of which have been remarkably interesting. During what may be called the Thames season the London, Thames, and other clubs have provided excellent sport, the London being the last in the field with a second-class match, won by Mr. Cuthbert's Vampire, and finally the Amateur race, which is sure to attract great attention, as it affords those owners who know how to handle their craft an opportunity of proving their superiority over feather-bed yachtsmen, who leave everything to their captain and crew. As this was rather a 'little go,' no steamer accompanied the race, which was from Erith to the Nore and back. Mr. Arcedeckne, the popular commodore, accommodated a large party on board his schooner,

the Violet, which had a capital view of the race. The Vampire, Satanella, Dione, Mabel, and Clytie were entered, but the latter fell astern very soon, the Dione struck her jib just at the turn, and Lord de Ros's boat lost ground in the beat up, so the first two won easily.

Numerous regattas on all parts of the coast have taken place, but the space available in 'Baily' being circumscribed, it is necessary to skim very lightly over our note books. The St. George's Yacht Club (Dublin) had excellent entries for their cutter race over 40 tons, the Fiona, Lulworth, Mosquito, Vindex, Banshee, Niobe, and some others being entered. The weather at the start was promising, with a good S.S.E. breeze, but soon after mid-day it fell very light, and in spite of balloon jibs and topsails which caught nothing, for there was nought to catch, the match was not finished in time, and was started again the next day, when Notus being propitious, the match was concluded, the Vindex winning easily. The schooner race, which had also been resailed, lay between the Egeria (J. Mulholland), Pantomime (Lieut.-Col. Markham), and the Leah (J. W. Cannon), all the others declining to start again. The two first broke from their moorings before the start, and had to return, so that the Leah had a good lead, and made the first turn five minutes before the others; but when they got to work she was soon overhauled, and Mr. Mulholland's vessel came in first with a few minutes to spare in addition to the time she had to give away. Col. Markham, however, entered a protest that the Egeria had crossed his bows, and this being entertained by the Committee, the Pantomime took the first prize and Leah the second. The Flag Officers' Challenge Cup brought out the Marquis of Drogheda's Cecile, Witch, T. G. Sandford, and the Egeria. Mr. Mulholland had the best of the race as long as the wind held, but had to drift in at the finish in a dead calm. A race for 40l., yachts under 40 tons, gave rise to some dispute, and Mr. Doherty, the owner of the Echo, declined to start again, as ordered by the Committee; but with this exception, which is the common lot of most managing bodies, the St. George's was a most agreeable meeting. The Cork Harbour Regatta also witnessed some good sailing between the Mosquito, Fiona, Banshee, Dione, Lulworth, Niobe, and Vindex; and after a variety of changes, Mr. Duncan took the prize. On the following day a good entry was wasted by the want of wind, and the day was chiefly remarkable as an exhibition of the Fiona's powers of sailing apparently without wind. On the following day, however, there was a steady breeze, and the Fiona and Lulworth had, it seemed, the victory in hand; but when near home the wind dropped, and Dione and Vindex drifting up won the first and second prizes by time. Oddly enough, the winner was entered for a minor race, the Carroll Challenge Cup, but was better employed as the result proved.

The Royal Yorkshire Club had a couple of good days at Hull, and the Humber was crowded with sailing and rowing boats. The entries for the chief race included the Astarte and Vampire, but neither arrived in time, and the Surf and Ellida had the race to themselves, though Satanella was well up during the early part of the journey. Mr. Cuthbert's Vampire won easily at Yarmouth, the Satanella obtaining the barren honour of a good second. At Grimsby the Surf, J. Tempest, all but won the chief race of the day, passing the flag first, but the Ellida close up took the prize by time, though there were only twelve seconds to spare. The Prince Alfred Yacht Club had deservedly a good entry for the match for a claret jug presented by the Duke of Edinburgh. The Secret, T. D. Keogh; Torch, G. B. Thompson; Echo, W. J. Doherty; Aquiline, H. Dudgeon; Wild Flower, H. Little; North Star, H. Jameson; Wave Crest, H. Crawford; Luna, C. Putland; Æneid, F. Scovell; and Siren, D. Corbett, were entered, but the Wild Flower and North

Star did not show, and Siren was behind time. The first day was a mere drifting match, and the Luna and Wave Crest had the best of it, and when the match was resailed on the 10th of August, only the Secret, Torch, and Echo came to stations, the other vessels being otherwise engaged, or their owners having given up yachting for the season. It was a poor affair, as the Secret and Torch being well astern, gave up, and Mr. Doherty took his Royal Highness's prize without an effort. The club have had several good matches during the season, but one deserves special notice for the victory of a fifteen ton boat over several big-uns, ranging from 25 to 56 tons. The Torch, G. P. Thompson, 15 tons, won without the time allowed, beating the *Æneid*, 56 tons, F. Scovell; Echo, 38 tons, W. H. Doherty, besides the Luna, Wave Crest, and Secret, vessels of some little note. *Apròpos* of little wonders, a veritable clipper has arrived in the Thames, and is now being exhibited at the Crystal Palace. It is a yacht(?) of two tons and a half, in which a couple of Yankees and a dog have made the voyage from New York to England in thirty-eight days: wonderful time under the circumstances. The Red, White, and Blue, it is stated, experienced some rough weather, and was thrown on her beam ends three times, but righted again, and managed to reach Margate in safety. They spoke several vessels *en route*, and appear to have lain each one under contribution for a bottle or two of cognac. Such, at least, is a permanent item in the log, and one which many a seafarer would willingly attempt to imitate. After a few days' rest in Margate they started for the river and cast anchor off Greenhithe, but the dog died on the voyage round. Many of the old salts at Margate felt much disposed to doubt their having come across the Atlantic, but this, if true, will be confirmed in course of time by the vessels hailed on their voyage, though whether it be after all a case of wooden nutmegs or no, the public have no opportunity of settling for some little time.

The Sailing Barge Match is always an interesting event of the season, and was this year quite equal to former occasions; indeed, the excitement among the riverside population was something intense, far greater than that caused by a race among the veritable dandy clippers of the great clubs. The course was to have been from Erith to the Nore and back; but, as is too often the case, it had to be shortened, so the craft rounded off Southend, and the race finished off Rosherville. Topsails and stumps were, of course, in separate classes; but all started together, the stumps lying some 200 yards lower down. As there were altogether forty entries, the vicissitudes of the day were innumerable. Suffice it to say that the wind was most uncommonly light, and that the Betsy Hart, belonging to Mr. Wood, of Milton, was the first winner among topsail barges. The Defiance (Lee and Co.) won the chief stump prize, the Maria (last year's winner) being third. Mr. Cecil Long, Commodore of the P. W. Y. C., presented the prizes, and a handsome testimonial was handed to Mr. Dodd, the originator of the Sailing-barge Match. With the exception of a decided want of wind, the day was a great success, though fourteen hours is rather a long spell for a river excursion, and the party on board the Princess Alice steamer had fully that time for their money's worth. Considering what a character the barge community has for knowledge of tide, it was curious that they did not choose a more suitable day, as the ebb did not commence until past midday, and the match should have been started at least an hour earlier. However, next year this will doubtless be remedied, and matters be even better arranged.

Our Transatlantic cousins must, I think, admit that the old country is still pre-eminent in water sports. Although the America did, a few years ago, make our British yacht-builders sing small, we have since convinced Uncle Sam that our clippers take a deal of beating; and coming to the more popular

sport of rowing, Henry Kelley has shown Hamill the way over the Newcastle course in a manner which, if not surprising to us, at any rate appeared something little short of a miracle to the confident Yankees. I take no great credit to myself for anticipating Kelley's victory in the July 'Baily;' but as 6 to 4 was taken before the start, it was not buying money so dearly as was expected. Indeed, that price has been constantly paid for gold in New York. I am, however, getting out of my depth as to gold and greenbacks, and return to Kelley and Hamill, whose green backers piled on the coin to some tune; but the London division were so consistent in their support of the Englishman, that had the American party been prepared to lay out any more specie on their man, they could have been accommodated with a shade over the price. As it was, however, but little betting, considering the importance of the event, took place on the result; and in private circles extravagant odds were laid on Kelley, though professionals took 6 to 4 a day before the race. The scene at Newcastle was most striking, the entire population apparently turning out to catch a glimpse of the men, and the sporting proclivities of the canny Tynesiders were displayed to the utmost. South, east, and west had also furnished their contingent of spectators, and upwards of a dozen steamers carried would-be witnesses of the match, so it is unnecessary to say the river was in an uproar. Of the actual races there is little to tell, Kelley winning the first with the utmost ease. The second, out and home, was supposed to be Hamill's especial forte; but in this he was even more signally defeated, and, indeed, on the second day he did not complete the distance. Kelley's merits are too well known to need detail. He is undoubtedly the most elegant sculler of the day, and it will be some time before a worthy successor is found among the present candidates for fame. Hamill, the American Champion, is a remarkable man; his naturally powerful frame and extraordinary muscular development combining to render him the *beau-ideal* of an athlete for heavy work. As a sculler he has everything to learn. He rows with a very quick action, which must be exhausting even to the most enduring constitution, and his strokes, though rapid, are so short as to do but little execution. It was, perhaps, only reasonable that he should have selected the Tyne for his races, the Thames being so familiar to his opponent; but it is a great pity that the plucky American could not make time to pay his Southron admirers a visit, as he would have received in London every attention, as well as substantial proofs of the high regard which English sportsmen of every class entertain for his plucky conduct in undertaking so long a journey to contend against the *crème de la crème* of the rowing world.

The Barnes Regatta, which is usually one of the most attractive supplements to Henley, this year was quite up to the mark, and the weather being unwontedly fine, visitors had no cause to complain of a lack of either sport or comfort. The excessive heat, however, made 'the mixture as before' an agreeable necessity; but, as the Maria Wood was well provided with all varieties of liquids, the supply proved equal to the demand. The Senior Fours fell to the Londoners, who beat their old rival, Kingston, with ease; the latter crew were much below par, and, though individually good men, not at all together. The Juniors were spoiled by a foul, and the rowing was scarcely up to the usual standard in any of the crews. The Senior Sculls created some interest, Ryan, Chambers, and Wells being each strongly fancied, but the former did not come to time, and Chambers, who seems to like this course, won after a hard tussle with Wells. The first time of asking they fouled, after going nearly the whole distance, and were started again, when Chambers outrowed his man, who had been pretty well done in the fours. The Junior Sculls brought out a clinker in Slater, who boiled over a great pot in Mon-

teunis, a good and powerful sculler. The winner showed immense strength, and with improved form will be a teaser to some of the cracks, as his 'last' is undeniable. Woodgate and Corrie won the pairs after a long stern chase with Willis and Graham, who, owing partly to Woodgate's fouling the third pair, had gained a good lead but were gradually rowed down. The gigs were an easy journey for O'Leary and Paul, who, instead of 'paddling their own 'canoe,' borrowed the boat of a well-known 'penciller' and lover of aquatics, and, having thus secured the best boat on the river, got the best coxswain, and won easily. I must not overlook, however, the trifling fact that they were certainly the strongest couple entered. Kingston Regatta was an unexpected treat, as it was believed that it would follow the example of Walton and be suspended until further notice. Last year's gathering, it may be remembered, was a great failure, as, owing to a misunderstanding with the Londoners, the chief races were either walked over or very unworthily contested, and this it was feared had damped the ardour of the subscribers and promoters. Thanks, however, to the energy of the committee all difficulties were surmounted and a very fair programme was published. The prizes were perhaps not equal to some we have seen on former occasions on Messenger's Island; but winners are not disposed to be too critical or revive the Gladiateur controversy about their gift-horses. London was opposed in the Senior Fours by a crew entered as 'Vultigeurs,' consisting principally of Kingston men, and stroked by Woodgate. The team was a powerful one, but they had practised very little, and the London men, who were beautifully together, won easily, though they did not get away at the start in the old L.R.C. style; indeed Woodgate held his own at the go-off, but when well at work the 'Vultigeurs' had no chance with their more practised rivals. The pairs were a repetition of the Barnes performance, though this time Woodgate had no foul to spoil his starting. Willis and Graham, however, took a strong lead, and had a clear length at the Island, but afterwards 'came back' as the pedestrians call it, to Woodgate and Corrie, who passed them and won easily, the actual finish being spoiled by a stupid gig which ran into the Londoners. This, however, did not affect the result, as they were collared already. The Sculls produced a magnificent race between Wells and Ryan, and the latter had ample revenge for his disappointment at being behind time at Barnes. The pair went down the course as nearly level as possible, Wells looking all over a winner; but as neither got clear it was anybody's race, and Ryan, who seems to have an affection for close shaves, outlasted his man and won on the post. The Junior Fours fell to Kingston, who having beaten London in their trial, had an easy journey against a Moulsey crew for the final. The Junior Gigs fell to the Shoolbred *frères*, who won easily, and afterwards made a good fight with Wells and Middleton for Seniors; but the latter's coxswain being better acquainted with the peculiarities of the course, got a lead towards the finish and won after a good race all the way. The Junior Sculls went to Fuller, who was far the best of a very moderate lot. The usual scrambles concluded the Regatta, which, though got up under unfavourable circumstances, was so much a success as to augur well for the prospects of next season. A pleasant little regatta was announced at Thames Ditton, but owing to a protracted squabble about local fours, the afternoon was to a great extent devoted to noisy disputes on the merits of the case. The crew which came in first did not get the prizes, but the affair is not of sufficient interest to justify its intrusion here. The only open race of the day was won by the 'Oscillators,' the cognomen under which Messrs. Shoolbred (2), Coleman, and Fuller elected to appear. The secretary and treasurer did everything to insure the success of the day's proceedings, which, *malgré* the dispute aforesaid, were

excellent. Lord St. Leonards granted the use of his island to the visitors, and the venerable peer presented the prizes on his lawn, waxing laudably eloquent on the merits of rowing and athletics generally, and welcoming each fortunate recipient in a right genial manner.

The Metropolitan Amateur Regatta took place on the 14th ult.; and certainly if an energetic and well-qualified Committee, and excellent arrangements could not insure a satisfactory result, they at any rate deserved it. We are told, however, that

‘Tis not in mortals to command success;’

and this fact was painfully apparent, as, in spite of magnificent prizes, the chief races were but poorly contested. Senior Eights were a walk over for the London Rowing Club; Senior Fours ditto; though, in the latter case, an Ariel crew had entered but were withdrawn, owing to one of their men being unwell. The pairs obtained but two entries, both of the L.R.C., and, on paper, it looked a good thing for May and Fenner, who, though they have not rowed together this season, were invincible last year. Willis and Graham were their only opponents, and rowed a good stern wager to near the finish, when they drew up fast, and in going by a foul occurred, which was given against May. The Senior Sculls had capital entries, including the champion Michell; but he very liberally declined to start, and others retiring, without the same reason for their absence, Ryan and Wells had each a walk over for their heat. In the final, Ryan won after a good race at the start, until Wells missed his stroke, lost a couple of lengths, and was never afterwards dangerous. The best race of the day was for Junior Eights, which brought out four boats, the London, West London, Thames, and Twickenham. The latter led at the start and got away a length, but, being untrained, gave way to Thames and West London, who stuck to each other throughout, Thames finally winning after a splendid race. London were astern all the way up, but beating Twickenham a few feet on the post took third place. The Thames were a strong lot; the best form was, however, in the West London boat, who pulled very well together, but could not quite last the severe course, Putney to Chiswick. Junior Fours fell to the London Rowing Club, beating North London, who had won their heat, against a much-fancied second L.R.C. crew. The Metropolitan Pairs, a junior and senior together, were won by Catty and Radmall, two light weights who have practised together for a year or two, and in form at least are equal to any, though they lack strength enough for a severe race. Junior Sculls went to Monteunis, who rowed a game stern wager in his trial, but had almost from the first the best of the race, with Fisher for the grand heat. The course from Putney to Chiswick or *vice versa* was certainly unduly long for pairs and sculls, as, with one exception, all these races were decided under two miles, and, owing to the time occupied by the winners in getting back for the finals, there was little or no interval for rest betweenwhiles. This was especially noticeable in the Metropolitan Pairs, and gave some reasonable dissatisfaction to those interested. As a whole, however, the arrangements were admirable. For the principal races Challenge and Presentation prizes were given, and their value was greatly in excess of that usually offered for rowing. There was a lack of entries for the big races, as the committee were obliged to fix a late date in order to give time to collect subscriptions; but this evil will be remedied next year, when the regatta is to take place soon after Henley, and the *prestige* of the affair, coupled with the prospect of tangible trophies, will no doubt induce University crews and the other Henley competitors to remain in training for the event.

Excepting the international affair there has been little doing amongst professional oarsmen. Caffin beat Edwardes, and Doggett's coat went to Kew for the first time since its foundation, one lles being the fortunate winner. Amateurs, however, have been very industrious. The Wingfield Sculls were decided in one heat, last year's holder declining the honour. Woodgate and Michell rowed a splendid race all the way, but, contrary to expectation, the latter stayed the longest and proved his decisive superiority. Chambers also started, but was out of all form and fell astern at once. Provincial regatta committees have in several cases issued most tempting programmes. The Scottish National at Glasgow had three days' sport, which attracted Mr. Michell, the amateur champion, and a London crew. The Clydesdales won the Champion Cup for fours, the London crew being quite a scratch lot. Michell took the chief sculler's prize, though Lindsay, the Glasgow crack, rowed him a good race for some time. Michell with Hopkins also won the pairs. Of the watermen's races, Cooper of Redheugh won the sculls, and his crew also gained the four-oared prize. Altogether the affair was most successful, the officials and natives generally doing everything in their power for the comfort of visitors. Bedford was, as usual, visited by the London Rowing Club, who, of course, won the fours, and must have had the pairs but that Willis and Graham, who had the best of the race, fouled their opponents and were disqualified. Strange to say, the sculls, too, did not go to London. The Tewkesbury programme promised better than ever; but, owing to several withdrawals, it was scarcely up to last year's performance. Woodgate and Michell had both entered for the sculls, but the latter would not, being, it was said, dissatisfied with his boat, and Woodgate would not row without him, so spectators had to be content with the lesser luminaries; and Bickerton beat Willan after a good race. The Challenge Fours produced a close thing between Woodgate's crew and Michell's, the former winning eventually; and with Finch he was also successful in pairs, beating Michell and Swinny. Instead of the Ladies' Prize, which has hitherto been, as it were, a consolation prize for crews beaten in the Challenge race, there were local juniors, interesting chiefly to the individuals concerned. This change is to be regretted; but with this exception the arrangements were admirable. Stourport followed Tewkesbury, and Michell's crew won the fours after what was supposed to be a hard race. Willan reversed the running with Bickerton for the sculls, and with Swinny beat Michell and Fannin for the pairs. The rowing was on the whole a great improvement on last year, and will doubtless show a further advance in 1867.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

Do you remember the often-quoted chapter 'Concerning Snakes,' in the 'History of Ireland'? 'Snakes there are none.' Well, this same month of August—not very lively either in London, if I remember rightly—is very nearly, as far as concerns 'sport' or 'life' in Paris in that category of snakes,—there are none. We have had a detestable month, as to weather—one day hot, one day cold—cholera, utter dullness in the town and utter apathy in the country. Truly we have raced and raced a good deal, too; and the Deauville Meeting vindicated its claim to the title of the Goodwood of France. Unfortunately, it comes at a season when the Sporting World is over-raced. After ten days' incessant laying and taking of five to four, human nature gets a little weary, and would like to go into the country and 'babble of green fields,' or talk other nonsense, but not hear the incessant cry, 'I'll lay agin 'anything!' I fear racing in France will be overdone, and dwindle down into

a series of small Meetings. Not that this applies to the French Goodwood, which is an eminent success, but it does apply to the swarm of small races. As for the society, the revelry, the delight of Deauville, it is impossible to say too much. All the finest costumes, all the finest 'birds,' made of course finer by the finest of feathers—all the reckless life of Paris, all the jovial *esprit* of the capital taken down to the 'sad sea waves' (which were not sad at all)—these elements must make up a pleasant week. To the Duchess de Morny and to Sir Joseph Olliffe the thanks of all Sporting France are due; and if England did not quite back up the Meeting as it ought to have done—why really France must set it down to the fact that even betting men are mortal, and cannot continue to calculate from one moon to another. There is a story about a betting man too good to lose. He had wagered from early Northampton to late Leamington. 'How are you?' asked an acquaintance. 'Five to four,' said he, 'and I'll take your six.'

So, after all his chances and changes, M. Vaillant's *Africain*, who made nearly as much noise as M. Meyerbeer's female of that race, has not only, as they would say here, 'tumbled down-broken,' but has even tumbled leg-broken, and so his wretched career is over. Circumstances made him. I believe he was a respectable horse in himself, but circumstances, I say, made him a very Jack Sheppard among race-horses. They pulled him, watered him when he was not thirsty, tempted him with beans when he was not hungry, pulled at him, and raced him at wrong places. Then captains controlled him, and touts tormented him. *Requiescat in pace*, once again, and this time for good and all—for ever: he is what he was often during his steeple-chase life, a 'dead one.' He may have had a later career, but about that I am in ignorance. His last owner was a sausage-maker. Poor *Africain*, therefore, may have finished as a 'good thing' as he began. 'Chi lo sa?' as they say in Bologna, the metropolis of sausages. I have avoided sausages, as indeed I always do during the steeple-chase season. There is a Scotch proverb about 'eating a horse behind the saddle,' but I prefer beef and mutton, and neither before nor behind the saddle—neither at the breast-plate nor the crupper will I eat a horse if I can avoid it. I prefer putting myself outside them, and if any bolting is then done it must be done by the horse. Of the little races which have occurred here during August I need say nothing—they are not of any consequence out of their immediate neighbourhood. Did you hear how the Duke of Hamilton and Major Wombwell were taken for fugitive welshers? It seems—at least so runs the story here—that they missed the train after Deauville, as young men will miss trains, and consequently ran a risk of being late for Brighton. They tried to hire a fishing-smack, and offered so much for it, that the 'officers of public security' thought they had got hold of a real good thing. A very brief explanation by the Duke cleared up this '*avant dernière inconvénance*' (you have not heard *that* story), and they went on their way rejoicing. I regret to say that, in spite of laws and edicts, we have been eating partridges and quails during the last six weeks, just as, I dare say, some of your readers, '*diavolo suadente*,' have been consuming 'black pigeons' in July at Greenwich. It is too bad! and I own that I always have a conscientious indigestion after this unseasonable repast. Yet, as they would say here, 'What do you wish? we are made so!' and we always incline to what is wrong. Conscience, I expect, is rather like one of Mr. Smallpage's very convenient coats, you can use it as a coat or a waistcoat, with or without sleeves. If you don't like a thing, conscience puts on its sleeves and says, 'No! never!' But if, on the other hand, you like it, conscience gets a deuced bad start—in fact, is never in the race at all! The shooting season for the district of the Seine—that is, round Paris—opens on 1st September, but I

do not hear a good account of the game. Like the harvest and the vintage, it seems to have suffered from our winter-summer, which has been—not to put too fine a point on it—damnable!

Returning for a moment to the Racing World, I will just tell you that all the 'Major Fridolin' stable is dead amiss, and that the high-priced Czar has come to utter grief. Jennings has entered into possession of his new premises, and is ready to train for any gentleman who suits him.

Paris is as empty as Bath in July—not a soul to be seen I assure you. Even Thérèse sings to empty gardens. There are, of course, a few remaining, chiefly ambassadors, newspaper *rédacteurs*, soldiers on duty, and civilians who can't get leave; but we are all dead and buried, I assure you—only, as the great Chesterfield used to say, 'We don't wish it known!' Theatres! well, there are dozens of them—but who will go to a theatre in August? Gardens! scores of them—but you cannot go to a garden in a great coat: that's no pleasure, or with an umbrella. It is, in fact, a dull month; but I hope that, *via* Baden-Baden and Spa, we shall be more interesting in the month of pheasants.

'OUR VAN.'

INVOICE.—August Annotations.

AUGUST is the month of all others in the Almanac that is looked forward to with the most pleasure, and parted with with the most regret by all classes and conditions of beings; for to the racing man it brings visions of the Parades of Brighton, and the Cliffs of Scarborough, and to the yachtsman cruises in the Solent and peeps of the Channel Islands. The sportsman associates with it the wild enjoyment of the pursuit of 'the Monarch of the Glen' (not the second for the Two Thousand), and the killing of grouse and blackcock; and the angler has full scope for the use of his rod. During its continuance the barrister exchanges the Strand for the Glacier, and in the vast solitude of the Alps addresses the imaginary juries of Westminster Hall. To trace the progress of each of the sports we have enumerated during the now expiring month is no easy task, but as it is a labour of love, we must undertake it, and, like the prisoner at the bar, pray for a happy deliverance from a merciful and impartial jury.

With 'the Sport of Kings' we must first deal, and in doing so we are fortunately enabled to associate it with a meeting worthy of a King, and patronised as became it. Year by year Goodwood increases in its attractions to the general public, and slowly, but surely, innovations are making in its hitherto almost unexceptionable character. The lists were the first step in this line, but as long as the classic soil is protected from clogs, umbrellas, and hard-featured, fur-capped, and high-cheeked fellows, so long will the gathering be worthy of the brave men and fair women who patronise it. But when once the manners and customs of Nottingham and Oldham are introduced into the magic circle, then the glory of Ichabod will have departed. Although the list was weak, Royalty was a powerful loadstone, and we believe no weather we have ever been favoured with would prevent the Prince and Princess of Wales from drawing a full house; and it is a pleasing assurance for the future that daily their popularity appears to be on the increase, while in the language of the Tattersall reporters, we may state the Duke of Edinburgh has a coming appearance, and bids fair to be a rattling favourite. Before such a company we could have wished a better fare to be placed, but it was hopeless; and as when cooks cannot get materials for dishes, they are unable to concoct them, so if trainers

could not supply horses, Messrs. Weatherby were of course prevented filling up the cards. That Chichester is a dull city we have no doubt in our mind, seeing how the very children seek to give vent to their feelings by vociferously cheering every carriage on its return through the streets, whether the occupiers have been winners or losers. This proceeding is a harmless one, and not altogether to be deprecated, seeing that it causes those who have won their money to think more of themselves, while those who are on the wrong side of the hedge are consoled by being objects of interest to a strange crowd. That the meeting should have been opened by Lord Westmorland with a Brahma key was strange but true, and he let us in to the state of affairs, which disclosed the nakedness of the land, and the necessity for the House of Assembly voting increased supplies to maintain the honour and dignity of Goodwood; and we have reason for believing the subject will receive due consideration during the recess. When business did commence in earnest we saw Mr. Hodgman's Confederate get rid, with a great deal of difficulty, of an attack of Indigestion, which caused some anxiety in the Ring; and then the hoisting of the Lavant label on the telegraph told us that Achievement was going to put another thousand to Col. Pearson's credit at Weatherby's, and although Lady Hester had an eye to it, and tried hard to get at it, she failed in the attempt. But she certainly did as well as D'Estournel in the Spring, which is saying a great deal for her ladyship. The betting on the race was almost confined to placing first and second, as the 'underwriters' refused to issue policies on Col. Pearson's mares except at treble hazardous rates. However, as Ischia shortly afterwards paid in The Gratwicke to Burlington Street, the Daneburyites ceased to think of The Lavant, and were up in their stirrups. The French, if they missed the Goodwood Cup, upon which they had set their heart, determined not to go away without one of the three in the list, and they almost divided 'The Stewards,' for if Plutus had been persevered with he would have been second to Sultan, who won as he pleased; and if ever a Cup deserved to be filled with Lafitte it was this one, Gardevisure proving, as we have always seen, to be unable to carry high weights, although she was tried very high before she had left home. The Mayonaise filly ran as soft as her dam and name, and Xi negatived the idea of distance being his forte, which it was once supposed to be. After this excitement produced by the Cup was over, we were treated with the revival of Klarinska, on which the Whitewall manager had been so long engaged; and certainly she justified the rumours about her from those who had been behind the scenes, and she galloped away with the Annesley Stakes in a manner that must have convinced even Lord Glasgow that the 'Brougham trainer' knows as well as ever when to begin and when to leave off with a horse. Archimedes, on whom Lord Stamford laid out a thousand, seemed to be as untameable as a hyæna, the Eastern operation which he had undergone having had a decided contrary effect to that which was desired. And after Lord Durham had got an excellent slice of Woodyeates' Ham cut off from Newminster's quarters, and the Chaplin, Mazurka, with a Monk and a Merry Hart, a curious combination, we were dismissed parade, and consigned to the mercies of extortionate flymen and lodging-house keepers, who knew so well how to improve the occasion. Wednesday saw Ostregor in the pride of his strength give a fabulous weight to Icicle, who made Lord Westmorland feel a cold shudder when the Judge declared his colt to be beaten by a neck. In the Drawing-room Lord Glasgow received another lesson, by which we hope he will profit, that change of trainers does not change animals, for his Toxophilite was almost backed against the field, but shot so wide of the mark, that it was soon rumoured that Johnny Osborne would share the fate of Blue Beard's suspected wife. He, however, cleverly evaded it by resigning the

seals of office, which were accepted, but whether 'graciously,' or not, we are unable to state. But we may remark, that Johnny received the cordial congratulations of his friends on the wisdom of the policy he pursued. Still we think his lordship's colt would have run better, according to his trial, if he had not coughed after his arrival at Waterbeach. For the improvement in Auguste we were not prepared, for it was so great, and liking the course, and being fresh and well, he won all the way, and over a certain length will always be a dangerous horse. The Findon will long live in story for being one of the most disastrous races of Sixty-six, and Bismarck was as fatal to those who dwell in high places, as his namesake to Austria, and the ultimate consequences it is impossible to foresee. In fact, it reminded one of the 'Comedy of Errors, or, 'All in the Wrong,' as everybody almost backed the wrong horse, and Marksman being hurried and hustled, instead of being nicely waited with, and coaxed all the way, shut up like a trap, into which he had got his friends, and Friponnier, by a most determined finish on the part of Custance, just spoiled the Prussian by a head, and had Francis Joseph been present, with the rest of the royal party, we are satisfied he would never have rested content until he had decorated the hero of Peterborough with the order of the Black Eagle from his own breast. And as we have some interest at the present moment at the court of Vienna, we consider we shall be only doing an act of justice in recommending Custance for the distinction, which he could wear, like the knights on Collar Days, when he was riding for a Cup, a Derby, an Oaks, or a St. Leger, while the investiture would be worthy of the case of a Royal Academician. The Goodwood Stakes was but a second edition of the Findon, as regards its destructive effects upon backers, and strengthened the foundation of the report of the following Monday at Tattersall's being a regular Black Monday. As might be imagined, those who took tickets for The Special were first-class passengers, who rather complained of the highness of the fare for the journey. But those who want to indulge in luxuries must pay for them. And when they were informed by 'Argus' that The Special would go through without 'the engineer' having any orders to stop, either at a Cæsarewitch or Cambridgeshire station, they professed themselves satisfied. William Day was in strong force, and was button-held by peer and commoners, like a Secretary of the Treasury on a great division night, and the 'Fortune-hunters' were as active in the ring as if they had been at Cheltenham or Leamington. The Black Prince was at one time supposed likely to wear a species of visor, which would prevent him showing his face, and there were ominous rumours of the Midia colt, which greatly disturbed the serenity of his owner and backers, and when he came out he certainly justified them, for his heels were open, and he had a dull and late-up-at-night sort of look about him that told its own tale. But Rama was a horse of another complexion altogether, for he was as hard as a tombstone, and came down on the lot like a wolf on the fold, scattering them in all directions, flooring the prophets to a man, and winning a fair stake for his owner and immediate friends. William Day, when the numbers went up, appealed to his friends if The Special had not performed the journey satisfactorily, and having received an affirmative reply, retired to tea and communion with himself, with the consciousness of having fulfilled his duty to society and Woodyeates. Then Lord Glasgow won a race, which is a fact to be recorded in future almanacks, and after Mr. Mackenzie's Indigestion had come and gone, and which he bore very well, cards were torn up, and return lists substituted for them. The Goodwood Cup day is perhaps the fête day of England, and requires more word painting than we can devote to it. In truth, we believe there is only one pen which could do justice to it; but as the wielder of it is at this moment, we believe, engaged in considering 'a well-devised measure of

'reform for the more extended representation of the people,' he is hardly to be expected to confer on our world the benefit of his ideas. The fame of the Goodwood bank is not only European but Asiatic, for the deposit and circulation of its beauties. But never on a previous year—to use a Threadneedle Street expression—was 'the rest so large,' or the receipts so great. And were Books of Beauty to be revived again, a second Lady Blessington would have had materials for several series in every small space of ground. As we are adverse to the practice of putting ladies' names in print, we will say no more than that the first favourites changed their colours each day with the cards, and such was the curiosity with which they were regarded, we feel satisfied if they had issued an authorized descriptive catalogue of themselves, and sold it for sixpence for the Bentinck Fund, it would have gone off like a new poem by Alfred Tennyson. That they were greater objects of interest than the race-horses it was impossible to deny, and a milliner in disguise would have been amused at the comments and estimates of the dresses that were worn, and which exceeded anything of the kind we have witnessed either at Fontainebleau or Baden. The racing, however, had not the Goodwood Hall mark upon it, and again the Molecombe poured a deadly fire into the ranks of the gentlemen, who abandoned Marksman, and supported Bismarck as strongly as the Berliners would have done. But still the fortune of war here was very different to what it was at Königgratz, for Fordham's Marksman did more execution than the needle gun, and using him tenderly, he turned the tables upon 'The Prussian,' who soon beat a retreat to his bureau at Findon, with, as may be fully imagined, no great amount of blessings on his head. The Cup field was unworthy of it, and we sighed for some of its old heroes, such as Priam, Hornsea, Beggarman, Charles the Twelfth, Van Tromp, Canezou, Kingston, and Virago; and when we thought those who were most associated with them had been taken from among us, the rapid progress of Anno Domini was forcibly impressed upon our minds. Than the preparation of Tourmelin, we have seen nothing finer this year, but The Duke had a hurried look about him that did not please, and John himself admitted he was only half prepared, and he knew nothing himself about him over two miles. As we do not blindly worship Fordham, although having the highest possible estimate of his character, we must observe that he never, to our recollection, rode better in his life than on this occasion, and that by pure jockeyship on his part, he snatched the cup from the Mentmore side-board, and placed it on that of Donnington. For had anything but a hunter made running, Tourmalin must have beaten The Duke, and revenged the cutting down of Hyppolita by Ackworth at Doncaster last year.

The Goodwood Friday is generally supposed to be made up of the *débris* of the Meeting; but this year we had the best bill of fare of the week. Lord Exeter, we were sorry, could not see his Hebe bring him the Nassau, which she did very cleverly, and 'the great sensationists,' Broomielaw and Ostragon, told us of what a shocking bad lot of animals the field for the Chesterfield Cup was composed. Cannon Balls are dangerous to have about in any Nursery, and so every owner found this afternoon with the exception of Lord St. Vincent and Mr. Bevill, who would like a constant supply of them on similar occasions, and after we had seen Soapstone employed in polishing off a Queen's Plate, we took leave of Goodwood and 'its good things,' its glorious scenery, and its new Stand, which, however creditable to a primeval settlement in the backwoods of America, was not within stones of the Goodwood form. Brighton, as usual, was the supplement to the Meeting we have just described, and was as uncomfortable as ever. And so it will be always; for although the authorities work with the most cordial spirit and display the greatest liberality in money matters, they cannot enter into a contract for fine weather. Therefore when

the storm drum is up, the task of getting to the course is as difficult as weathering Cape Horn; and when we have a cloudless sky and a brilliant sun, the heat attracted by the chalk soil is so intense that it is almost worse than being becalmed in the tropics, so the visitor has literally the choice of two evils. The racing was again disastrous to the gentlemen, and what with the horrible state of impecuniosity revealed at Tattersall's on the previous day, there was an accumulation of bile in the Ring, and a thinness of backers such as we have rarely witnessed at Brighton, and by all accounts the money market has not yet recovered its tone. The race for the Brighton Stakes between Ninco Nanca and Slender was as fine a one as we have seen this year, for the pair ran locked together almost as if they were in harness, and the 'star and stripes' were only lowered with the greatest difficulty. Both the mares being amiss in the Cup, The Duke had an easy gallop for it, and with a severe attack of cholera of John Day, produced by neglect in the early stages of diarrhœa, the Meeting terminated. Happily, however, by good medical aid, the Head of Danebury was spared giving the biographers the task of recording his many triumphs, and by a course of banyan days, he was enabled to put in an appearance at York, where he was congratulated by his friends on his recovery, as well as his lightness. Seldom has the illness of any trainer excited more interest, and from North to South the telegraphic wires flashed the bulletins of his health. Never since the days of Hock and Elis were so many good horses seen at Lewes, where Mr. Verrall seems to have established a strong dynasty. The public form of Rama was verified in the Handicap, and again Danebury went down before Findon. The defeat of The Duke by D'Estournel makes the latter out to be second only to Achievement, and therefore the legitimacy of his position in the Derby betting cannot be gainsaid. Driving 'Our Van' along with only one stoppage at York we reached Stockton, a quaint, old-fashioned town, where hospitality reigns supreme, Quakers flourish, and Sunday-school children treated to picnics on the Race Day, lest they should imbibe a desire to give more attention to Wright's Book of Handicaps, and Baily's 'Guide to the Turf,' than to their own manuals and primers. The rise of Stockton has been as rapid as that of a young republic, and it is fortunate in having for one of its administrators a man of such versatile abilities as Mr. Craggs, who, as a collector of nominations, is within a very few pounds of our especial favourite Mr. Frail; and we verily believe that if the Commissioners of Inland Revenue were to appoint him to collect the Income Tax, the returns would be larger than they had ever been before, so well would he appeal to the patriotism of the taxpayers. In the weighing-room he is always in immense force, and those who have privilege of the entrée to his sanctum sanctorum have no cause for regret, as the licking of lips as they come out would indicate. Owing to Mr. Dodds's liberal entertainments, which cause him to be regarded as the Tod Heatley of the North, many influential patrons of the Meeting have been secured, and this year the presence of the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Bateman, Canterbury, and a party from Lord Vane's at Wynnyard, with Mr. Sutton and Mr. Chaplin, gave a great impetus to the proceedings. Owing to the clashing of Wolverhampton, Judge Johnson was obliged to name a substitute for the first day; but by travelling all night he managed to arrive in ample time to fulfil his judicial duties. The arrival of the Judge at Stockton invariably produces a sensation, and leads to a crowd of idlers posting themselves round the Vane Arms to await his coming. As the train by which he will travel is pretty well known, the assemblage have not long to wait, and the drawing up of the Stockton Omnibus, the first constructed after the Ark, reveals the presence of the great functionary. A procession is then quickly formed, which is headed by the Boots, next to whom

comes the worthy Judge with his small black bag in hand, and followed by the conductor, which is better perhaps than by the officers of the sheriff. Placing in the hands of the servant of the vehicle the strictly legal fare, he is then conducted to the office, where, after receiving the congratulations of the C. C. starter and weigher with his usual urbanity, he proceeds to open the Commission.

Often as we have witnessed good sport at Stockton, we were never better pleased with it than now, although the weather was disagreeable enough to take away half the zest of the running. Two-year Old Stakes are the *specialities* of Mr. Craggs and Stockton; and with regard to the outcry for a good weight for age cup, we are given to understand that every disposition exists to bring out one, but the fear of its not filling is the reason of its not being given. The feature of most interest on the first day was the *début* of Plaudit for the Cleveland, and who, after a very short preparation, had given Watson, who was in as great force all the week as he was at York afterwards, such a good idea of his powers as to make him fancy he had a racehorse, a very expressive term, when applied in its proper sense. Nor when he came out did he disappoint expectation, for there stood a slashing fine Thormanby before us, as unfit to run as ourselves to succeed Doctor Cumming, and with a free dashing action which spoke well for him. From start to finish he had the race all his own way, and was then sent home to be got ready for the Blenkiron Plate, in which, if we mistake not, he will make Achievement put her best foot forward: and as Watson is stated to be wonderfully partial to him, there is no fear of his preparation being neglected, and fortunately there is a fine frame to work upon here, and we shall err greatly if Major Elwin's colt does not meet with many more 'plaudits' when next he comes out.

August 10th, 1866, was a most interesting day for those who imagine that it is necessary to have foxhounds for the purpose of hunting foxes, and the Grand Foxhound Show at York will ever be remembered by those who had the luck to see it. The Hound Show-yard was inside the Yorkshire Agricultural Show-yard, and the arrangements made by the secretary, Tom Barrington, were very good. The hounds occupied cages with wire fronts and backs, which formed one side of the yard, opposite the Pavilion and reserved seats; and the amount of chaff carried on by these happy and healthy hunting men occupying the reserved seats was most amusing. There you saw the well-known Judge, Percy Williams, anxiously watching the proceedings of those in office, and declaring that no correct decision could be given without 'tape.' There was that evergreen, Billy Williamson, making George Foljambe split his sides with laughing by telling a story that Capt. Starkie had brought from Lancashire, of how 'Auld Nugger' behaved when the hare was 'i' view.' There was that energetic and hardy man, James Hall, unwilling to admit that any south country pack could beat the Holderness, but feeling no certainty of holding his own against the Brocklesby. There was Lane Fox, of Bramham, and Sir Charles Slingsby, nearly as anxious as on a hunting morning. The place was crowded with people. The judges, who knew how a fox should be killed, boldly undertook to award the prizes to the best of their ability, did so conscientiously, and not much fault is to be found with their decisions. In Class 1, for the best two couples of entered hounds, dogs, Lord Yarborough won with a very level lot—Fencer, Vaultier, Grecian, Random: Lord Poltimore's Archer, Bertram, Lucifer, Lexicon, 2nd. These two lots were decidedly very clever foxhounds, and it was a good race between north and south, the Judges, after serious consideration, giving the precedence to quality. This was a proud moment for those two kennels, with such samples as the Duke

of Beaufort's, Mr. Parry's, Lord Middleton's, Mr. Lane Fox's, &c., against them.

Class 2: For the best two couples of entered hounds—bitches.

First Prize: Mr. Lane Fox's Charnier, Gaylass, Speedwell, Streamlet. Second Prize: The Duke of Beaufort's Varnish, Fervent, Winnifred, Sorrowful.

Here was again a most difficult task for the Judges. Some men thought that Lord Middleton's Olive, Legacy, Lenity, Rosamond, ought to have been placed first. But 'Baily' is a just and impartial Judge, and though he would have been happy to put Olive into his 'Van' and give her to a friend, he will not find fault with the decision of the Judges. Mr. Lane Fox's lot had more length, more power, better necks and shoulders, and as much beauty as anything in the yard. The Heythrop, we must admit, had one or two racing-looking animals that caught the eye, but a lemon and white pointer spoil the lot.

Class 3: For the best unentered hound—dog.

Sir John Trollope's Potentate, first; Mr. Colemore's Gambler, second.

This was not a good class. . But Potentate was a very useful dog, with very great power in the way of ribs and back. His shoulders, however, were not quite good, nor his knees well formed; still he was the best dog in the class. Gambler was too high on his legs to be considered a clever foxhound, and it would be unfair to deny that Lord Poltimore and Mr. Parry showed useful dogs.

Class 4: For the best unentered hound—bitch.

First Prize: Lord Yarborough's Gaiety: Second Prize: Sir Charles Slingsby's Dahlia.

Was there ever a huntsman or Master of Foxhounds, we appeal to our readers, that did not think he could pull out a good young bitch? There were plenty of 'nice' animals, but no striking beauty, throwing all other darlings into the shade. Class 5: For the best stallion hound. Lord Poltimore again was to the front, and 'Archer' is pronounced the winner. Lord Yarborough's Vaulter second. Archer is a foxhound standing twenty-three and a half inches high, but might be improved at the back of his shoulders and have more bone down to his foot, but on the whole, he is a good sample. Vaulter is a very clever dog in shape, but there was not quite enough of him to please the Court. Class 6 was won by Lord Middleton's Bauble, a glorious creature. The Prince and Princess of Wales, &c., made their appearance on the balcony of the pavilion looking into the enclosure, to the intense delight of the huntsmen and whips, who having heard of their Royal Highnesses' fondness for a gallop with hounds, were very much gratified at having the pleasure of seeing them interested in the Foxhound Show. Twenty-three kennels brought samples to show for the different prizes. A good dinner was provided for the huntsmen and whips, many old friends met, and a pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by winners and losers. And those noblemen and gentlemen who took the trouble to travel from all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales, to attend this great North Country Show, and particularly those who undertook the troublesome office of judging, are the right sort, and we hope will be induced to repeat their visit. And we trust their influence will check the miserable modern system of rearing so much game to be destroyed by a few guns in one day to the detriment of the noble, free, liberal sport of fox-hunting. Can anything be so disgusting to the larger portion of the community as the wretched fox that is kicked out of the swell gamekeeper's hat-box when the hounds draw the degenerate game-preserving coverts?

Owing to the Continental 'difficulties,' it was predicted that the Isle of

Wight would be disagreeably full and lodgings at war prices; but, like a great many other predictions, it has not turned out to be the case. The island has had its fair share of 'messieurs les voyageurs,' but not more than last year, and a very unsettled summer has improved neither our tempers nor the bonnets of the ladies. The shocking death of Sir Gilbert East has invested Ryde Pier with melancholy interest, and conveys two warnings—the first to every one, and the second to the Ryde Pier Company, who ought to put proper gates and rails on all the steps down to the sea. We fear the proposal to light up the Pier will hardly be as favourably received as that for lighting up Hyde Park, the footpad or garotter being unknown, and a harvest moon affording all the light that is necessary. As at Wimbeldon, Scotland has ably held her own, and the two splendid yachts, the Selene and Fiona, amply testify to it, the three ocean matches being carried off by them. The Plymouth race (a regular beacon course), has just proved a hollow victory for the Selene, who was one of the last yachts outside 'The Needles,' the Masina, Fiona, and Lulworth being then greatly ahead. We hope when next season arrives, a judicious alteration in the position of her spars may cause that popular yachtsman, Mr. Broadwood, to rejoice in his Witchcraft, and sweep the seas, as she was designed to do. The Cherbourg match was a very near thing between the Fiona and Pantomime, and had not a difference of opinion as to the breakwater light having occurred, it is not unlikely the Pantomime would have snatched the Fiona's laurels. The French seem to take small interest in yachting, and beyond showing encouragement to our matches, trouble themselves very little about them. The flagship of the American (European) squadron, the Colorado, was lying in the harbour, commanded by Admiral Goldsborough, who traces his descent from an ancient Yorkshire family, and is as proud of it as Yorkshire would be of him were he an English subject. If American feelings are to be estimated by the cordiality of the officers of the Colorado, there is very little danger of a quarrel between 'the mother and son.' The last-mentioned being now much too strong a boy to be put in the corner, and every day, like an infant Hercules, growing in strength, his 'plaything' at present being a gun (on the Dahlgren principle) which carries a ball weighing a thousand and eighty pounds, and taking a barrel of gunpowder to let it off. In the return from Cherbourg the Blue Bell was very nearly beating the Selene, but stood too much in shore, and lost ground. Anyhow, she must be considered as a triumph of yacht-building, as in the match round the island, with a tremendous gale blowing, she performed the distance in five hours and a half, and it could hardly have been less than eighty miles, thus equalling steam power. It is not wonderful sailors believe that ships have a certain 'life,' for build as you may, with every care and talent, the spark of genius, *i.e.*, speed, will not always bless your efforts. Witness the Evadne, who was built expressly to beat the Aline; she proves a very moderate vessel, while the Blue Bell, by the same builder, turns out a clipper in every way. The unfortunate dispute which has deprived the public from seeing the old Arrow to contend with the new vessels, is a very unfortunate one. It is not the part of 'Baily' to give any opinion on it, and we can only regret both the dispute and its consequences; but the well-merited popularity of the Vice-Commodore Lord Burghley can never suffer. Both the Cowes and Ryde balls went off with their usual *éclat*; and Prince Alfred at the former rendered many a fair lady's heart a wee bit jealous when he whirled by in the waltz with a lucky partner. While we are writing finer weather seems to have set in; and if the fashionables from Cowes will have departed to the Moors, and the Ryde visitors thinned next week for partridge shooting, many a smile will be brighter and many an excursionist's heart lighter

when he finds his holiday gladdened by autumn as 'an old friend who loves us all he can.'

The coming of Harry Brailsford had long been heralded in the North like that of the appearance of a new conjuror, or a Christmas serial, and it was understood he would win when he was asked. Accordingly, when the question was put to him in the Stockton Handicap, he answered it most satisfactorily; but although he was put out of court for The Ebor by it, Mr. Jackson's manner did not betray any symptom of regret at it. Honesty did a good thing in the Harry Fowler Stakes; but then Johnny Osborne was up, which will account for the union being so successful. Lord Zetland generally wins a race here, and now his Quick March was played by Snowdon a little too fast for the winner of the Liverpool Cup to keep time with it. The closing races went to Mr. William Nicholls's pair, greatly to the delight of the Ring, with whom he seems to be a great favourite; and immediately after Jarrow had beaten El Cid, and a lot of others for the Town Plate, Mr. Greaves, or, as the French style him, 'Le Grande Homme,' proclaimed himself a member of 'The Skinners' Company,' and expressed his delight at his election. On the second day, Westwick beat Strathconan in a canter for the Leger, and as Honesty was behind him, the Ebor was declared over, and Westwick voted the legitimate successor to the honour of Grand Inquisitor and Pax. For the Hardwicke, another stake of the same class as the Cleveland, Gipsy King, 'a Middle Parker,' made a good beginning, for The General, who was certain to have beaten him, could not act in the deep ground, greatly to his owner's annoyance, because he had over a monkey on him. The Lambton Plate gave in 'first time here,' as the playbills would say, the 'Beaufort stripes' on Vauban, who, greatly to the relief of those who, for want of some excitement, laid 100 to 15 on him only thirteen times, and would have gone on doing it, now won by nothing more than a neck, Mandrake being a more disagreeable customer than was anticipated. On the third day Elland and Broomielaw met for The Claret, and there was plenty of betting between them. Staying, as is always the case, like virtue, had its own reward, as Elland won all the way, and with it Mr. Sutton declared the St. Leger also. Nothing then remained but for Skylark to fly away with the Cup, which he did triumphantly, and Stockton was over. Before we quite take leave of the Meeting, we must speak of the pleasure we derived from the sight of Lord Vane's original picture of his ancestor's horse, Hambletonian, who is taken being rubbed down by his groom, and who hardly gives one the idea of being the clipper he proved himself to be. For if put up at the present time, it would take all the Middle Park champagne to get more than fifty pounds, and that sum, perhaps, only such an adventurous spirit as Mr. Edward Brayley might be induced to give. Still there are two useful axioms which should never be forgotten, viz., that a good horse cannot be a bad colour, and that racehorses go in all shapes. We were also gratified by the sight of the old Cups which were in the family, and which had been won by Cockfighter, Dainty Davy, and horses of that period. Ranged in two divisions on a table, they presented a very fine sight, and from their massive simplicity and utility contrasted very favourably with the prizes which are now given. Our ancestors, it would seem—and with good judgment, it strikes us—did not care about having on their table 'a mounted Arab under a Palm Tree,' or a couple of knights in armour battleaxing each other, or 'a Lady very *décoletté* driving a Chariot;' but preferred a Cup which they could use in their hospitable manner, when they entertained their friends and retainers in their halls and banqueting-rooms. Hitherto Lord Vane's devotion has been exclusively given to yachting; but so delighted was he with the

pleasure afforded to the thousands at Stockton, that he purposes, we hear, to make renewed exertions to render Stockton as fashionable a Meeting as York. And of the success of the experiment we have no doubt in our own minds. Oxford we could not assist at, because we were on the Northern Circuit; but we missed nothing, as the cards were full of handicaps that interested nobody but those who betted upon them. But we are given to understand that a new hotel, called The Clarendon, was discovered, with a tariff of charges that enabled a man to leave it without giving vent to unparliamentary language, and where they did not charge one half-a-crown for speaking to a waiter and five shillings for listening to his reply. Wolverhampton was marred by its accident, which, it is to be hoped, will lead to better regulations under a Local Act next year. In the racing there was no particular feature except that Cliffe's stable was in good force. York is always good, and invariably leaves something to be talked about. John Scott always makes it his chief battle-ground; and War and Westwick, we think, must have proved to Mr. Bowes that his confidence in him has not been abused, and that John is not the old apple-woman he was said to be last year. Danebury could not hold its own against its Great Northern Rival, and many and disastrous were the defeats it sustained; but as they were borne with equanimity, we will not irritate the soreness they created. The Great Yorkshire converted Strathconan, as it did Miner, into a temporary hero, and it was pleasant to see a race so named, won by such 'A' 'Great Yorkshire' name as Watt. And the hearty manner in which that gentleman was cheered as his horse was led back, must have been most grateful to him, and proves—if he is not appreciated in the South—the North are ready to recognise his honourable character. As far as the St. Leger is concerned, the Great Yorkshire, in our opinion, goes for nothing, as we have seen Hansoms with Army and Navy fares gallop faster to a railway, and therefore we shall adhere to Lord Lyon and Custance, believing Savernake and Knight of the Crescent will be attached to his suite, like officers in waiting. Whether we are filled with the divine *afflatus* at the time of our writing we cannot say, but we are certain we are not very far out in our calculations of the race.

The yearling sales, we are glad to learn, are going to be improved upon at Doncaster, so that our agitation has not been a fruitless one. Messrs. Tattersall will occupy exclusively the paddock adjoining the horse fair, and connected with the one recently purchased by Mr. Jackson for the Fairfield yearlings; and as both barrels will be going at the same time, it will be curious to see whether 'Richard' or Edmund will make the best bag. Of course all breeders are anxious about their young things at this period, and we have great accounts of various high-bred colts and fillies. No young mother was ever fonder of her firstborn than John Scott of his Marquis colt, which he vows to be a rattler, and is shown like a Derby winner, and as far as make and shape goes, he looks already a racehorse, and moves like one. Then Mr. Jackson steps forward, and vows that England (it is a large country) has never produced such a grand yearling as his colt by Stockwell out of Tunstal Maid, and he ought really to fetch four figures, if only to pay for the 'cham,' sherry, and whiskey that has been already drunk over him, and we hear, joking apart, he has every probability of a good sale. Mr. Cookson, we are told, relies upon Captain Kidd, Plunder, and the other Buccaneers that have been running, to keep up his score to its usual form; and Mr. Wright, of Richmond, will not appeal in vain to his audience with his Brother to Paris, and a small but select lot. The Middleton One Row Division we cast our eye over on our return from Stockton, and we think their owners may well be proud of them, as well as of their condition. There are fourteen of them in all, and are divided

between Cavendish, Buccaneer, Oxford, Ivan, Van Galen, Cure, Donateur, and Weatherbit, a miscellaneous collection of sires it must be admitted, but their representatives all speak well for them. Of the Cavendishes, the one we liked best was the filly out of All's Well, the dam of Honesty, which is low and long, with a grand back and shoulders, good arms and legs, and, in short, quite a repetition of that mare's stock, and after what Honesty has done this year, there will be plenty want her. We were also much taken with the colt out of Diphthong, the dam of Persuasion, who could not be improved upon anywhere. The Ranee colt is a useful stamp of animal, but the one out of Scarlet Runner, and brother to Paxton, will, we have an idea, be better liked, as he is a remarkably strong short-legged colt, made in once, as they say, and without a single bad point about him. The Buccaneer fillies are but moderate, the best, perhaps, being the one out of Bohemia. The colt by Oxford out of Plausible, the dam of Plaudit, we imagine will be the Company's 'great gun,' for he is a fine strapping colt, of the fashionable size, and we should think Watson would be sure to get him for one of his employers, on account of his fondness for Plaudit. The Ivan colt is long and spiny, and puts one a little in mind of Selim, his half brother. The Van Galen filly was something like Tim Whiffer when a yearling. A Cure colt out of Annie de Clare we liked very much, as he had fine limbs, with plenty of size and liberty. A filly by Donateur out of Miss Armstrong was pretty enough, but very small, being her first foal. But the dam is grown into a grand mare, and has a splendid Blair Athol colt at her side in the paddock. We must also say a good word for the Weatherbit filly out of Mrs. Dodds (Joey Jones's dam), which was one of the handsomest yearlings we have seen this season. All the mares looked well; and Cavendish and Joey Jones seemed none the worse for their hard season. At Moorlands, Mr. Henry Thompson and his 'parvus Iulus' are progressing most satisfactorily, having made extensive improvements and additions to their establishments; while Lord Clifden is growing down into a superb horse, ready and willing to succeed to the vacant throne of Newminster, whenever it should occur. Ben Webster also has got some very useful stock.

The Prince of Wales has had some excellent grouse shooting on Mr. Bowes's moors; and as the return of killed and wounded, and the names of the party who assisted at the battue may be interesting, we append it:—

Prince of Wales.	Colonel De Grey.
Duke of Cambridge.	Major Teesdale.
Lord Colville.	Colonel Macdonald.
Lord Huntingfield.	General Hall.
Monday	1,185
Tuesday	983
Wednesday—Duke of Cleveland's moors (afternoon)	646
Thursday (afternoon only)	557
Friday	877
	<hr/> 4,248 <hr/>

After this return list we have no fear about the Prince's not repeating his visit next year.





Durham

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF DURHAM.

THE name of Lambton is one which a quarter of a century back was held in high respect on the Northern Turf, and although its possessor was subsequently elevated to the Peerage as the Earl of Durham, there was no falling off in the estimation of his colours by the Northumbrians, Durhamites, and Yorkshiremen, all of whom were strongly attached to his person, though, perchance, they might have differed from his political sentiments, which he was not wont to conceal. Like his friend the late Lord Palmerston, the first Lord Durham sought relief from the anxieties of a Parliamentary life in the amusement which his racehorses afforded him; and, as was the case with the late Premier, he was a first-rate judge of a yearling, or any description of horse. When first his Lordship came out his stud was trained by the well-known Tommy Pierce, of Belleisle, near Richmond, and afterwards by Joseph Dixon: His best horses, when he was Mr. Lambton, were Dunsinane, Leopold, Cavalier, and Waverley, and the recollection of their performances are still fresh in the memories of old Yorkshire trainers and jockeys. When he was Lord Durham, the pick of his stud were Silenus, Borodino, and Buzzard by Bentley. He had also an interest in the celebrated Felt by Langar. At Newmarket he now and then had two or three animals with Edwards, merely for his amusement when he was able to get there, but otherwise his practice was entirely confined to the Northern Circuit. With such antecedents, that his son, the subject of our sketch, should have evinced an early taste for racing, and continued to gratify it, is not unnatural; and although he does not keep so large a stud as his father, he evinces not less interest in it.

George Frederick D'Arcy Drummond, second Earl of Durham, and son of the first Earl, by his second wife, eldest daughter of the second Earl Grey, was born at Copse Hill, Surrey, in 1828, and married, in 1854, Lady Beatrice Hamilton, the second daughter of

the Marquis of Abercorn. He succeeded his father in 1840, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Durham in 1854. Lord Durham's education was commenced at home, and, beyond passing two years at Cambridge, he has been associated with none of our public seminaries. At the termination of his studies he embarked on a tour through the United States of America and the West Indies, and on his return settled down on his ancestral estates, which were of sufficient extent to occupy his time in their management. In his career on the Turf, Lord Durham has been more distinguished as a breeder than in any other capacity; and he may be said to have commenced well when he purchased Elphine and Equation from Mr. Robertson, of Ladykirk, who has always been conspicuous for the purity of his blood in his breeding stud. That his Lordship, even at so early an age proved himself well up in 'Weatherby,' and a judge of make and shape, is proved by a Cure mare which he had out of Elphine, that bred him Rickledon, Harraton, The Wizard, The Nymph, Hecate—own sister to the winner of the Two Thousand—Michael Scott, Ariel, Giralda, and Alcuna—the last named the winner of the Ham Stakes at Goodwood. All these could run a little, but the best was decidedly The Wizard, whom his Lordship sold to Mr. Nicholl as a foal for 200 guineas; and as he afterwards won the Two Thousand, and was placed both for the Derby and the St. Leger, and was afterwards sold to the Prussians for 4000*l.*, he must be said to have been a lucky purchase for Mr. Nicholl. Of his speed John Scott always entertained the very highest opinion, and was very much disappointed at his not following up the Two Thousand with the Derby and the St. Leger; but in our estimate of him, we always considered that, although he could stay any distance, as was shown at Stockbridge, where he was magnificently ridden by Sam Rogers, and at Goodwood, where he was only beaten a head for the Cup, with Johnny Osborne, after a terrific struggle with Starke, he always had a bit of a white feather about him, which prevented him keeping an advantage in a race when he had obtained it.

But to return to his Lordship's brood mares, from which, perhaps, we have strayed too long. Elphine herself bred him Warlock, the winner of the St. Leger in 1856, and of the Ebor Handicap in the following year, and who is now at Sheffield Lane paddocks, competing for stud honours with Adventurer. Lambton, another popular sire, and a Champagne winner, was also out of her. Equation, his other purchase at the same time, and which he subsequently disposed of to her Majesty, was the dam of Exact; and after she went to Hampton Court paddocks she took a first-class certificate from throwing, among others, Diophantus and Archimedes, who are too well known to need description. Having been so fortunate in his breeding experiments, Lord Durham gave up selling his young stock, and went into partnership with Mr. Nicholl in Hecate, and with that gentleman he had Michael Scott and Ariel, with which however he has done no good. But Giralda and Abruna, both by Newminster out of The Wizard's dam, and which were with

William Day at Woodyeates, were exclusively his own property. The former was less fortunate than the latter, as she was sold, notwithstanding her high pedigree, for thirty pounds; while the latter, as we have said before, won the Ham, and the victory we hope was only the forerunner of many others. By the foregoing sketch it will be seen Lord Durham has played his part as a breeder of racehorses with more than the usual success attending young beginners, and has sustained the repute of the house of Lambton in his patronage of one particular branch of the Turf. Somewhat retired in his habits, and only a trifling bettor, the Earl of Durham runs his racehorses as befits his position, and as Englishmen like to see. In politics he has taken little part; and residing on his estates, on which his ancestors have lived without intermission since the time of the Conquest, he discharges the duties of a landlord in a manner that will readily account for the wide influence he has over his tenantry, who are as happy and contented as any in the north of England.

EXCITED YORKSHIRE.

AND if it had rained more fiercely than in Otterington's year, if the thunder and lightning of the 1830 Leger-day, and the storm that raged when Blair Athol was victorious, could have been reproduced with 'new and extraordinary effects,' those Yorkshire folks would, as usual, have hied them Doncasterwards. From Sheffield and Barnsley they come pouring; Bradford sends its dirt-begrimed artisans; the Wolds furnish farmers and their hinds; and out of all the valleys of the pleasant North Riding, from its hills and dales, a great stream of humanity flows to the banks of the Don. From early morning until long past noon the streets swarm with fresh arrivals, whose talk is of the great race and nothing but the great race. The road from the railway station to the course is in itself a spectacle perfectly unique, affording rare food for moralizing if any one had time for such frivolity on an occasion of the kind. Trusting our precious persons to the mercy of a Doncaster cab-driver—certainly the most reckless and impudent of the whole reckless and impudent tribe of charioteers—let us hurry as best we may through the ever-increasing mass of race-goers, growing thicker and thicker as we reach the vicinity of the Horse Fair, whence arrive a throng of mankind fresh from the yearling sales, but eager to inspect more horseflesh.

Once again we stand on the old Town Moor, and, see! Jupiter Pluvius has heard our prayer, a ray of sunshine steals across the classic plain, and the weatherwise prophesy that it will 'hold up.' There is a murky, dim, unwholesome appearance in the air down to the Red House, which argues badly, nevertheless, for any very critical view of a most interesting part of the great encounter. Folks tell us that the attendance is smaller than usual; but what a sea of

heads stretches from the stand to far beyond the bend, and as the never-ceasing murmur of the sea is the roar of many voices. Mark the difference betwixt the bold Yorkshiremen and the cockney masses which blacken the Surrey hills in May ! The wretched plate or plates which precede the grand dish of the Epsom banquet pass unheeded by all, save the untiring knights of the pencil ; but few and far between are the men of the North who do not struggle for a glimpse of Mandrake and Lord Glasgow's colt, as they canter down to the Municipal starting-post ; and a rare percentage of the whole assemblage look upon and cheer the hard-earned victory of the Scottish earl. The greatest race run for in the south would scarcely rouse men to give vent to such an excited shout as rings around when Liddington dies away in a chicken handicap. And yet the St. Leger stands next on the card ; and folks might well be excused if for the great event alone they had eye and ears.

Surely there is not one amongst the many dear old northern race-courses so pregnant with pleasant recollections, so suggestive of the grand historic Turf tussles, as the Town Moor. A man need be no great enthusiast to lose himself in daydreams of the past as he gazes on the white rails, the flat round course, the scattered trees, and the various objects inseparably connected with every old legend and lay of Doncaster. Dear reader, you, perhaps, care little for the tales and traditions of the racecourse, and listen unmoved to stirring stories of the cracks of old. In such case, pardon the maunderings of one who, on his word, forgot a fortnight since that he stood crowded and uncomfortable on the grand stand, and was for a while deaf to the tumult around, as he filled the sward in front with men and horses long since gone to rest. Was it a coincidence, a happy omen for those who pinned their faith on Strathconan, that the first legitimate St. Leger was won by the grey Hollandaise ? thought he. Then there was a dreamy, hazy vision of the illustrious children of Highflyer and King Fergus—of old, quaintly-dressed jockeys, owners uncouthly attired, lumbering equipages, forgotten ceremonies, and all the thousand and one particulars handed down as characterizing Doncaster races in days of yore. Then passed along the black jacket of Lord Hamilton, the Wilson blue and black, the Gascoigne white with sable sleeves, and the straw colour and blue of Sir Harry Vane. A shadowy Benningbrough and ghost-like Hambletonian ; Sancho, with Buckle in the saddle ; and the Hornby Octavian steered by Clift—all these lived again in our fancy, and it needed the irritating perseverance of a matter-of-fact friend to recal us to the unromantic consciousness of notes to be taken and duties to be fulfilled.

No chance of revelry at Richmond, for Podargus belies his classic nomenclature, and the swift-footed one goes unmistakeably short. No chance of feasting and exultation at Bishop Burton or Belleisle ; for sure as fate the bonny grey will stick in the mud on the far side. Nay, John ! even a wizard's skill cannot work impossibilities, and to-night Malton bells will hang silent and unused. At a mile,

Mr. Graham, your Caithness might have rivalled the fair gem of last year's Leger, and 'tis hoping against hope to look for Victory and the crimson sleeves of Hawkhead on friendly terms. Off, yes! and one beaten in the first fifteen yards, and three more never in it, and two others already at their wits' end! Off! and thousands of race-glasses, and tens of thousands of keen north-country eyes are fixed on the fast receding steeds. Off! and the race for the ninety-first Leger has commenced, with all Britain and half the world beside waiting breathless the result. Don't talk of the Derby! it is nothing to such a sight as this, when the heart and soul of every man are in the struggle. Can't you see it in the cloud of white faces, all turned towards those hurrying specks in the distance? Can't you hear it in that hoarse, hollow, unceasing growl, which will wax louder and louder till you are well-nigh deafened by the thundering din? They're passing the Red House, and the favourites are close together. Beaten are all outsiders; but the Malton Knight struggles on, and Strathconan is stealing forward through the mist like a grey ghost. It's a match again, and by my faith! such an one as would be worth a barefooted pilgrimage to catch a glimpse of. Hark to that famous Yorkshire roar as The Two dash past the stand; wilder, and more unearthly it grows, and culminates with the finish of the fiercest contest that Doncaster has known since Russborough and Voltigeur rushed by the judge with equal stride.

And so all is over! Nothing left for us but to descend to the regions of refreshment. With a whirling brain, a sinking in the stomach, and a breast heaving and panting with excitement, we will fight our way through clamorous hosts to the counter, and then take such a pull at a champagne cup as shall lay bare the bottom of the bowl.

No, thank you! no riding back for us; the morning taught a lesson which will not readily be forgotten. The walk is pleasant enough, if we take a short cut under these trees, scale that wall, and trudge quietly along under the old hedgerow. By the time we reach the high street again the dangers from intoxicated drivers and erratic vehicles will have been surmounted, and not unpleasantly, on our ears at least, fall the remarks of the returning race-goers, still brimful of the event of the day. So we will e'en fall in with the crowd, and walk contentedly homewards, passing the 'Salutation,' where so many famous animals have at times been located, and past the old 'Rockingham,' where the sight of the harlequin jacket, and the name written underneath, moves our companion to lift up his voice, and lament his own hard fortune in the case of the said celebrated Leger winner. It appears that the companion of our walk, once well known on the northern circuit, had, in one of his few fortunate moments, drawn Rockingham in a lottery held at a much frequented York hotel. The prize for the holder of the first horse was really of considerable amount, and the interest taken in the drawing proportionately great. Now, at the time the casting took place, the

Beverley stable tactics were not entirely developed, and our friend, believing that Belshazzar was the Simon Pure of the motley vest, and being, besides, well on Muley Moloch, was not a little disgusted at having assigned to him a horse which he not unreasonably believed to be out of the fray. 'John,' said he to the popular old waiter in the hotel coffee-room, 'I don't like my chance; you may have 'Rockingham for a couple of cigars!' John, either very rash or very shrewd, agreed, and the transfer was made. Our poor friend's state of mind may be imagined when he saw Belshazzar and Muley dying away to nothing in the race, and the despised Rockingham winning in a common canter!

Somehow, dinner never goes down so smoothly, or digests so well, after an Epsom or Ascot or Doncaster day. So our meal is got through in a very scrambling and unsatisfactory way, and it pleases us all to draw the table close to the open window, and slowly consume there a couple of bottles of Lafitte; and still, as we sit and listen to the chatter of the mob collected outside, the talk is of horses, horses, and naught beside; and those who this morning spoke of the St. Leger solely, are now hard at work on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. To hear Yorkshire horse-talk in perfection, however, entails a visit to one of those queer old-fashioned Doncaster inns, always, to our mind, suggestive of farmers' ordinaries, ringing bells, hot roast beef, goes of gin, and churchwarden pipes. The walls of the low-roofed parlour are decorated, perhaps, with portraits of Skirmisher and Weathergage. George Abdale, cleverest of trainers, and one who well understood the peculiarities and delicacy of the young Voltigeurs, stands by the head of the former celebrity, and Mr. T. Parr gazes, with a knowing cock of the head, at his stout Goodwood Stakes and Cesarewitch winner, on whose back is perched the no longer 'tiny' Wells. There is a cumbrous side-board, covered with decanters and glasses of fearful and wonderful make. There is a sofa, fashioned after the manner of the great bed of Ware, warranted not to bend or crack under the weight of many stalwart yeomen from the Wolds. There are bell-pulls, more or less dilapidated, artfully concealed in out-of-the-way corners; and guests who 'use the house' forbear to rely on their services, summoning the harried 'kellner' by word of mouth, so that the old halls and passages re-echo with their lusty calls. There, in the evening, when shops are closed, and the market is over, assemble the *habitués* of the 'Staghound' or 'Woolsack.' The sturdy farmer from down Malton way gossips with another who hails from Cold Kirby; the saddler has much to tell the veterinary surgeon; and the chemist introduces his friend freshly arrived from the far North Riding primed with the *on dits* of Richmond and the rumours and reports of Middleham. A good-humoured, heavily-bearded individual, puffing a big cigar, and sipping at a huge goblet of seltzer and sherry, commands the attention of the room. He is the *bonâ-fide* owner of a famous three-year old, and tells, with infinite *bonhomie* and gusto, how the colt was tried in the early spring, and found to be a 'nailer;'

how the money had to be invested, and the touts to be baffled, and a light-weight jockey to be procured. As the narrative proceeds, tumblers are set down unemptied, and pipes are suffered to die out. The audience are good men and true, either with the fragrant birds-eye, or the mellow, unsweetened Nicholson; but they love horse-talk more than either. All eyes are fixed upon the speaker; with breathless interest is followed the narrative. Should the story-teller pause for a moment to recollect the name of man or horse, the *hiatus* is instantly supplied by one or other of the hearers, all well versed in racing lore. Beyond this the interesting discourse meets with no interruption, and its conclusion is saluted with a low murmur of satisfaction at the triumphant result of the Great Fenshire Handicap, and the sore discouragement thereby inflicted on the Southrons, who had counted the race their own. Then the waiter is summoned, and glasses are emptied and replenished, and there is a general call for more screws of tobacco, and the exciseman demands the old wooden snuff-box (years ago presented to some former landlord), all pungent with rappee and best Scotch. More general becomes the conversation, and broader grows the *patois* under the influence of excitement. The farmer from Cold Kirby is eloquent on the subject of the Cesarewitch, and tells how, but for his accident, the Gemma di Vergy colt must have won 'wi' Cameron oop.' The North Riding man drops mysterious hints of Zenobia and Hawkswell, but is too knowing to tell all he has heard, albeit he speaks fluently of El Hakim and The Tartar, leaving his hearers to augur what they will from the hint implied. The man of leather freely retails the bits of turf talk sent him by his cousin at Newmarket, and all agree that if Jollity really is doing such good work, and can live the course (mark the caution of men who understand the mysteries of breeding), she will make the winner gallop. Then the talk is of brood mares and sires. Sagely it is opined that Thormanby—always a great northern favourite—is working his way to the top of the tree. 'Leuk at 'Plaudit an' Rose, mun, them's t'sort to win Durbies and Legurs; 'and mebbe Squire Watt 'ull du as mich as ivver his father did wi' 'awd Dick Sheppard.'

Complacently the company recal the doings of Cotherstone and Attila, of Daniel and 'the West,' with more than one allusion to the surprises effected by Imperieuse and Warlock. Some sceptic may have the audacity to hint that 'old John' has lost his ancient luck, or that his right hand has forgotten its cunning; but be sure that the voice of the majority is against him, and that a torrent of impatient 'Pshaws' and 'Pishes' will speedily interrupt the flow of his traitorous talk. Let one of the number introduce the subject of yearlings, all are equally at home, equally ready with ideas and convictions. Mr. Newton's youngster was 'a grand 'un, but too 'handsom like,' and the parson's young Skirmisher was 'a gurt 'fine cowl.' Each and every one is well posted as to prices realized at Hampton Court or Middle Park, and, whether the sucking heroes and heroines have come under his notice or not, will give a glance

at the list of their pedigrees, and make a shrewd guess as to the best or worst bred one of the lot.

One turf writer has offended the Yorkshire folks bitterly, less by his strictures on Blacklock than by the insults offered to his descendant, Voltigeur, whose Derby, Leger, and Doncaster Cup victories made him the most popular horse that ever ran in the north of England, not even excepting his great rival, the champion of the Eglinton tartan and yellow. Nevertheless, there are few of the Tykes who will not admit that there is much method in the madness of their pet's assailant, and that it is, in a great measure, due to his example that attention has of late been directed to the scientific principles of breeding, little understood though they still continue to be. Horse-breeding ever was, and ever will be, a favourite topic of conversation in the North of England; and, despite not unnatural prejudices in favour of local celebrities or sires, who, during their turf career, have upheld the honour of the county, the 'natives' are too close observers, and too shrewd judges, not to understand the all-important advantage of judicious crossing, even if the needful strain of blood has to be sought for amongst the champions of Berkshire, Cambridge, or Sussex.

After all, it is a pleasant county, and the Yorkshire folk are good at heart as any in the world. Let us forgive them if occasionally they ride their great hobby rather hard. Each and all of us are strong on certain points, or believe ourselves to be so, and are in proportion tiresome to those whom our fancies fail to interest. You, Dick, are as wearisome, with your law jargon, as is Tom when he prates of rare hits on the Stock Exchange, or Harry, who proses about electro-biology, or the polarization of light, or something equally scientific and slow. Let us forgive the Tykes, and look forward with pleasure to the next occasion when our eyes shall see that marvellous sight on Doncaster Town Moor—the struggle for the St. Leger, and the strange doings of excited Yorkshire.

S.

THE BELLE OF THE HUNT.

ALTHOUGH many years have elapsed since the incidents recorded in the following brief sketch took place, and threads of silver are somewhat thickly intermixed with the raven locks, of which in those days I was not a little vain, the circumstances are still as fresh in my memory, and hang as drearily upon my heart, and will continue to do so until the inexorable scythe-bearer, with the final 'Who-whoop!' calls me to be first in at my own death.

Sport and sportsmen have much changed since those days of 'auld 'lang syne,' and, in my opinion, not for the better. Racing, as it has directed attention to, and also improved the breed of horses, may be an exception; but there is such a vast amount of speculation and hypothesis even in that, as to render any degree of reliance perfectly

futile; and although the great 'Doctor' propounds his theories and enunciates his doctrines with a vigour and grandiloquence which would have added lustre to his illustrious and defunct relative, the immortal lexicographer, we are compelled to admit that they frequently fall through, and view horses, which from their blood have been stigmatised as wretches, winning races in good company at all distances. A motto with us was, that a good horse was never of a bad colour; and if a man kept his place at the tail of the hounds, and never shirked his fences, he was considered a fair and straight rider; and most certain it is that those would-be fox-hunters, who, attired in pink and life-guardsman's boots, follow the lanes, and pay yokels to open the gates for them, are not fit to be mentioned in the same century with him. How in the name of all that is vulpine can a man be expected to ride in boots that come half-way up his thigh? Where, then, is the flexibility of the knee, so necessary to the firmness of your seat and the government of your animal? Depend upon it that brown tops, green coat, and buckskins, are all that a sportsman requires; and if a man sported scarlet in the old-fashioned days of which I am writing, he was considered a leader in the field, and generally expected to show the way.

The advent of railways caused me the most profound grief, and well-nigh drove me to despair. What can be more disgusting and distasteful than a shrieking, snorting train hustling through our fairest counties, cutting up our surest coverts, and trailing, like some long-tailed demon of the nether world, across our very lawns? How a man who has had his cheek fanned by the sweet breeze of heaven can permit himself to be cooped up, like one of the bovine genus, in those infernal compartments, exceeds belief. There may be an excuse for a merchant, who never heard the melody of a pack, thus immolating himself upon the altar of commerce; or a detective, when pursuing a 'foul murderer,' may deem it necessary to sacrifice himself at the shrine of justice by partially suffocating himself for a time in the same nauseating boxes; but there is no excuse for a sportsman who has heard hill and valley ring with the music of the huntsman's horn, and seen the face of nature teem with every variety of loveliness, immuring himself in the living sarcophagus. Verily the Grand Emperor was not far short of the mark when he characterized us as a nation of shopkeepers. Dear and lamented delights of stage-coach travelling, how sad it is that ye are things of the past! What can surpass, or even equal a well-appointed team of four blood horses, and twelve miles an hour, including stoppages? How have we finessed and fought for the coveted box-seat, with an ardour and enthusiasm which, in a different cause, would have conferred upon us, at least, the title and distinction of General of Discussion. What crowns and weeds have not dropped into the palm of the guard, and how often have we bribed everyone connected with the management, from the surly book-keeper in his sentry-box, to the knock-kneed ostler who threw the 'ribands' to the Jehu, to attain that elevated position by the side of the driver. And when, after the last nod to

our friend, and wink to the pretty barmaid, who has come to the door 'to see the coach off,' we are fairly under weigh, how pleasant and delightful the gossip and garrulity of our companion, who points out every seat and mansion upon the road, and is as clearly acquainted with their affairs, internal and external, as the proprietors themselves. 'You see that white house with the rookery on the 'off side, sir? The gentleman wot lived there was the largest 'breeder of game cocks in all the county, and would back them, 'too, for all sorts of money. Howsumever, it brought him to 'grief at last. He had met with an accident when out with the 'hounds, and broke his leg just after he had made a match to fight 'a main for a thousand pounds; but, being an obstinate, passionate 'man, he insisted upon having it off in his bedroom, and swore 'awful as, propped up with pillows, he saw his bird getting the worst 'of it. Well, as the battle went on he grew more excited, and turned 'nearly black in the face; and just as the steel spur went through the 'head of the cock he had backed so heavily, they heard a rattle in 'his throat, and the doctor, who was present, took out his fleam and 'stuck him in the neck; but no blood came, and he was quite dead, 'caused, as I heerd arterwards, by appleplexy.' A yarn or two thus spun, and we had arrived at our first 'change,' where the red gleam of the roaring fire through the diamond-shaped panes invited the limbs, somewhat chilled by a keen and biting wind; but a tankard of nut-brown October soon sends the blood leaping through our veins, and with the well-known 'All right!' we are again upon the road; and getting gradually clear from 'towns and cities and the abodes of men,' we receive the reins from Coachee, and as he complacently smokes the cigars selected from our case, he gives us, with the greatest good-nature, but in almost unintelligible idioms, our first lesson in tooling a four-in-hand. Through a long vista of chequered years, I can still remember each incident which marked those days of enjoyment, whilst in my dreams, both waking and sleeping, will appear visions of the 'Tally-ho' and 'Wonder,' the fastest and best-appointed coaches upon the road ere my detestation and abhorrence, the railway, spread its manifold and iron arms throughout the land.

Nestling in a fertile and picturesque valley, which ran through a portion of the beautiful county of Warwickshire, was Highfield Hall, the seat of Edmund Lacey, Esq., or, as he was generally designated, Squire Lacey. A vast and irregular pile, it had once formed a stronghold in the feudal ages, and still retained massive and gloomy towers, that imparted to the building a stern look of barbaric grandeur; albeit, modern improvements, in the shape of a wing added here, and a block appended there, gave it an appearance at once quaint and heterogeneous. The moat, half dried up, still surrounded the hybrid structure, and the solid oaken gate, studded with iron bolts, groaned uneasily upon its rusty hinges, and seemed to defy the all-conquering hand of Time, when so many generations of the brave and fair who had issued from its portal had succumbed to the destroyer. The ivy of centuries clung to and concealed the crumbling walls and ruined

buttresses, and altogether the edifice led the thoughts back to the days of chivalry ; and a little stretch of imagination could still picture the sentinel pacing the watch-tower, and the knight carousing in the hall. The Squire was a thorough sportsman of the old school, who broke his own dogs and horses, and was well versed in every species of woodcraft ; could manufacture his particular fly when bent upon whipping a stream ; and knew to a certainty where to pitch upon a fox, and to an inch every earth in the neighbourhood where the varmint could run to ground. Open house was kept at the hall, and refugees from all parts of the country therein found a temporary home, and, with a largess from the open-handed gentleman, went on their way rejoicing. One motherless daughter was his only care, thought, and solace. In her was centered every hope and wish of a generous heart ; and as Ellen Lacey is the unfortunate heroine of my narrative, it is time that a little was said of the Belle of the Hunt. To describe a beautiful woman, and a perfect horse, is perhaps the most difficult matter that falls to the lot of a writer, from the simple fact that both the one and the other have been so frequently delineated, that words are wanting to complete the portrait ; and it would require the pen of a Bulwer or Scott to do anything like justice to the glorious beauty of the Squire's only child. Tall, lithe and graceful as the mountain ash ; the contour of her figure was rounded and perfect ; and to the face of Minerva was added the majestic presence of a Juno. The red lips, when parted, disclosed teeth of snowy whiteness, whilst the black hair, which wore the bloom of the sloe or damson, formed a marked contrast to the eyes of dark blue, which gleamed and glittered like stars when their owner was excited by the dangers of the chase. She was a perfect horsewoman, and heaven knows that my blood has danced like lava in my veins when my hand has received her dainty foot to assist her on her thoroughbred mare, who, seemingly conscious of its lovely burden, would arch its graceful neck and neigh with grateful pleasure as the tiny hand of its mistress caressed the glossy crest ; and when in the field, and elated with the music of the pack, full of fire and ardour, no fence dismayed her, but she rode as straight and gallantly as the staunchest veteran among them. It is no wonder, then, that she was a favourite with all, from the wrinkle-faced huntsman and the bandy-legged earthstopper to every bold and fiery youth who would risk life and limb to be first up, and so achieve the coveted honour of presenting the brush to beauteous Ellen ; whilst her father's eyes would gleam with joy as he gazed fondly upon the radiant face of his girl, rendered doubly beautiful by the excitement of the run. There was one, with dark, flashing eyes, and vigorous form, who was never far from her side in field or bower, and, to judge from appearances, he was by no means an unacceptable attendant ; and whilst many an irate and envious glance has been turned upon him by Nimrods less favoured, they were merely met with a knowing and quiet smile, as though he thought himself the possessor of that love which so many craved. And so, in truth, he was ; and never was a brave and fear-

less youth more worthy the affection of a young and lovely maiden ; for he had borne himself like a hero upon the battle-field in defence of his country, and excelled all his compeers in the noble sports and pastimes of a country gentleman ; and when, upon succeeding to his estate, he asked the happy girl to become his wife, the downcast eye and flushing cheek proclaimed that his prayer was granted, whilst the hearty grasp of the hand bestowed upon him by the Squire ratified the auspicious contract. The lawyers having duly prepared the documents usual upon such occasions, a period was fixed for the event to take place ; and to commemorate it, and also to enable them to take leave of old and dear friends, a meet was appointed at the hall for the day previous ; and at the sumptuous breakfast-table goblets were quaffed of generous wine to the happiness of the joyous pair, and a gayer or more gallant cavalcade never issued through that antique portal, and, with hearts glowing with delight, took their way to the covert's side. Reynard is found, and the pack are away, and, as usual, the Belle of the Hunt and her lover are with the leaders ; but presently the Squire's horse falls, and although not much shaken, he expresses his determination to take no further share in the fun, but will just drop in at the parson's, and tell him to be punctual the following day ; so, with a wave of the hand, and many a loving word, the old gentleman crosses the stile and makes his way to the vicarage, whilst his daughter and her affianced prepare to make up lost ground and rejoin the field, now some distance ahead. The fox is a stout one, and has bothered them on one or two previous occasions, and keeps up his reputation to-day by leading them a bursting run of some twenty-five miles, running, however, almost a ring, and finally heading for the covert from whence he broke first : but the country was heavy, and fences stiff, and but few of the ' goodly companie ' have lived the pace ; consequently, when the dogs are running into him in a patch of gorse about two miles from the hall, few, save our hero and heroine, are in the hunt. A lane, bounded by stiff posts and rails, is the last impediment ; and quite sufficient too, for the cattle have had enough of it ; so, steadying them, they take the fence side by side. Alas ! one only lands in safety ; for the mare ridden by Ellen, catching the top bar, goes over a purler, with the Squire's daughter completely beneath her. The horrorstruck lover, throwing himself from his horse, rushes to extricate his beloved from the perilous position ; but as he raises her in his arms a red stream flows from her lips—her eyes, e'en now, lack fire and lustre—her arms fall listless to her side—for she is dead ! Her neck has been dislocated by the fall, and in one brief moment all that remained of that good and glorious being was an inanimate yet still lovely mass. Not one word did her lover utter, but with fixed and stony eyes, and supporting her still in his arms, he strides away to the hall, and, although the distance is somewhat long, he rests not nor relinquishes his adored burden until he has laid her in her own sacred chamber, when, with one cold hand clasped in his, he kneels by her side, and a groan of agony, no longer to be

borne, bursts from his white and trembling lips. No pen of mine can describe a scene so fraught with horror; for the cheery voice of the Squire is heard in the courtyard, and none of the horrorstricken domestics have had the nerve to break the appalling intelligence; and even now his foot is on the stairs, as he calls in tones of love his daughter's name; but at the last moment a grey-haired and favourite servant rushes forward, and, dragging his master aside, beseeches him, as he bathes his hand with tears, to prepare to hear news of fearful sorrow. In a moment the old man seemed to comprehend that some harm had befallen his daughter; so with a powerful arm he sweeps the servitor aside, and in an instant is gazing upon that scene so sad. Yet heaven is merciful; and as he looked upon her who alone had been his hope, now stark and lifeless, reason fled from her throne, and the hale, strong-minded man became a hopeless imbecile.

Little now remains to be told. In a few days the rustic church, which was to have received her a happy and beauteous bride, became the receptacle of her motionless form; and the poor old father peered at the ceremony, totally unconscious of its dreary import, whilst a youth with clammy brow and folded arms looked on as though he too could not perfectly understand why the mournful group had assembled; and although patrician and peasant crowded round the grave, there was not one lip but quivered, nor an eye but paid a tribute to the hapless fate of the Belle of the Hunt.

LOST AND FOUND: A BUSH ADVENTURE.

‘O thievish night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?’

MILTON'S *Comus*.

AMONG the vicissitudes that chequer the sportman's life in those distant hunting-grounds to which he is led, either by the force of circumstances, a roving disposition, or that inveterate craving for sport so generally inherent in the English character, there are probably few that, by the positive wretchedness they temporarily entail, are more thoroughly depressing to a man than, at the close of a hard day's work, to find he has ‘lost the way’—hopelessly lost it. Alone—absolutely alone! without even the mute companionship of horse or dog, and the night becoming darker and darker every moment. Cold, weary, hungry, and thirsty—lacking the means of alleviating any of these wants, each of which claims of the victim immediate satisfaction with an importunity and persistence of appeal

not to be equalled by the most clamorous and truculent of duns—he feels indeed that

‘ This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude.’

After having whistled and shouted himself hoarse, and fired signals of distress in blank charges—all without succeeding to elicit any response but that of the aggravating and to him detestable echo, he finds himself unable and utterly at a loss to solve the problem that has been proposed with such marvellous diversity of manner by each ‘ poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage ’—

‘ Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?’

And he doubts whether to curl himself up like an out-fagged, famished hound, under the first bush or rock that offers shelter, or to trudge on, right or wrong as to direction, until good luck may bring success, or sheer exhaustion compel a halt ? He will probably resolve to struggle on, but, whichever course he finally adopted, all will allow the situation to be the reverse of exhilarating.

Such a mishap having overtaken one of my companions during a shooting trip in South Africa, the reader will, perhaps, not begrudge a few moments, whilst I lay before him a rough sketch of the occurrences of that day. W. and I, attended by my Totty after-rider, had started early in the morning to have a good ‘ go in ’ at the springbòks. The day was one of those ‘ scorchers ’ frequently experienced there during the summer months, when every pore in one’s skin seems to gasp for moisture, and when, without a speck of cloud in the sky, the sun has it all to himself, and makes the utmost use of his opportunity, heating the ground so thoroughly that the radiation from the sand is plainly perceptible by the wavy, tremulous movement of the air for a distance of several feet from the surface of the soil.

W. being mounted on a tough, speedy gray, with a good drop of blood in him, was very keen for riding ; but before commencing regular operations, he deemed it advisable to test his weapon by a steady kneeling shot at a standing buck, and dismounted for that purpose. A slight contretemps attended this experiment—just one of those unexpected occurrences that so frequently happen to surprise and confound the sanguine on the first adoption of some very ingenious contrivance. He was armed with an excellent rifle, and to make assurance doubly sure, a small telescope, sighted on its field-glass to the most ambitious distances, had been adjusted thereto. The simplicity and efficiency of the invention were clearly beyond doubt : seen through it, the buck grazing at three hundred yards’ distance appeared to be almost nibbling at the muzzle. He could, therefore, plant his conical bullet into him at any point he pleased—in fact, the only apparent drawback was, that what should have been sport was thereby reduced to mere murder. Having taken a fault-

less aim, he confidently pressed the fatal trigger—Bang ! The result was perfectly astonishing, not so much to the buck, which bounded away unharmed, as to the owner of the telescope, who sprang to his feet, with his right eye as neatly blacked as if poor Tom Sayers' arm had sped the blow. The recoil had not been sufficiently calculated, and ecchymosis of the dexter optic, or rather of its surroundings, was the penalty for the neglect. But W., taking for his example Horatio—'A man that fortune's buffets and rewards received with equal thanks,' accepted the matter as though it were but an unlooked-for turn in a scientific experiment; and having quietly removed and put into his pocket the offending specimen of his gun-maker's ingenuity, was promptly in the saddle again. In the presence of such philosophical stoicism any attempt on my part at a joke would have been heartless, if not brutal, and an expression of pity or condolence simply an insult. So, with the merely passing remark that perhaps the simpler sights were generally preferable, we proceeded. Nevertheless throughout the entire day, whenever I chanced to catch a glimpse of him, the impatient switching of the gray's tail, and the streak of dust invariably flying in his track, succeeded by the distant bang bang of the rifle, told with what unflinching energy, he was endeavouring to efface from his mind the misadventure of the trial shot.

At about 6 o'clock P.M. we met and turned homewards; and having strapped the skins and heads of the bucks we had killed securely to the after-rider's saddle, we sent him off at once, ourselves following leisurely for some distance, when, unfortunately, a herd of hartebeests cantered temptingly past us out of range. My horse having had a fair allowance of work that day, I took no notice of them; but W., keen as when he first started, crammed his leather cap tight on to his head, rammed in the spurs, and away he rattled after them, and when last seen by me he was going straight away from home at top speed—the old gray's tail vigorously telegraphing each dig of the 'pursuaders.' In the meanwhile a treacherous-looking bank of cloud, slowly stealing towards me from the distant hills, gave a sufficient warning that, in an hour or so, the whole of the country over which we had to pass would be enveloped in one of those dense, bewildering fogs through which it is almost an impossibility to hold your course aright. And as I wished to make sure of bed and board before the approaching mist and darkness should interpose any serious obstacles, I put my horse to a sharp canter, and reached our camp in about an hour.

There I found that two other friends had joined us, and were anxiously awaiting the moment for the assault on the *batterie-de-cuisine* that simmered gently by the fire, with that chirping, bubbling sound, so suggestive of the enticing tenderness of the stew.

The lid of each of the vessels was frequently and significantly raised, and the contents thoughtfully scrutinized by both; and latterly the intervals that elapsed between these inspections decreased considerably, in proportion as the steam wafted towards

them became more and more richly laden with fragrant odours from the savoury morsels within. We have all remarked, at one time or another, the quick, restless look of sympathy, perhaps a mere twitching of the eyebrows, by which the sense of impatience is conveyed from one to another of the guests assembled for a dinner party, when all wait for one. That unmistakable glance had been exchanged several times between our friends; nevertheless our invariable custom of giving half an hour's law to a belated comrade was duly respected, and during that period it was not uninteresting to compare the behaviour of the bipeds and quadrupeds undergoing the same ordeal. To observe, for instance, the demeanour of 'Don' and 'Juno'—their meal is cooling before them, and there they wait, complacently seated; their fine, tapering tails gently swaying from side to side, sweep the ground behind them in a semicircle; their noses turned to catch the full stream of the appetizing vapour; their eager eyes intently fixed on the pot that contains all their hopes; and their sleek, earnest faces, unused to dissimulate, beaming with brisk confidence and good humour. Not a trace of fretfulness or petulance is to be detected there, unless such be inferred from the occasional shifting of one or the other of their fore paws. Possibly, when they do get their chance of falling to, there may be some impetuosity, or even a slight breach of decorum, exhibited in their movements; but have we never seen anything at all resembling it in 'man's imperial race'? Rumour asserts that even the stately dignity of a civic banquet is liable to be disturbed by unpunctuality, and that on such an occasion delay will give birth to surliness. If, then, the mere smell of turtle suffices to raise the bristles of the godlike alderman, may not some excuse be made under far stronger temptation for the dog—man's stanchest friend?—

'The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own—
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.'

But, *revenons à nos moutons*, there being yet no signs of our absentee, and the prescribed term of grace having expired, dinner was duly despatched, followed by the indispensable pipes and toddy until about 11 o'clock P.M., by which time we had become somewhat uneasy about W.'s prolonged absence. Shot after shot had been fired as signals to him, and no reply received. So we all sallied forth with a lantern fastened to a pole, which we stuck up on a high rock about half a mile in front of our position. There we remained for upwards of half an hour, 'making night hideous' with our yells—in solos, duets, and chorus—all to no purpose. At length, despairing of being able to attract his notice, and being thoroughly clammy, and chilled by the drizzling fog, we returned to the fire, at which, having toasted ourselves dry, and piled on plenty of wood to make a good blaze, we turned into our blankets for the night. But sleep, however accessible to the 'ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,' scrupulously avoided us; and from hour to hour we remained as turbulently awake as the calm Dudu after her unaccountable dream, each of us

at times fancying that he detected the distant footfall of a horse, until about two hours after midnight, when that welcome sound was unmistakably heard by all, and challenged by the baying of the dogs, whose sagacity was not likely to be at fault. Off went our blankets, and away we hurried in the direction of the noise. There, sure enough, was the gray horse, who had found his way back, soaked, soiled, and riderless; the reins were dangling about his feet, and one stirrup-leather and iron ominously swung over the saddle. From the latter fact we concluded that W. must have had a fall, and been unable to prevent his horse from running away; or perhaps, even worse, that he might have sustained an injury, and was lying at that moment helpless on the Veldt. The direction from which the horse had approached us was totally different, viz. at right angles to that by which I had come; it was therefore hopeless, in our ignorance of his position, to attempt any search for him until daylight should come. Accordingly we returned again to the fire, where we sat framing all sorts of conjectures and plans, until one by one all dropped off to sleep.

At the first appearance of dawn we roused up the Totty, and starting him off with a led horse and a flask of brandy, bid him scour all the country round in the direction by which the horse had returned, and thence to proceed to the spot where we had parted on the previous day, and, if he were unsuccessful, to return to us by 9 o'clock A.M. At the hour named the boy did return, without having found any traces of him. The aspect of the case was now really alarming, for the night had been intensely wet and cold, and W., we knew, was only lightly clad in linen clothes; besides, unless seriously injured, he would, we thought, surely have found his way back between dawn and breakfast time, as his utmost probable distance could not have been more than twelve miles from our camp.

The only course now open to us was to saddle up horses for the whole party, servants included, and proceed at once to make a careful search, and if possible hit off and trace his spoor. This accordingly we hastened to do; and were just starting off when the lynx-eyed Totty happening to look back over his shoulder, observed a figure, singularly resembling that of our missing chum, slowly descending the brow of a hill behind us. Now, the direction from which this comer was approaching being exactly the opposite of that by which the horse came back at night, and by which W. ought to have arrived, rendered it almost impossible that it could be he, unless indeed, and which was almost as improbable, he had in his rambling track during the night moved in a curve right round to the back of our camp.

The boy, however, whose powers of sight compared with ours were actually telescopic, was very positive as to the stranger's identity, and galloped off gaily towards him. Very few minutes sufficed to remove all doubts. The brat was right enough; and, thanks to his eyes alone, the wanderer did not find that cheerless reception he must otherwise have met with on reaching our deserted bivouac.

A thimbleful of brandy to restore tone to the stomach, a souse in cold water to brace up the muscles, and a good hot breakfast, were all he required to unloose his tongue: he then rendered the following account of himself.

He had followed up and fired into the herd before mentioned, when, seeing his horse move off, he at once endeavoured to secure him. The brute, however, proved to be indifferent alike to coaxing or rebuke, and, exulting in his freedom, seemed determined to tantalize his baffled owner by forcing on him, at that inconvenient time, an opportunity of admiring his points and paces, whilst with head and tail carried high in air he trotted grandly around him.

To remain thus, a passive spectator of such a performance, while the fog was steadily wrapping in its misty shroud the various important landmarks by which alone he could hope to shape his course, was simply intolerable; so leaving the gray to his own devices, W. started to walk home, guessing at his bearings from mile to mile until the increasing darkness at length became quite bewildering.

Still, pondering on

‘ ————— the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,’

but especially on the deep and broad river that lay between him and us, and hoping to hit off the drift or ford, if he could only manage to keep true to his line, he proceeded steadily on his route.

In about two hours he succeeded in reaching the stream, but alas! at a place bearing no resemblance to that at which he had proposed to wade across.

Here he was fairly bothered, as the total absence of light prevented his being able to decide whether he should go to the right hand or to the left. The drift was actually, as we subsequently ascertained, just about two hundred yards to his right, and had he crossed it, half an hour's walking would have brought him to his dinner. Unfortunately he turned to the left, and scrambled along the bank, among rocks, tangled scrub-bush, thorns, &c., for about half a mile, when he was brought up sharp by hearing, not far ahead of him, the barking of several dogs, whose deep rough tones bespoke the huge half-mastiff breed kept by the Boors for the protection of their cattle-kraals from the raids of Kaffir thieves. His first impulse was to fire a signal shot, or to shout; but fearing that in the event of their owner being absent, which was possible, or of his being ‘drunk and incapable,’ which was probable, the savage brutes might charge and worry him with as much gusto as they would turn up and rend a porcupine, he turned about, and adopting the tread of Agag, went ‘delicately,’ taking care, however, to cover as much ground in his stride as the uncertainty of his footing would permit.

He described his sensations at this interesting moment to have been probably identical with those of a fox stealing from a covert, and momentarily expecting to hear the inexorable ‘gone away’ yelled after him—his own intimate experience of hunting naturally suggesting

a brilliant little burst, to be followed by a satisfactory 'kill' and 'break up' in the open.

The barking, however, ceased; and he then made a cut for the river, which in his retreat he had avoided, for fear of rushing headlong into it, encumbered with his rifle and ammunition. The curve thus made must have carried him beyond the drift, for from that moment, and through many a weary hour of the night, he toiled along the waterside, walking, stumbling, falling, blundering, creeping, and crawling—in fact, adopting every known method of locomotion of which the human body is capable, according to the nature of the ground over which he travelled, viz. sand, stones, swamp, boulders, and large rifted rocks, until at length he found himself to be under a krantz, or precipitous cliff, the base of which was washed by the stream, and impassable.

Here, dead beat with fatigue, bruised and battered by the variety of acrobatic postures he had assumed during his progress, quite sad with hunger, and sodden to the skin by the drenching fog, he was reduced to the conviction that he could do no more. Hunger, being unavoidable, must be borne; cold, being inevitable, had to be endured; but thirst! yes, thank Heaven, he thought, a prompt remedy for one craving, at all events, was at hand. So down on hands and knees he crawled to the brink, and of that hitherto unfamiliar beverage, water, laid in a supply that might have sufficed to last a camel across the desert. Then, selecting as his lair a cleft in the rock, where a small heap of dry reeds, sedge, &c., the débris deposited there by some flood of the river afforded a prospect of rest, he lighted his last pipeful of tobacco, and ascertained by the blazing match that the hour indicated by his watch was 2 o'clock A.M. Here he curled himself up tight as a hedgehog, and dozed away intermittently, his slumbers being lullabied by the plaintive voices of the native denizens of the place, a colony of cursed owls, whose incessant protests against the unwarrantable intrusion of their sanctuary haunted his dreams with a thousand fantasies 'of calling 'shapes and beckoning shadows dire, and airy tongues that syllable 'men's names,' until the rising sun relieved him from their persecution, and enabled him to accomplish a morning walk of nine miles, and to join us as before stated.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

REGARD being had to the present tastes of France—tastes to which the rising generation are 'entered' very young—it would be simply absurd to publish any book or series of papers about France as it is, without devoting a chapter of the one or a letter of the latter to things sporting. So if this month I am of the horse, horsy, your readers will perhaps kindly excuse me.

'Who is your friend?' said Jack C—to me the other day in the Bois; 'he is not only horsy but doggy!' I will endeavour not

to deserve the latter epithet, and will confine myself chiefly to that horse which the spelling-book tells us is 'a noble animal.'

Of the present Frenchman we may truly say—

'Gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprico in gramine campi;'

i. e., he has taken moderately to hunting—what he calls hunting—twenty minutes up a grass ride to the sound of horns and a 'take' in a reservoir of old carp of the era of the 14th Louis—a good deal to shooting (that is, the '*canibusque* division), and immoderately to the 'sunny grass of the flat meadow,' which is, in fact, the course of Longchamps. To say that the French are fond of racing—*quà* racing—would be a mistake: the generality of the swells who appear in the costume of an 'English sportsman—', *i. e.*, tight trousers, stable jacket, ash-stick, and low-crowned hat—care about as much for the races as they do for the Atlantic cable, and know about as much of one subject as the other; but it is the thing to do; so off they go Sunday after Sunday, and rejoice when M. Grandhomme has exhausted his card and they can go back home. If they have hired a postboy and two clubbed-tailed mares they drive up and down the Champs Elysées till it is so dark that the coccottes cannot see them—that is their racing.

But there is a class of French gentlemen who are not only devoted to sport, but who understand it, and they will always keep alive the wonderful spirit which has been generated here since a good and true Sportsman sat on the Imperial throne of France.

As a believer in the faith of Sporting Christianity (which must be a refinement on that muscular religion which was thrust on us, *nolens volens*, so strongly some time ago by over-active curates and young rectors with a deal of energy on hand), I delight in seeing that the good seed scattered by the Imperial hand has not fallen in barren places.

I am sure even a bad day's shooting is better than a bad night at baccarat. A very poor run at Compiègne must better bear the morning's reflection than a 'run against us' over night at lansquenet. At racing even an industrious 'plunger' can lose a good deal of money if he has luck—by which I mean bad luck, a luxury which Fortune often leaves in our way; but still I think the green sward of Chantilly is a deal less dangerous than that smoother green level on which the 'Golden Youth' of Paris stake their fortunes at the 'Infantile Association.' When I see a blear-eyed youth arrive at Chantilly at 2 p. m., and he tells me he has come direct from the club, where they played till 11 a. m., I think that he has certainly had a practical, if not a financial 'bad night;' but that is no business of mine. I will just say, however, before leaving the subject, that sums have been lost this last season (1866) at the club to which I have playfully alluded above under a cunning name of my own creation, so nobody can possibly know to what club I allude, which remind me of the old days of 'The Saint,' and Crocky. Nine thousand louis is a good deal to lose in a night,

and I fear that Paris next season will not know several of the golden youth who this year were the great supporters of the institution. I should just tell you that there is more or less play in every club in Paris—whist at the 'Union'—whist and imperiale all day and night at the 'Chemin de Fer,' but neither very high. The high play is at the 'Little Club' in the Rue Royale, at the 'Jockey,' the 'Sporting Club,' and the 'Americains,' at the corner of the Rue de Grammont, where there is a 'bank' every night during the season. N.B. The Paris season lasts from nine to ten months out of the year. It must be remembered that there is actually no public play in Paris. I give you my word that, like the gentleman mentioned by Thackeray, 'If I wished to throw away a 'fifty pound note I should not' (out of a club) 'know where to 'go!'

Betting has, of course, set in with racing, but excepting in a few stables where international racing may be said to be a profession, I do not think any Frenchman as yet 'plunges' to an extent likely to produce drowning. It is odd how even now the French and English misunderstand one another; and I have no doubt that there exist still, say in Essex, Herts, Beds, &c. &c., many a sturdy British sportsman who will pooh pooh when I say that, in some respects—nay many—the French already beat us in racing. It is especially in the management that they excel us; but then, to be sure, we live under an Imperial Government. The course is better kept, and the meeting is generally less crowded and noisy. Even pedestrians must pay a franc before they can enter the outer circle of the race-ground. Of course I do not expect my friends in Essex, Herts, &c., to believe this statement. Why should they? Do not a few counties yet 'drink port wine and hate the French?' The only wonder is that our prejudices are so worn away! Only in the middle of the last century the 'Sage,' who really did know several things, favoured England with his opinion of our lively neighbour the Gaul in these quietly impertinent lines, which I suppose were the echo of English opinion—

'All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hissed from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import.
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey;
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape;
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or catgut scrape.
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.'

Neat lines in pretty language, are they not? Still they expressed the opinions of our grandfathers, and I dare say of many of our fathers.

But to return to my subject. Racing has made rapid strides here since the days of the Duc d'Orleans—he who lent money to our Regent—who used to ride his own short-tailed horses, dressed himself—to use the words of the sporting and talented author of 'The

'Interpreter' (one of the best novels that exists in the English language), 'like a highwayman in huge jack-boots and flowing periwig.' In spite of his strange get-up (by-the-by, I think it was a scratch-wig and pigtail) he set the 'ball a rolling,' and it has never stopped since. Perhaps Lord Henry Seymour was the real father of the French Turf. He first introduced the British element into the French Turf—he ran horses, made rules, gave plates, and otherwise served the good cause; but it was not until the days of De Morny and De Lagrange that racing became truly popular in France. Finally, the institution of the Grand Prix by the Emperor, and the wonderful Gladiateur year, set the seal of fashion and even general popularity on that pastime which now occupies half the Sundays of a French sportsman's life. As it is in England so I fear it may become in France—we shall have too many minor Meetings. I wish they would reserve all their best stakes for the Bois de Boulogne and Chantilly, at both of which there are the best possible courses and the very best conceivable stands. But I need not bother you with the theory of French racing; what your readers will want to know is the practice—how to get there, what to pay, and where best to see what is to be seen. Well, then, there are races every Sunday during the summer and autumn, the latter beginning the week after Baden races (which are now, I need not tell you, an established Meeting—Baden, indeed, being the continental Doncaster), either at Longchamps, *i.e.*, the end of the Bois de Boulogne, and an hour at most, even in a hired vehicle, from the Grand Hôtel, or at Chantilly, which is more serious, as it entails getting to the station of the Great Northern of France, which is uphill—then a scrimmage for a carriage—then, if you get a seat, an hour to an hour and a half's 'rail,' and finally a twenty minutes' walk to the course. My love of truth compels me to state that the last half-hour of the railway journey is beautiful. You skirt that splendid forest which belongs to one of whom I could say much; but—

'Oh! no we never mention him, *his* name is never heard;'

which is managed by an English colonel, and part of which used to afford excellent shooting to an ambassador, who chanced also to be a good sportsman; as for the twenty minutes' walk from the station to the course, if it is a fine day and you do not enjoy it, then I say stop at home, eschew 'Baily,' and read ascetic books or the 'Saturday Reviler,' and the 'Piccadilly Inspector,' but 'never more be 'officer of mine!' In the spring, as we go to the early meetings, we walk on a carpet of lilies of the valley and violets; in the autumn, the tints of the forest are more gaudy even than the toilettes which the Rue de Breda sends down to people its own quarter of the Grand Stand, which we more classically call a 'Tribune.' The *mise en scène* of Chantilly is delightful—a sort of rustic Grand Stand, placed in a garden overshadowed with really fine trees, a saddling, paddock behind where all can see and not fear being kicked by one of those quiet yet resolute 'lets-out' so peculiar to 'thoroughbred ones.'

The prettiest course in Europe, every inch of which you can see if you like to walk up twenty stairs, and for company the best and worst or worst and best in Paris, in costumes fitted for a ball-room. Now about getting there. You must go by the train, and from eleven to one they run nearly as fast as they fill, but it is a fearful scrimmage. The nice thing to do would be to go down to Chantilly over night; but, strange to say, there is not a decent hôtel in the place. The Cerf, in the town, is the best—there you can sleep and get 'food.' I use the term purposely, for it is only food; but then sleeping one night out of your own house, and passing that one night in a 'sorry hostel,' as old writers would say, is really labour and sorrow. On the whole—especially if you have no ladies with you—you will do well to go down by the train—fare there and back seven francs fifty centimes.

And now I should tell you that a racing season ticket, which you can get from M. Grandhomme (the James Weatherby of France) at the bureau of the Jockey Club (enter the courtyard, turn to the right, go through a little door, turn again to the right and mount an *escalier de service*, and, *proh pudor!* you will find the offices of the great racing establishment of France. We manage these things better in Burlington Street!)—for the very moderate sum of four pounds (one hundred francs) entitles you to all the benefits to be derived from Grand Stands at all the Spring and Summer Meetings at Chantilly and Longchamps, including the Derby and Oaks at Chantilly and the Grand Prix at Longchamps—about ten Meetings. As for the races in the Bois de Boulogne, they are simply charming—they are not to be compared with any races in England, because you have no races, if I may so term it, 'just outside your door.' We can breakfast on the Boulevard, take our coffee (on race days I always advise a very little dry curaçoa, to be inserted in the *café noir* as a preparation against the shock you will feel at the very short odds which Messrs. Morris and Gideon, those intrepid international speculators, will offer you against your 'good thing,' which will probably be a 'bad last'), smoke that very long cigar, and then drive calmly down, without dust, or crowd, or noise, and, as it were, get into the very heart of the excitement without turning a hair. There is also another very nice way of going to the Bois de Boulogne Meetings (by-the-by, we 'go to meeting' a good deal on Sundays in France). Get up an hour before your usual time, take that inevitable cup of coffee—which, if a wise man, you will keep till after breakfast, when it becomes the greatest luxury of the twenty-four hours—smoke that cigar, and drive calmly down to the Restaurant de la Cascade, close to the course. There is not a prettier refreshment-room in France than that little *châlet*, where, as weather suggests, you can dine in a 'salon,' in a 'cabinet,' under a 'portico,' or under a tree. You get decent food, wine you can drink, and—by dint of strong language and francs—a tolerable attendance even on a Grand Prix day. As you eat, drink, and smoke, the tide of Sporting Paris flows before you. You wonder at the fortune which brings Prince A—— and his

drag safe down that sharp little descent. You admire Count Z—— and his pluck, as, with a loose rein, he lets his two chesnut leaders trot, and his two bay wheelers canter. The man who tempts Providence in a dog-cart is a mild excitement to you, and Young France in open carriages a warning—so you sip in wisdom with your coffee, and inhale experience with your smoke; and when you have quite done and paid your bill, you have only to walk across the road and you are on the course.—(*Nota Bene.* A very elaborate racing-card in Paris costs a penny; they give them to you, however, gratis if you are a season ticket-holder.) You can also go to these races by a steamboat from the Quai d'Orsay, which (after a time) will land you, high and dry, just at the back of the Grand Stand—moyennant deux francs; and during the 'voyage' I will undertake to say that you will see suburban beauties of Paris of which you have no idea: or you can go by rail from St. Lazare, the end of the street at the back of the Madeleine (ten minutes' walk from the Grand Hôtel) to the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and stroll down through the wood; or, if more lazy and less loving of sylvan scenery, you can go to Suresne by train from the same station (trains every quarter of an hour), and just walk over the pretty bridge down the picturesque hill, and so to the soldier-kept race-course, where you have your choice of places and prices from the 'open,' at tenpence, to the 'enclosure,' at twenty francs. The first thing that will strike you on arriving at the course is the perfect calmness—except a few men in the middle of the course who are clustered together and talking *not loudly* for Frenchmen, and who are, in fact, only speculating in lotteries, there is not a sound—no drawing-room could be more elegantly apathetic than the 'tribune;' and as one after another the best-dressed women in Paris drop in and take their seats, they make little bows to their friends, and glide to their seats as if they were going to a morning concert—that *ne plus ultra* of polite inanity! I promise you, however, that after a race or two are over, their tongues are loosened, and then the workmen at Babel, taking their twelve o'clock beer, could not have surpassed these fair dames in clamour, and I might add confusion, of tongues; for Paris *fast* society—I call that fast which for ever peoples the tribune of Longchamps—is composed of persons taken from every nation under heaven. I have heard English, Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, Yankee, the rich brogue of Ireland, and the native French all at work at once, discussing the result of a race in which Count de Lagrange and Grimshaw, with five to one against them (outside odds here) had bowled over, not the least to their own surprise, a great favourite about whom the Public—poor confident, composite body!—had greedily swallowed the tempting bait of five to four, amiably offered by the International layer of odds, who, braving sea-sickness and danger, comes here as regularly on a Sunday morning as the bell-ringer of Notre Dame goes to his clattering tower. Presently a very neat man, dressed rather in a style which brings back the days of D'Orsay, Chesterfield, and that 'lot,' canters quietly down the course on a very neat chesnut hack, the rider's

hand and body swaying to and fro in unison with the action of the animal. To use the words of 'Digby Grand,' it is a case of 'How well I ride you! How well you carry me!' That joint-stock partnership which if it exists between horse and rider causes them to glide so easily over the wide-spreading pastures of the Shires, rendering ordinary fences a mere joke, gates a pleasant diversion, and even 'Oxers' easy of negotiation. This neat gentleman in the brown coat is one to whom you are not only indebted for the state of the course to-day, but for the best rules and regulations existing on the French Turf. He is going to 'start' them to-day, too; and so you will have a taste of his quality in that line. I seldom mention names, but I will take that liberty with one who is a French racing public character. But for Mr. Mackenzie Greaves French racing would never have arrived at the pitch of perfection to which it has now attained. Two races are over, and you have lost your two bets, wondering the while how it can be only six to four against anything in a field of ten starters, and are beginning to think that laying must be at least as profitable as backing, when—hush!—hark! A shout arises at the corner of the course and runs like file-firing up to the stand. Two outriders on bay horses, in that condition only known to Mr. Gamble, advance, the heralds of the Imperial *cortège*—six carriages each with four horses worthy the good word of Mr. Sago of Piccadilly—'Airy 'steppers, sir, nice divine goers'—bring up the Imperial party—Emperor, Empress, Child of France, and there are usually a stray Royalty or two. They take their seats in the centre pavilion, decorated like a hothouse, and it is evident to the least inquiring eye that the old days of Ascot and Goodwood have not passed away from the memory of Napoleon, third of that name. With keen interest he watches the race, and when Grimshaw, having waited to the last on the Eclipse of France, comes away from his horses and wins as he likes, it is evident that the First Person in France is charmed with the triumph of his country. Then he and the Prince descend into the paddock, look at the horses, speak to the leading men in arms, art, sport, politics, and so having

'Won golden opinions from all sorts of men,'

returns to the Tuileries, and, while his merry subjects are revelling after their races, sits burning the midnight oil—toiling for fame and the welfare of his kingdom. Truly it is hard work!

'Uneasy sleeps the head that wears a crown.'

One of the most curious sights I know is the return from the races in the Bois. In five minutes after the last race the course is a desert; the very lottery offices have rolled off, and the bugle of the chasseurs who keep the ground sounds 'Fall in;' and they are all 'retreated' and marched off before a moderate pedestrian can get to the distance.

'Depend upon it,' said Frank de Vere, one day last autumn,

'they've all got wild ducks for dinner, and fear they'll be over-done.'

'Wild ducks be devilled' (only he used even a more peppery phrase), said Growler, R.A.; 'they've got baked mutton and 'tatoes, and think it will be cold.'

'Hope it will; serves them right for being in a hurry, and kicking 'up a dust.'

The return through the Bois is a spectacle. Two rows of chairs reach from the Place de la Concorde to the Course. Here sits the *bourgeoisie* of Paris. They go racing for a penny, and sit on wires (literally) from dewy morn to shadowy eve. Then there are six rows (at least) of carriages, each getting in the other's way, the drivers swearing like troopers. Here a new brougham is polled by a break, on which it is driven by a jibbing and recalcitrant cab-horse in front. There M. de B——'s phaeton is in awful grief, 'having 'locked itself' (so says the driver) in the wheels of Mdlle. Aspasia's brougham, which is coming the other way; and this accident is the more serious as it brings about a moral as well as a material collision. On looking into it you will perceive at once that the carriages thus locked together are painted exactly alike, and bear the same monogram; and then Madame de B——, by an unlucky accident, chances to be with her husband, having had words on the course with Count de C——. Alas! *Amantium iræ* are sometimes anything but a renewal of love. From this accident your attention is soon distracted by the sight of Prince Z——, who will drive a drag. 'What the 'Prince wants,' said Whipper, who lives here now, 'is another 'hand for his whip: he must have more hands or less horses, or 'to grief he must come.' It has come to-day, you see. The leaders are looking him in the face, and he has caught his whip in the hind wheel; his reins are in a knot, and his servants' breeches so tight that it takes them several minutes to descend from their 'perilous eminence.' Crack—bang—smack—any other hideous noise you can suggest—cries, too, of 'Eh là bas!' 'Ay! a—y!'—and behold two ladies of the semi-world, with bright golden tresses and *chignons* of much hair, the property of several ladies who I suppose, to use the words of Mr. Tattersall, 'have no further use for them, 'and they are to be sold,' dressed in every colour of the rainbow, and some others, such as mauve and magenta, which have been invented since rainbows, having first made their postboy so drunk that his very tail quivers, and his boots and spurs keep up a running accompaniment to the mad gallop of the Percheron mares, are running a muck through the dense crowd, laughing, as if killing a man or two in the Champs Elysées was as good fun as ruining them in the Rue de Breda.

At last you reach the Rue Royale, and the mad revel is over. It is dangerous, truly, but you will also, when you have seen it, admit that it is original and amusing, and thank me for having, *via* 'Baily's Magazine,' sent you to the Campus Martius of Paris. As for danger, hire an open carriage, with a good stolid coachman,

in a glazed hat and a red waistcoat, and I dare say nobody will run into you; and if they do, you can calmly reply, like the man who was awakened, and told that the house was on fire, 'I don't care; I'm only a weekly lodger!'

Having got back safe, go and dine at the Maison Dorée; you will find it less crowded on racing nights than any other house.

The French have also, '*regis ad exemplar*,' after the fashion of the Emperor—who used (to quote Mr. Kinglake's most biassed and most entertaining work) 'to ride fairly to hounds'—taken to hunting, such as it is. But here I must pause and say that in this, as in all else, serious or trivial, which the talented author of '*Eothen*' writes about the third Napoleon, he is utterly unfair and prejudiced. Was there a '*teterrima causa belli*?' They say so here: but I believe nothing I hear—little I see. In the days when Mr. Hubert de Burgh and the 'King's' hunted the Harrow country, and when a 'drag' used to convey the 'Count,' Lord Pembroke, the Twins, &c., &c., to the meet (usually an hour behind time, but Davis used to wait, and it was worth it), Prince Louis used to cut out the work, and if on a good horse took a deal of beating.

Hunting, however, can never take deep root in France. What is hunting without fences? Ultra-Nimrods may say that watching the hounds is the great delight, the point of the epigram; but if we watch them hunting a cold scent over a common, we are apt to get as cold as the scent, and so go home. Nobody likes seeing hounds work better than the humble individual who now takes the liberty of writing to 'Baily,' but I firmly believe that it is those things which the French call '*obstacles*,' and we '*loudish places*,' which make it so difficult to see the hounds do that work which is the chief charm of hunting. They cannot have that, though, in France. You cannot have fences in a champaign country, any more than you can make a silk port-monnaie out of the ear of that unhappy animal which is now suffering from *pig-a-nosis*, as the disease was graphically described by a gentleman at the Grand Hôtel yesterday. Hunting in France is a spectacle—glorious woodlands at Compeigne, Chantilly, and Meudon, reminding the midland county man of the '*Dukeries*' and that still wild tract of forest which extends across the grand country which is hunted by the '*Duke*,' the Quorn, the Fitzwilliam, and the Pytchley. In these picturesque woodlands there is still a '*chasse*,' which in grandeur equals, and in sport exceeds those '*grandes chasses*,' which the '*Grand Louis*' used to hold in honour of our departed James II. A good run—*i. e.*, what they considered a good run—was then thought to be almost a consolation for a lost kingdom. If you will take the train to Chantilly on certain days—the meets are easily found out—I will mention the '*Byron Tavern*,' in the Rue Favard, which is in constant communication with Chantilly and Compeigne, and the hospitable host of which '*hostel*' (*Angleterre en France*) will telegraph for you, and get the '*latest sporting intelligence*:' taking a horse from John Howse, in Paris, for it is difficult to get one either at Compeigne or

Chantilly, you will see a 'chasse,' not, of course, according to the views of the stern sporting readers of 'Baily,' but a great sylvan spectacle. As the cavalcade gallops down those great rides, the deep-mouthed hounds baying, the horns (God forgive us!) twanging, and the 'fine gentlemen' in costume galloping, you may 'd—— the 'hunting' as Sir Barnet Skettles, in 'Dombey and Son' did the 'dancing-master,' who engaged him in a political discussion at that ball given by Doctor Blimber of Brighton, but you must confess that it is a grand spectacle. It is worth going there, if only to see the condition to which it is possible to get a great stud of valuable, or rather invaluable, hunters; but we must bear in mind that they do not know what it is to have a really hard day, and 'kill the other 'side of the next county' (as George Beers used to say when he was eloquent over the 'Oakley'). Then the Percheron mares, which 'go through a run' in a 'char-a-banc,' with twenty people, and gallop all day. Go and see, I say—again I say, 'Go and see!'

So much for hunting near Paris. You may get wilder and more SPORTING sport in the distant forests; but when you have been there, when you have 'gone, and seen, and conquered,' I fear you will come to the 'conclusion that there is but 'one Allah, and Mahomed 'is his prophet;' that is to say, there is only one Diana in the world, and her shrine is consecrated in the 'SHIRES.' Yet France is right to try. They will not succeed. We English, by right of our Scandinavian descent, succeed to the fee simple of sport—'Fox-hunting.'

There is very fair shooting in France, not now the least cheap. There are preserves where you can kill thousands; but of course that, in France as in England—at Compeigne as at Enville—is a mere matter of money, hampers, and a quick train. But there are good shootings to be had within an hour or two of Paris. Round Chantilly they are excellent; but bad to get, and worse to pay for. An ambassador, who happens also to be a great and good sportsman, had one of these; he PAID for it, I believe, though I do not know how much; I should say, however, about the revenue of a Sax-Something duke; but on that shooting, an hour and a half from Paris, day after day, he could kill from twenty to thirty head of game all through the season. Genteel readers will remember, however, that this gentleman was a sportsman, not a poulterer, and killed his birds for pleasure, not profit, else he would have had 'great days,' 'warm corners' (from which bad shots and younger sons were equally excluded), a carrier's cart, and an account with the poulterer at the little town of Château-la-Chasse. I have little more to say of the shooting of France. There is capital wild-fowl, and, above all, snipe-shooting, in certain districts; but few English would go off on such a wild expedition.

By the way, why do not some sporting English go off to the Black Forest? I have just come from there. There you have shooting, tame and wild; fishing, very good in May and June; 'grandes 'chasses.' If you go to Baden, and apply to Monsieur Weh, the admirable secretary, whose whole life seems to me to be passed in

doing civil acts—'M. Weh,' says one, 'I want to fish, and catch a great many fish.' 'Good,' says M. Weh, and sends a 'ticket,' and you do catch a good deal. 'Monsieur Weh,' cries No. 2, 'I must go out shooting. I ONLY want a permission, a gun, a dog, a keeper, some ammunition, and a carriage.' 'Good,' again says M. Weh, and off goes No. 2, and kills or misses according to his wont or his bent. Naturally, if he has a bent he does not shoot straight, and so misses, and the bag of that man is emptier at night than in the morning. Seriously, this Black Forest shooting is grand. It is better than potting Compeigne pheasants; it is better than killing quails on the south coast—in a word, it is sport; and you can get there from London in forty-eight hours. If you like catching trout, that you may do out of your bedroom casement, 'au clair de la lune.'

I have finished the more serious items of my 'Chapter on Sport,' which, as we are all more or less descended from Nimrod, that mighty hunter, must be of general interest; and now I must conclude a long chapter with some minor details of those 'petty pleasures,' as the over-righteous call them, which, after all, are the oases in the desert of hard-working life. For, mark me, since the 'practical era,' which set in with the Crimean war, we all work as if our daily bread depended on it.

There is very good fishing to be had in certain preserves in France. Certain old moats abound in great carp and tench, and certain old reservoirs in pike and perch. It is not very easy, however, to get leave. There is fishing at Chantilly, which would have caused Isaak Walton's mouth to have watered. If you can get leave, and a certain colonel who resides at Chantilly can give it if he pleases—he don't please very often—you may catch such pike and perch as will rather astonish your weak mind, and bend your very stiffest top-joint; and there also are carp of an age so venerable, and of a size so monstrous, that they might swallow a little Jonah. They have also lived through several revolutions, and witnessed the advent and exodus of several dynasties; but, by the way, I do not know if that is any great disadvantage in a fresh-water fish. Like good servants, these carp answer the bell. To them it is a dinner-bell, and we all answer that. After fishing, in the category of sport comes coursing. I know I shall be d—— d—— by the brothers of the leash for saying it, but I must speak out. France has not taken to coursing, and I do not think it is any great loss. 'Melancholy mad for an hour—' raving mad for a minute;' such is, to my perverted mind, coursing.

Hawking—that fine old classical and historical sport, the amusement of dames, and the recreation of knights, statesmen, and kings—has been tried in France with considerable success; and indeed no country is better suited for the sport. Fancy, for instance, a gallop over the champaign country of Normandy, or between Bordeaux and Bayonne! It is a grand sport, too, and admits of a deal of that theatrical 'get-up' and 'decoration' which just suits the taste and the talent of 'our lively neighbour the Gaul.' Green velvet and plumed

hats, gauntlets, Hungarian boots, lures, hoods, hawks—why it is a picture of itself, and the Parisian would dress the character to perfection, and ‘the Lord be gude to us’ (as they say in Glasgow), how the demi-monde would go in for it! What a chance for a ‘ravishing costume!’ What an opportunity for our natural enemies to take undue advantage of us.

Cricket alone remains to be recorded. Thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Sparkes, a ‘P. C. C.’ has been formed, and they play certain matches against certain other English, who come over here, and astonish the ‘Grand Hôtel’ by their wonderful gets-up, their brown faces, and look of genial freshness—such a contrast to the seedy, used-up look of the denizens of cafés, whose exercise is a walk to the Bourse, and whose amusement is a game of ‘dominoes’ for a glass of sugar and water.

But cricket does not flourish on this soil. ‘Tiens! Charles,’ said, at the last match, a young Frenchman to his friend, ‘I would ‘as soon stand before Jules, at twelve paces, in the Bois, as be ‘pelted by that strong islander who is now throwing that cannon-ball at the other islander who holds the wooden thing.’

No; cricket is too dangerous and too violent exercise for Jules, Charles, and Alphonse.

They have tried rowing a good deal of late, and an Englishman, Mr. Geisling, wins every match, and has as many medals as a Crimean colonel. There are regattas, too, and Mr. John Arthur wins his share of those.

And now I have exhausted (‘deuced good thing too,’ say crusty and cantankerous readers) all my ‘Chapter on Sport.’ It was necessary if not amusing—let us hope it will be instructive.

I will conclude by saying that the whole of France is stimulated to sport by the example of the Emperor, who hunts, shoots (and very well too), fishes, and finally shoots pigeons in the season. Asked lately to give a prize for an international pigeon handicap, to be shot for during the Exhibition of 1867, he said, ‘Of course. Go to ‘M. Pietri, and he will give all you want.’

A WEEK AT BALLINA IN JULY.

It was the height of the season on the Moy. Paris overflows with gaiety in December; London revels in June; why, therefore, should not Ballina, ‘the capital of the West,’ hold her carnival in July?

At the age of eleven I was a zealous angler. Whilst receiving my first lessons in love and geography at a girls’ school in the pleasant village of Ballyhowness, I studied ‘the gentle craft’ with great success, morning and evening, on the stream which skirts the road between ‘our house’ and that well-known seminary.

On cloudy days, when sport was good, the Lady Superior, with a barbarity worthy of the dark ages, not unfrequently crowned me with

a peculiar species of paper diadem, as a warning to all loitering day-boarders. At sixteen I could kill a salmon as well as the priest, but latterly circumstances had run dead against the practice of my art. My father had little to give me beyond a slender stock of knowledge; I was to win fortune for myself: and the first step on that hard metallic road was taken, when, five weary years ago, I bade my earliest friend good-bye, mounted a stool in Somerset House, and became one of the clerks to the Admiralty.

I cannot say I liked it: the change was too sudden; and for a time the longing after one dear old face amounted to pain. But we have all been home-sick at some period of our lives, and now I only recall the pang of parting to heighten the joy of meeting; for the excursion ticket is in my pocket, and to-night I start for 'the Lodge,' *viâ* Kingstown and Castlebar, and, holy Peter! won't I take Ballina by the way, and spend a joyous week on the Moy.

None but a lover of the country, long imprisoned in bricks and mortar, can understand the extasy with which I hailed a hansom, deposited therein my person and effects, and, with an ill-concealed air of triumph, gave the pass-word, 'Paddington.' We were not above an hour too soon, yet I was tortured by an abiding fear that the miserable animal that drew us could not possibly reach the station in time. The dread, however, proved groundless. I submitted to cabby's extortion without a murmur; saw the luggage duly labelled; entered an empty carriage; and when, at length, the whistle sounded, and the swift train bore us away into the fresh country, I sank back into a corner, and gave myself up to delicious meditation.

Many of my readers probably know Ballina as well as I do. To these the following pages may afford pleasure, by recalling old scenes and happy days. To those, however, who have as yet no personal acquaintance with the Moy, a little sober detail may be useful.

Everybody knows that we started from Paddington. Lower and lower sunk the sun, as our train flew down the line; slowly the mist rose out of pond, and river, and meadow; till it spread like a deluge over the land; and still the broad gauge bore us swiftly on towards Gloucester. From thence to Holyhead the road, viewed through the medium of 'Bradshaw,' seemed a railway puzzle. The Cretan Labyrinth must have been a joke to it, but, somehow or other, our guard found his way; rushed down to the port of Anglesea, in time to catch 'the Munster' (a noble steamer of two thousand tons), ready to start; and so it came to pass, that in a little over eleven hours we were eating a broiled Lough Neagh trout for breakfast at the hotel at Kingstown.

As we must kill our first salmon to-morrow we have little time to spare. We were able to see St. George's Channel, sparkling in the sunshine; the noble harbour, which cost the Government I know not how many millions of pounds; and the glorious Bay of Dublin; then—we were once more speeding towards the capital, by the best paying line in the kingdom. How fresh and new both the driver and vehicle seemed which bore us to the station of the 'Great

'Southern and Western.' There was the College, famous for the wits, poets, and wise men it has produced; famous, too, for the mad jokes it witnessed in the old wild days; there was the Bank, once the House of Session, when Dublin held a Parliament of its own; there the Custom House, Sackville Street, and Nelson's Pillar. Soon we were off again, through Mullingar, illustrious for its lakes; through Athlone; past the broad Shannon; over bogs, purple with blossoming heather; under blue mountains; till we reach Castlebar, immortalized by Maxwell in his 'Wild Sports of the West.' Here the rail ended. 'Kar, your honour; kar to Ballina? Barney and I'll take ye there 'in a jiffy,' bawled a curious-looking animal, in loose breeches and long grey coat. 'Sure, a gentleman like your honour won't go in 'that baste of a coach, wid thim spalpeens of tailors.' Poor Pat must have seen something remarkably green about me, when he ventured thus to describe my fellow-travellers. I am sure he 'did when, having captured portmanteau, rod-case, and owner, he carried them off in triumph, past the gaol, and through a long lane of cabins, into the wilderness beyond.

It was late when we drove over the bridge and entered the town. A few hucksters' shops were still open; in fact, having no shutters they could not be closed. The hotel was all alive, and in the coffee-room were lights, laughter, and song. Eight or nine men—some of whom I had seen not a week before in Regent Street—notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, were laudably industrious, inspecting casting-lines, which had that day done good service; placing new flies in their books; or smoothing, mending, or discarding insects, whose 'case' was either desperate, or likely to yield to treatment. A few minutes sufficed to show me the morning's sport had been excellent; nine grilse had fallen to one rod; six to another; seven to a third, and so on. 'First-rate angling!' some reader may murmur; 'everything has its price; I wonder what *this* cost!' Now, to such a question very unsatisfactory answers are usually returned: ours shall be as satisfactory as brief; Nil. Yes, it is quite true; and not only is no charge made, but one salmon per day is actually presented gratis to the captor. Oh, Mr. Little, Mr. Little, prince of all managers, lessees, and owners! some day—may it, however, be far distant—I trust a grateful public will erect 'a statue of gold on a 'pillar of porphyry' to your honour, on the west quay, between the bridges. As a sporting quarter, this is, to my mind, incomparably the best in the kingdom, whether the stock of fish, the extent of water, or the variety of sport be considered. The angler who is too lazy 'to cast,' may troll. If his spirit does not soar to the altitude of salmon, he may kill trout, perch, or pike, the finest of their kind. Should the river prove too small for his taste, he can betake himself to Lough Conn, or Lough Mask, and revel on these inland seas. Of course he will require a boat for the lakes, and ought to have one on the river; but, in the Moy, fish *can* be killed from the bank. One word more, and we will lay aside the 'utile' to take up the 'dulce.' The tide flows to the weirs, and for about an hour and

a half before and after high water there is nothing to be done on the 'lower ground.'

A few days previous to my departure from town, I instructed my quondam professional man, Terry, to look out for me, and, on my arrival, I found him sitting on the steps, smoking a pipe, in calm expectation. The poor fellow was an old friend, and we had much to talk about. At length, however, our plans were settled; my health had been duly drunk, and there was no excuse for further delay. His last words were emphatic: 'I'll be wid ye, Misther Hector, at peep o' day.'

'Remember, Terry, for five years I have lived in a part of the 'world where men are more in the habit of going to bed than coming 'out of it at three o'clock in the morning.' The obdurate party looked at me with an expression compounded of pity and contempt. 'Well, will *four* suit ye, then? The tide won't spile us till eight. 'But, oh, Misther Hector; bad cess to the place you've been in; for 'it's ruin'd ye are intirely.'

The world in general was fast asleep when Terry and I stood on the quay; but, early as it was, my comrades of last night were wide awake. Two or three were standing impatiently on the river steps, waiting for their boats; one loiterer was hurrying down to the water, whilst another was not only already moored in the stream, but was actually playing the first fish of the day.

'I could ye so, Misther Hector!' growled Terry, looking black as thunder at the successful party. 'This comes of laying a-bed' (the unconscionable villain had knocked me up at half-past three). 'Sorra 'a taste of luck shall we get the day, any way.'

If a man be unhappy, employment is the best medicine. Now, my professional man was remarkably disquieted; so, getting into our boat, I peremptorily ordered him to shove off, and take up a position about midway between the upper and lower bridges.

Some heavy rain had fallen in the last week of June, which, without producing a flood, had given us a nice little fresh; and, as former experience had taught me that, under such circumstances, nothing better could be done than to fish this stream, up and down, till the tide drove us home, we resolved to try it thoroughly before proceeding elsewhere. Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour—but not a rise; flies had been changed over and over again in vain, though, as my companion remarked, 'the place was paved wid 'um.' One by one, boats which had shared our ill-luck dropped down the stream towards 'the tan yard.' Should we, too, move off? 'If you are 'over fish, stick to them, and they'll be sure to come,' is a golden rule, which, in the present case, we determined to follow, notwithstanding the best of the Moy patterns had been tried, and found wanting. The inimitable 'Parson,' though usually so eloquent, preached to an inattentive congregation. Creatures of more sober hue did not help us. 'The grey' of the south, and 'the butcher' of the north, brought no grist to our mill. Terry scraped his head with an energy that must subsequently have necessitated the appli-

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cation of bear's grease, or Macassar, had not his hair been of a quality extra strong. Without going to such dangerous lengths, I felt depressed and disheartened. Presently light shone out of the darkness. By a bright inspiration, time long passed, surged up before me; and I recalled happy, careless hours, before the realities of the world had settled on me. Rapidly I remembered that, when fishing one autumn on a beautiful mountain river not a hundred miles N.W. of Donegal, the proprietor, with his usual kindness, said, 'Look, my lad; here are the ordinary flies, and nine times 'out of ten they are to be relied on: sometimes they fail. When 'they do, try this.' Suiting the action to the word, he placed in my hand a long, hairy, wingless monstrosity, something between a gigantic red palmer, thinly hackled, and a 'gold spinner;' and didn't it do the work that day, on a stream which shall be nameless!

Handing the rod to my partner—who, rearranging the casting-line, promised to improve the occasion—a hook of the right size and shape was soon found; the loop spliced on; tag, tail, body, and hackel quickly run up; and lo! the new creation was finished. In a couple of minutes more it was flying through the air, at 'the point.'

Wind and sea, sand and 'the sex,' are types of constancy, when compared with Miss Grilse. What charm was there in this ugly grub? What could those bright eyes see to admire in the stranger, 'bearded like a pard?' Well, I suppose it must have been the beard that captivated. At any rate, no sooner had it touched the water than a stout fish came at it gallantly; in a second after the wheel was discoursing most excellent music. Man is a wonderful animal: a quarter of an hour before, I looked at 'all creation' from a gloomy point of view; regarded Terry as the immediate cause of my misery, and voted myself a despicable fool for being seduced out of bed at such a heathenish hour, instead of remaining therein, like a reasonable being. Now, nothing could be more delightful, nothing more rational; and as for Mr. T., he was the best of men: and all this preposterous change of opinion occurred because a poor animal, with half an inch or so of wire in his nose, and a few fathoms of line at his heels, was running for dear life. Moralize as we will, there is no possibility of denying the pleasure. It may be absurd, but still it is delightful.

Salmon fight sportingly in proportion to the shallowness of the stream; and between the two bridges there is no very deep water. That gallant race has brought our friend under the arch, and Terry hauls manfully at the mooring-rope, in order to follow; but there is no need, for the brave fish once more heads towards us, making the slack line cut the water like a score of knives. So closely were we connected, that it might not be incorrect to say my relation had hitherto kept to his own element; now rushing down the stream, now flying against it; then rolling madly over the surface, and then vainly seeking refuge at the bottom. Swiftly the line rose parallel to the surface; what acrobat on earth could have executed so neat a

summersault? I felt really proud of 'my relative,' as he sprang lightly into the air, every spangle on his silver dress sparkling in the early sunshine. But neither did this avail. Muscular fibre can only sustain violent exertion for a limited period. Poor Mr. S. had been severely tried, and was evidently failing; the runs became shorter and less swift, and the leaps were exchanged for laborious plunges. His race was run; his last hour was near, and in another moment Terry slipped the gaff under him, and all was over. 'He an't a bad 'one, as times go,' that gentleman remarked, whilst, holding his prize firmly by the tail, he administered a light but sufficient tap behind the occiput; 'I reckon he's better nor eleven pound. There; all's 'clear; work away, Misther Hector; you've an hour and a half ' afore the tide comes.'

We had waited long for customers; our goods had been slighted, our efforts unsuccessful; but now business flowed in rapidly. Hardly had we given Mr. S. a receipt in full before we were again actively occupied; then came another, and another. This was something like work. Four nice fish within the hour. 'Go it, yer honour; 'go it like blazes!' Terry was now too much excited to attend to niceties of speech. 'Och, murther; the boats is coming!' and, without consulting me on the subject, he hauled in the mooring-rope, punted off like mad towards the upper bridge, dashed under the centre arch, and once more came to an anchor about twenty yards above its southern face. 'There, now,'—polishing his reeking forehead with a handkerchief—'we've got to the highest p'int, and shall 'save tin minutes, at least. More power to your elbow: work 'away, for time's precious!' Manfully we did work; one by one the boats reached the landing-place; the tide was within a few yards, yet we had done nothing, and expectation was at full stretch. Swift flew the line: soon it would be too late. Lightly it fell, below, close to the arches; to the right; to the left. The flood had reached us, yet I could not, for the life of me, refrain from making another cast. 'He's stuck in him!' chorussed a crowd of small boys lolling over the parapet. And so he was; but, in the extremity of his excitement, piscator lost his head, and broke the top joint short off; alas, alas! it ran down, *down* the line. More than once this accident had befallen me, and invariably ended badly, the descending joint doing duty as a clearing ring. Now, however, with two flies on, the top might not reach the hook which held our last chance. Everything we knew was put in practice. No new-born babe could have been handled more tenderly; and at length, with a sigh of unspeakable relief, after twenty minutes' torture, I saw our fifth fish lifted into the boat. It was a brand plucked from the burning; it was a crowning triumph; and that morning I marched home to breakfast in such a state of insane delight that, had a message by the wires reached me, announcing that, in consideration of my merits, a paternal Government had generously added two hundred pounds per annum to my salary, I doubt whether the news would have added one grain to my happiness. For the next three or four hours nothing more could be

done on the lower water, so we ate, smoked, laughed, chatted, read, and wrote, till again summoned to our pleasant toil by the ebb.

A twice-told tale must be well told indeed to please. I dare not venture on so bold an experiment. Suffice it, then, to say that, when we reached the steps in the evening, we were happy in the possession of five more grilse, which brought our total to ten fish.

Thus ended my first and best day. The remainder of the week will long be a dream of delight; and when, on the morning of my departure, Terry tucked me up on the car, even his last words seemed to carry little consolation with them. 'Mind, Misther Hector, 'we're to have a day on the lakes, whin ye come back.'

UP, IN THE HEATHER.

'Oh, what are worth
The raptures felt convention's crowds among,
To his who walks in clouds above the earth,
Pure as its fountain-streams in their sky-nurtured birth?'

UP, in the heather! Reader, if it has never been thy happy lot to realize the import of those few words, and to visit that flowery region, in which the honey-bee finds its sweetest food, and man his most glorious repast of health, sport, and happiness, at least, thy imagination has often soared so high, and thou hast seen, with fancy's eye, the red-deer drinking at the burn; the salmon surmounting the obstacle of a roaring cascade; and mayhap thou hast even heard the watchful cock-grouse doing duty for his cousin, old Chanticleer, and proclaiming to his feathered pack 'the coming of the 'morn.'

If not; if thou hast neither known nor longed to know such scenes,—oh, lay this page aside, for thou hast neither lot nor part in the matter of which 'Baily' speaks; nor seek, from this fount, to taste that Pierian stream, the joys of which thy soul can neither appreciate nor thy nature comprehend.

Up, in the heather! up, in the pure, invigorating, life-giving air of the old granite world! No cloth of gold ever equalled the carpet spread on that mountain-side, so charming to the eyes, with its purple tint and varied hues. Then the scenery around!—does any country in the world surpass it in wild beauty and savage grandeur?

No wonder the home of the deer and the black-cock is the birthplace of poetry and song! No wonder that Burns was inspired, and that his verses flow fresh and sparkling as a mountain stream; nor that Landseer should seek the land of heather for his loveliest pictures—

'Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.'

A hunter might almost be excused for sharing the poor Indian's feelings, if he could only hope to find a land like this 'beyond the sky.'

But, as a picture must have its shadows, and every rose its thorn, so my Brittany friend, the Baron Keryfan, discovered to his cost, that some of the spirits frequenting these Elysian fields had brought a large stock of their gross nature with them; that, in fact, the company was objectionable, and that the quarters he occupied were not altogether the marble halls he expected to find them.

In an evil hour, and without exercising that shrewdness of judgment for which Keryfan is remarkable, he wrote, in general terms, to a London agent to procure for him the right of shooting over some good grouse-moor in the Highlands of Scotland, leaving the particular arrangements to the fancy of that official. Accordingly, by the help of a considerable sum of money, and no little diplomacy, the 'Rory-Beg shootings' were at length secured for him: but not for himself alone; five others had purchased an equal right to kill game over that well-stocked ground—'Gentlemen of great wealth,' as the agent described them, and 'first-class sportsmen,' into the bargain.

Now, there is not a more thorough Legitimist, nor a truer scion of the *ancien régime* in all Brittany than Keryfan; yet, having seen a great deal of the world, he is sufficiently cosmopolitan to value a good fellow—especially if he be a sportsman—in whatever rank of life he finds him; but he shrinks from a vulgar dog as he would from a leper, and, I verily believe, would rather live in a hollow tree for the rest of his life, than consort with such company.

Relying, then, implicitly on the representations of his agent, not less with respect to the gentlemen he was about to meet, than the swarms of game with which the moor was said to abound, he arrived at Rory-Beg House on the 10th of August, 1866, in hopeful mood, and brimming over with high spirits, in anticipation of the coming day.

'Oh, my prophetic soul!' I hear the experienced reader say, who probably, in his younger days, has himself been the victim of a similar delusion. But let Keryfan tell his own plain story, and the reader will then understand the ins and the outs of the 'Rory-Beg Shootings.'

'I happened, Frank,' said he, 'to be standing within a few yards of the house, when the carriage containing my five destined companions drove to the door, and as they fixed their eyes on me, you can imagine my surprise on hearing one say to another, "I'll lay you a crown, Jenkins, that's number six." Now, that being a numerical mode of designation quite new to me, I did not at first catch its meaning; but, on doing so, a kind of cold shudder crept over me, and a most decided opinion of the whole party at once took possession of my soul.'

'At all events,' said I, 'they did not take you for a cipher, Keryfan, and so far they were right in their reckoning, that's certain. It was simply a commercial figure of speech, and really meant no harm.'

‘Perhaps not,’ said he; ‘but it was only the prelude to further eccentricities.’

‘It was arranged we should shoot the ground in pairs; and it so happened—I will not say to my very great chagrin—that on the morning of the 12th, Mr. Larkins, who was to have been my partner in the chase, made his appearance at the breakfast-table with his arm in a sling and his foot in a list shoe; the twinges, too, from which he had suffered in the night, had left their impress on his face, and he looked vicious as a wounded wasp. I am not very straightlaced, as you know, Frank; but it really horrified me to hear the profanity with which he denounced the whole creation, and especially the star under which he had the ill-luck to be born. I thought of the Arab proverb, that “Curses are like chickens, they always come home to roost,” and congratulated myself on being relieved, at least in the field, of a companionship for which I felt so little inclined.

‘So I sallied forth alone: my Brittany setters did their work admirably, taking kindly to the new scent, and coming to their points as boldly as if they had red-legs to deal with, and not grouse. The game was abundant, and I had a capital day’s sport; the bag amounting to forty-five brace, one snipe, and a hare.

‘On assembling at dinner, it was ascertained that Jenkins and his friend had killed fifteen brace, and Messrs. Nixon, Brothers, eight brace—the latter declaring the grouse were wild as eagles, and required a needle-gun to bring them to bag. During the whole of the week the same proportion was maintained between us; and I must have been a gourmand indeed, not to have been satisfied with the sport I found on the “Rory-Beg shootings.”

‘But, my dear Frank, no sport out of doors could compensate for the penalty I paid within. The sole conversation of my companions turned upon the rise or fall of the foreign markets, with especial reference to those of India, China, and America. They rung the changes on the present and probable prices of endless and, to me, unknown articles of commerce produced by those countries, using, the whole while, a set of strange technical terms such as I never met with in an English vocabulary. Anxiously and eagerly, too, they spoke of the clipper-ships, expected with new teas from Foo Chow; three of which, namely, the Taeping, the Ariel, and the Fiery Cross appeared to be their especial favourites.’

‘Well, Keryfan,’ I interposed, ‘that subject—the great ocean race of the world—would have interested me deeply;—the Leger of our merchant princes, on which more money depends than would purchase a German sovereignty. Fancy the grand course, so many thousand miles long! the duration of the run, at least three months! and those birds of the sea flying homewards on the wings of the wind! Then, what *éclat* for the winner, and what a prize for her fortunate backers!’

‘Ay, that was the sole point of view from which my companions regarded the race; it was to them simply an *£. s. d.* affair; a com-

‘mercial venture worthy of all note. And, for my part, I can see no great difference between the rouge-et-noir gambler and such speculators: both share a similar excitement, although perhaps the latter may pride themselves in the belief that they are undefiled by the moral turpitude that degrades the other.’

‘At dinner, too, I cannot describe the horror I felt at seeing them enact certain jugglery feats with knives, which they appeared to pass with wonderful rapidity into the innermost recesses of their throats, and then to withdraw them again without cutting off their tongues.’

‘You should have served one of them,’ said I, ‘as poor Lord Waterford’s friend served his German neighbour at a *table d’hôte*; he gave his elbow a nudge, and sent the knife out through his cheek.’

‘Well, Frank, I would have suffered it all patiently if I had heard one word about those grand moors, or one about the sport, for which we had all travelled so far; it would have been at least one subject in common between us; but it was nothing but shop, shop, from the hour of dinner to that of rest: and Pluto would have pitied me could he have heard my sighs as night after night I wearily lighted my candle and escaped to my chamber.

‘Another week at Rory Beg House would have killed me; so, hearing our friend Penrose was in Rosshire, I started at a moment’s notice, and soon found myself in the company of one who, as a horseman, a sportsman, and a gentleman, is inferior to none in Great Britain.

‘The Rory Beg shootings were unquestionably good, but as for my companions, I devoutly trust I never may meet a man of them again.’

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE yachting season is now fairly drawing to its close, and, though the lists of arrival and departure from the Isle of Wight still contain many famous and popular names, it is daily growing less, and in a few weeks most owners will have given orders for laying up, save the few enthusiasts who employ the off season in exploring foreign waters. The season has been in many respects a most successful one, though the weather was perhaps less favourable than in 1865. The powers that be in the Isle of Wight may be congratulated upon the curtailment of their programmes, as last year’s proceedings were too protracted to be generally appreciated, and the change has been universally approved.

The sudden death of Sir Gilbert East threw a damp over the yachting world, as the deceased baronet was a popular member of several great clubs, and well known as an indefatigable yachtsman, and one really conversant with his pet sport, a qualification which many can scarce aspire to claim. Sir Gilbert added to yachting skill a marked proficiency in many manly sports and was popular among his associates for his social qualities.

Southampton, as usual, commenced the southern yachting season, and though rather uninteresting in itself, was noticeable as the prelude to the coming glories of Ryde and Cowes. The little Quiver won easily. In these days, when so many new clubs and regattas are announced, it is satisfactory

to chronicle the revival of an old meeting which has been discontinued for several years. The Southern Regatta took place in Southampton Water. Fortune apparently did not favour the revival, and the Venti family declined to put in an appearance on the first day, so the chief events had to be sailed again. The principal prize was open to any rig under 40 tons, and the entries were, Vanguard, Captain Hughes; Sphinx, H. C. Maudslay; and Niobe, W. Gordon. Captain Hughes took the prize, the Niobe, with time allowance, losing by a couple of minutes. Mr. Maudslay did not start the second day. The race for yachts under 60 tons comprised the Avoca, J. Walker; Virago, W. Jessop; Flying Fish, G. Jessop; and Sir B. Chichester's Rosebud. Sir B. Chichester's boat had all the best of the race the first day, and won by nearly a quarter of an hour. The Virago did not start a second time. Captain Chamberlayne took another prize, for boats under 15 tons, with his clipper, The Quiver, though Captain Whitbread, in the Queen, had a good chance, and was close up for some distance, until he suddenly hauled the foresheet to windward, and gave up the contest without any apparent reason. The Royal Albert Yacht Club, at Southsea, had three pleasant days which were very successful, but would have been more so had the fixture not clashed with the Squadron Meeting at Cowes. The Schooner Race was contested by the Blue Bell, F. Edwards; Gloriana, A. O. Wilkinson; Madcap, D. Dunbar; and Witchcraft, J. Broadwood; but Mr. Dunbar's vessel fell astern early in the race, and bore up for Spithead. Blue Bell evidently enjoyed the wind, which was strong W.S.W., and, though she did not get well away, walked along merrily in the breeze, and took the prize with nearly five minutes to spare. This was the fastest time on record, and as the Gloriana and Witchcraft (second to the Arrow last season) were astern, Mr. Edwards may well congratulate himself upon the performance. The Albert Cup, for cutters under 80 tons, had several well-known clippers entered; amongst others the Fiona, Christabel, Sphinx, and Admiral French's Dione. There was a strong S.W. wind, and reefs were the order of the day. The Sphinx led from the first, though she was closely pressed by the Fiona, which came up very near towards the finish, but being out-weathered by the Sphinx, retired, leaving Mr. Maudslay's clipper a leisurely journey home. The Royal Victoria Yacht Club's week at Ryde commenced with a schooner race, for which the Aline, C. Thellusson; Witchcraft, T. Broadwood; Evadne, J. Richardson; Madcap, J. S. A. Dunbar; Blue Bell, F. Edwards; and the Gloriana, A. O. Wilkinson, were entered, and a fair N.W. breeze gave promise of fair sport. The race lay between the Aline, Blue Bell, and Gloriana, and Mr. Edwards had a great chance of taking the first prize by time, until close home, when the wind veering to W., Blue Bell had to make another tack, and only gained the second. The Cutter Race, also over the Victoria course, fell to the Fiona, Lord Lennox's Hirondelle coming in next, but the Sphinx took the prize by time allowance. The Town Cup, open to yachts of any rig, had a grand entry, most of those entered for the previous races going for this, as well as the Hyacinth, Lord Burghley; Caprice, Captain Anderson, and several others. The Aline won the Cup, which has thus fallen to the popular Commodore for three successive seasons. On the following day the race was a handicap, and was won by the Hyacinth, which received fifteen minutes from all the vessels except the Caprice. The match from Ryde to Cherbourg for Mr. Thellusson's prize, a Silver Etruscan Vase, took place on the 18th ult. The entries were numerous, and included the Witchcraft, Fiona, Sphinx, Anemone (A. H. Baxendale), Rattlesnake, Marina, Julia, Captain Goad's Mariquita, and several others. Mr. Morice's clipper had the

best of the start; but after an infinity of changes, the *Fiona* was the first to pass Cherbourg Breakwater at a quarter to one A.M., having left Ryde at nine the previous evening. It was so dark on arriving, that the *Fiona's* crew could not tell whether they were the first in, so sent up some rockets, and not being answered, took 'No' for satisfactory answer. The return match for Mr. Broadwood's Cup started on the 21st, and several which had sailed on the outward journey determined to take it more leisurely on the way back, and gave up their chance of the prize. The *Fiona*, *Anemone*, *Marina*, *Julia*, *Pantomime*, *Selene*, and *Blue Bell*, however, started under convoy of a large accompanying fleet. There was a nice N.W. breeze; the *Pantomime* was first off, the *Selene*, which eventually won, lying astern. As they neared the English coast the issue lay apparently between the *Selene* and *Blue Bell*; but the *Fiona* overhauled the latter, and at one time looked like winning the double event, out and home. Mr. Richardson's vessel, however, got a smart puff just in the nick of time, and the *Selene* won by over ten minutes. Northerners had fair grounds to congratulate themselves upon the result, as both the *Selene* and *Fiona* were turned out by Clyde builders. The final Ocean Match from Ryde to Plymouth concluded the Royal Victoria's programme, and brought the chief portion of a very successful season to a close. At the various coast regattas there has been some good sailing, but little worthy of especial notice. Ramsgate was remarkable for a violent discussion, in which the harbour-master played an unbecomingly prominent part.

The recent dearth of professional races among oarsmen has been increased by the falling through of Wise and W. Sadler's match, which promised to be a close thing. Wise had to forfeit owing to temporary illness, and Sadler being in want of a job, as the 'pugs' say, has challenged young Clasper or Percy, both or either, but at present no result is announced. The Putney lad is a most promising sculler, but I fancy Clasper too much for him just at present, as young Jack has greatly thickened during his rest of the last two years, and his recent form at regattas proves him to be hard to beat. Among the cracks a galvanic excitement was caused by the report that Kelley, *malgré* his retirement, was to row Cooper for a 'monkey', a-side; but, as might be expected, nothing has come of it. The northern division are not often guilty of squandering their money, and the last two big events, in which they took much interest—Kelley and Chambers, and Kelley and Hamill—have taught them that Thames men are not all duffers, as was pretty much their opinion in the reign of Chambers the Great. Cooper can scarcely hope to find backers against Kelley; but he need not stand idle, as Joe Sadler offers him] a match for the Championship of the Thames, and the usual amount. This, I expect, will take place next spring.

A curious four-oared race has taken place at Whitby between Whitby fishermen and Blyth miners, in cobbles, a kind of heavy beach-boat. The affair was a strange contrast to the usual style of races, as the course was ten miles, and no coxswains were allowed. The fishermen won easily; and a quaint feature in the race was, that the miners being astern, shifted No. 2 to the bow side, so that the trio were pulling against the stroke. Such a performance during a race appears incredible. Several county regattas have produced good sport, and one at York was very well meant, the locals doing all they knew to accommodate visitors. The absence of management, however, spoilt some good sport; and in the amateur scullers' race a claim of foul brought to light the curious fact that there was no umpire! As the foul did not occur either at the beginning or the end, where starter and judge were respectively stationed, these well-intentioned gentlemen were scarcely in a

position to decide upon the case, and great injustice was unwittingly done to one of the competitors, who will probably hesitate ere he repeats the journey from London. On the London river, boathouses closed and Jacks idle, tell of the finish of rowing work, and the very mention of October suggests guns and gaiters rather than anything to be done on the water. During the winter enthusiasts will doubtless stick to practice, to bear due fruits next summer, when 'Bailey' again hopes to chronicle their victories.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

Just as you were setting up 'the Bailey' for this month, all Paris Sport, and, I might almost add, all Paris Life migrated for the races to Baden-Baden, that healthy residence, that pleasant oasis in the desert of racing—that spot where men grow boys once more, and where you may break the bank and win 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* I say you may; mind, I do not say you will.

As, however, among the galaxy of talent which went to Baden to describe the meeting in every detail and from every point of view—I believe even the 'Tablet' had a 'special commissioner' there, who prophesied (though I hope it won't come off) that we shall all go to a nasty hot place, and sit in that particularly 'warm corner,' which Dante, or somebody else, tells us is heated by 'Kilkenny coals, which are half sulphur and the other three parts brimstone,'—as, I say, among that galaxy of talent I think I perceived that 'bright particular star' who guides the course of the 'Van,' I shall leave Baden races in his able hands:

'Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine.'

But I must just pay a passing tribute to the goodness of all the arrangements, and to the energy, politeness, nay, kindness of the Secretary of State, M. Weh, who is the right-hand man of M. Benazet, the mainstay of Baden, and the right man in the right place, if ever that often-quoted individual did exist. Let the 'Van,' then, tell of our sport and our wrangles—our Etoile Filante successes—of our 'Willis' row, and the consequent published declarations—of how his grace of Hamilton (he is 'Herzog' in Baden) won his maiden race and a monkey, and how Grimshaw's riding caused him to lose it all back the next day, when the great English jockey fairly outrode the Duke's boy. *Apropos* of the 'Willis,' and 'Verité' race: it was the old lady of Threadneedle Street to the Insolvent Debtors' Court on Willis (a fairy name probably given out of compliment to the proprietors of Almack's); and when she had to be pulled to make room for her stable-companion, it was all the jockey (which his name I think it were Armstrong) could do to stop her winning. Two English stable-boys were leaning over the rails. 'He'll never be able to stop her, Bill,' said Urchin No. 1. 'You go to 'blazes,' replied Urchin No. 2; 'he must stop her, ain't he had his orders?' These orders gave great dissatisfaction, and if you had only seen Jennings' face when he saw Willis, on whom he had wagered 5 to 4 to about sixty pounds, stopped, you would not have forgotten it for a considerable period of time. It was the expression of one who felt a firm conviction that he had been 'had.'

London sent us a fair share of swellmobsmen and a few racing men. We could do at Baden nicely without the former, and with as many as you like of the latter.

Game is very plentiful this year round Baden, and the travelling sportsman, when weary of roulette, and perhaps over-done with his winnings at the game which I heard a bagman—sure he was a bagman—describe to his wife as ‘that thirty and forty game as beats me,’ may find a pleasant change from the green table to the open plains of Iffezheim; and when tired of shooting he can fish from the valley of the Oös to the extreme of the Mürgethal, where there are heaps of fish, if he can only persuade them to come and be killed.

From Baden England rushed back to Doncaster, and indeed Lord Lyon was on every lip during the whole week, which reminds me, however, that although there were several sportsmen staying at Benazetville, no one got a telegram, and the winner of the Leger was not known there till Saturday morning! Here is fatal ignorance, and they call this the electric age! All Paris Sport and Paris Life then packed up its traps and got back to Paris—so happy, too, the Parisians!

‘As pants the hart for cooling streams,’

so thirsteth the man of Paris for his Boulevard. The love of the Athenian for his ‘Polis’ was nothing to it; and then you see in October the Paris season begins again, and M. Bagier, with *la divina Patti* engaged for the whole season, re-embarks on his perilous career. The Sunday following saw the first autumn meeting at Chantilly and the two Omniums, for colts and for fillies, the result of which is now history—the De Lagrange stable revenged itself by a ‘filly’ for its defeat by a ‘colt.’ The weather was so terrible, even for this season, that before the last race the course was a desert. Next month we shall have racing in the Bois, and I hear that Gladiateur will appear for the last time in his original character, ‘The ‘Winner,’ and then retire from his native land and the turf of both nations for ever, and become a ‘Père noble.’ Of course all Paris plunged on Étoile Filante for her Newmarket engagement as soon as she had won her three Baden races—but you see the De Lagrange stable have beaten here at Chantilly and upset that little pot.

There were steeple-chases at Porchefontaine, too; all I know about them is, that the Duke of Hamilton travelled straight from Baden to them, and had the mortification of seeing his horse—Mr. Thomas up too—beaten a short head for a very large stake. I hope he had better luck at Spa, where he travelled (*via* Baden-Baden!) next day. Next to being a ‘Queen’s messenger,’ it seems to me that the hardest work is ‘racing,’ if you follow it out as you ought to do.

So now we are all getting back again to our beloved capital, and in a few weeks we shall be once again in the full swim of dissipation, and I trust that then there will be both ‘Sport’ and ‘Life’ for the gentle and genteel reader of ‘Baily,’ his Magazine. It seems but a few hours since I was recording the death of one season, and now I am talking of the birth of another.

‘Dies truditur die,’

one day pushes past its fellow, and we are again back in the wicked world, doing that which we should not do and leaving undone that which we should do; and, in a word, to use a French expression, ‘Leaving in all things much ‘to be desired.’ I fear last season was fatal to several of our swells; they are gone, I fancy, and their clubs know them no more. It is all gambling—private play, too, which is the deuce and all! We can imagine the pleasure of breaking the bank of our hospitable friend, Herr Benazet—Gros Herzog of

Gaming-town and Archduke of Après—we can see the fun of breaking a public bank, but winning the ‘little all’ of the man with whom you constantly associate, and meeting him and his melancholy face next day and next day and next at the club—you ashamed of seeing him, he hating the sight of you—does, I confess, seriously damage the pleasure of life. However, so it ever was, so it ever will be, and the result will be, a vacancy in the ranks of society when that composite body is paraded for inspection before the opening of the campaign of dissipation of 1867; and we shall all have to mourn the loss of several cheery companions who smoothed the march of life, and who had no other fault save that they played not wisely nor too well. The Court will be at Compiègne shortly, and the ‘chasses’ will begin. As I happen to be promised several superior, nay, I may almost say, imperial mounts, I hope to be able to give you an account of a ‘Day in the Forests of France,’ sincerely trusting that I may not write such ‘bosh’ (to use a word, I believe, of Eastern origin) as that which is written in a ‘Month in the Forests of France,’ a work which the talented author must have caused to be printed as a penance and published as a great humiliation and a record of his series of foreign failures. I shall, too, perhaps have a word or two next month to say about the fishing and shooting in these parts; but in the mean time let us go back to Paris.

Never have I known the ‘lively capital’ (as our newspaper writers delight to call it) so deprived of English as this year. This is usually a great time. Returning politicians with (as they would say in Germany) ‘Hombourg or Weisbaden-liver-repaired constitutions,’ hastening home for their pheasants, perhaps, more than their constituents; lawyers of all grades, now fierce in moustache and beard, soon to be shaved as clean as the palm of your hand, finishing their vacation; racing men getting back for Newmarket; ladies repaired as to their faces by art and as to their constitution by waters; members of the ‘Excelsior Club,’ with alpenstocks marked on the stock, so many nicks, so many ascents—just as Martin of Connemara used to score his saw-handled pistols as records of the many times that martyr to humanity (as regarded the beast creation) had been ‘out:’ he was a merciful man though—seldom killed his adversary—only shot him in the knee! But this year we ask, ‘These amusing travellers, where are they?’ and M. Hoffman, of the Grand Hôtel, like another ‘Echo,’ answers ‘Where?’ There is grief at the ‘Golden Mansion,’ and ‘garnishing of teeth,’ (as it was once described by a youthful country curate) at Vachettes and the Café Anglais. What they like is a party of English who enter the restaurant and order pale ale, as an inspiration for the coming ordeal, and then you see, ‘Com-mandez a dinner, très bon dinner, you know, pour eight persons—weo ‘persons, vous souvez. Le very best que vous avez.’ Well, this year we must do without our facetious friends. War, if it has done nothing else, has avenged long-outraged society on the hôtels and restaurants of Europe. I confess that, like the demon (who really is not so black as he is painted) in a melodrama, I laugh, ha! ha! at the discomfiture of the whole race of hôtel keepers; and when the landlord at ‘Wash-and-drink-it-off’ told me that he had been forced to reduce his prices, I should have laughed in my sleeve, only having on one of Mr. Smallpage’s patent coats, I could not get at those vehicles for satirical caccination.

As a dweller in Paris, I am not at all sorry not to see a great many English—one’s own friends it is a delight to see, and, thank goodness, they come often and stop long; but I confess that Brown, Jones, and Robinson may go to Hong-Kong for me, and I hope they will like it, puppies and rats

included. I should like to tell you an anecdote or two, but we have been so dull! Still I think the idea of the waiter who, asked by two men who were disputing as to the fact, and who were dining at a 'fixed price,' whether a melon was a fruit or a vegetable, replied, 'Neither, Messieurs; it is a *hors d'œuvre*, and pays a supplement of tenpence,' deserves to be recorded; as also does the other waiter who replied to a request for a toothpick, 'We have no more, sir. The inconsiderate consumers not only used them, but omitted to return them to the glass. Monsieur le Patron says he will buy no more!' *Apropos* of restaurants, from whence does Paris get all its venison? You have it every day ('mariné,' that is, dipped in vinegar, which spoils it) if you dine out, and the markets are as full of deer as a well-preserved Highland dell. They must kill them like hares, somewhere or other, these bright-eyed 'gazelles' (please do not print 'Gazettes,' as was done once before) and you can buy them as cheap as 'moutons.' Now Chevreuil, not 'mariné,' and grilled ('Mais bien grillé!') *au naturel*, is a breakfast for the gods—at least I do not know that I am justified in saying what the gods like for breakfast, but it is good enough for me.

Hoping to be a deal more lively and much better company next month, I wipe my pen, drink the health and prosperity of the readers of 'Baily' (especially of my articles), and then go to bed!

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—September Scrapings and Doncaster Dottings.

SEPTEMBER, the month devoted to the St. Leger and the Partridge, has passed away so quietly, that but for the Doncaster *dénouements* and the patronage of the Water God, we should have been sorely put to it to furnish a sufficient load for our little vehicle, which in its monthly round through the country receives an amount of custom for which we cannot feel too grateful. In truth, the racing between York and Doncaster is not of a character to lure any but purely professional gentlemen to it, who, for the most part, have to live upon each other. For the majority of good and true backers prefer the whirr of the grouse and the leap of the salmon to the offer of the bookmaker; and on the moors of Scotland they discover more congenial fields to lay upon than those they have been sporting with since the commencement of the season. As one provincial Meeting resembles another, as much as one Session of the Central Criminal Court is but a second edition of the preceding one, we abandoned the whole series, and resolved to exchange the air of 'six to four' for that of the Black Forest, and see if we could discover in the long string of French horses on the Iffenzheim race-course the Gladiateur of which Tom Jennings spoke so mysteriously at the Admiral's testimonial dinner. Armed with nothing but a couple of pistols charged with 'Owen's brandy,' which we take to be the very finest specific against cholera, whether it be British or Asiatic, we boldly made our way through the infected port of Boulogne, so well described by poor Albert Smith, as

'The home of the stranger
Who has done something wrong,'

and sought the sheets of the Grand Hotel for the prescribed forty winks which are allowed to journalists; and which having enjoyed, we strolled into the Courtyard, where we found the Duke of Hamilton, surrounded by his staff, discussing the plan of the week's campaign with the English Commissioner, Mr. Morris,

who, with a select few, represented the interests of Tattersall's, and who were enjoined in the strongest terms to keep up the prices. This portion of their mission, it is needless to add, was carried out to the very letter of the law, and into more able hands the task could not have been confided. The English contingent was not so strong as usual, but 'quality' atoned for want of numbers. Our *compagnons de voyage* were two well-known Special Commissioners, who were perfectly competent to discharge their duties, and who, whether as linguists, antiquarians, historians, or financiers, were far above plating form, as their pleasant narratives in 'The Field' and 'Sporting Gazette' have shown. In such company it is needless to state that a fourteen hours' journey was reduced to ten, as we did not pass a castle or an abbey that did not bring forth a legend connected with it worthy of the pen of the late G. P. R. James. Consequently, by the time we arrived at Strasbourg, we felt ourselves almost qualified to edit a new Continental Bradshaw, but on second thoughts we abandoned the idea, from an impression that a work of such a nature from a Sporting Writer would so abound with errors, particularly if he brought it out in a Cesarewitch week, that the whole traffic of the Continent would be disturbed, and the unhappy author fall a victim to popular indignation. As the ordinary train which goes on from Strasbourg to Baden had been taken off since the war, we had the choice of two evils presented to us; one to spend the evening at Strasbourg, and see the famous cock come out and clap his wings, or else to charter a special for Baden. A division was taken on the question, and Count La Grange, who we were sorry to see looking so ill, moved an address to the station-master for a train on which 'Our Van' could be placed, as well as the English forces, who wished to be ready for action on the following morning. Now, getting a special in the Fatherland is not like pulling up a Hansom in the Strand, but nevertheless our start was quicker effected than that for many Stewards' Cups we have witnessed. At Kiel our appearance created as much sensation as a midnight ascent by John Scott in a balloon would occasion at York; for except on one occasion, when the King of Prussia was sent for suddenly to Baden, no instance of a 'special' had ever been known on the line; and as engines were frequently being 'tried' when, to use a Newmarket phrase, the ground was open, fears were entertained for the safety of our journey. However, the 'Life and Times' of our party having been duly communicated to the engine-driver, and he being informed of the awful responsibility that devolved upon him, and how Tattersall's and Newmarket would go into mourning for us should anything occur, he agreed to use the eyes of 'Argus' to escape a collision, and by the aid of an immensity of screeching and whistling we were landed and weighed out. Even in the drive to our quarters, which is through the gayest part of the town, it was not difficult to discover the effects of the war had not been got over, for the Promenade was only dotted with strangers and pedestrians, instead of being crammed; and there were none of those groups of foreign noblemen assembled at the corners of the alleys to welcome the English division, as hitherto has been the case. A stroll through the Kursaal confirmed our impression, and beyond the division termed The Duke of Hamilton's Own, there were very few who knew the difference between Lord Lyon and Saverlake, or would give a florin to be told the best of John Scott's for the St. Leger. Of the war we should say they were as ignorant as the natives of Baden, who, not being blessed with a 'Glowworm' with its fiftieth edition of a night, and which would have let them know the march of every regiment, and the tactics of each general in command, they could only glean such bare scraps as found their way into the German papers, some of which are not quite so large as a Haymarket playbill.

Baden has been so fully described by us in previous years, that we are satisfied the majority of our readers are as familiar with it as with Kensington Gardens. From the quantity of rain, however, that fell during our stay, the place looked as pretty as a bride in tears, and, at the same time, she may be said to have as quickly dried them. The road to the course presented the same diversified appearance as that for the Derby; and the corners of the great thoroughfares resembled the Oxford and Regent Circuses of our own metropolis. There were arm-chairs in hurdles for the working classes, and phaetons and other waggonettes for the haut noblesse and the demi-monde, but we missed the light-blue Austrian cavalry drawn up on the hill, between the windmill and the course. The Paris Ring sent forth its best representative in Mr. Jones, who is 'the Davis' of the Empire; and, as we have said before, Mr. J. B. Morris stood for England, and the way in which he set the market justified the position which was unanimously accorded to him. Great regret was experienced at the absence of Mr. George Angell, for whom spacious apartments had been engaged at the Hotel de Russe; but the excuse that was offered for his not meeting his engagements, that the laundresses could not get up his white waistcoats as they ought to be, was accepted as a valid reason for his staying away. However, next year, we are happy to state that arrangements have been made to obviate all difficulties on the score to which we have alluded, and the Manager of Mr. Graham's stud will, we understand, be added to the list of those speculators who seek fresh fields and pastures new for the use of their pencil, and the improvement of their knowledge of society. But popular as racing is with the upper and middle class of Germans, it has not yet taken root in the hearts of the peasantry, for they exhibit none of that hilarity which we witness in Ireland or this country at a winner going back to scale, and they care no more for following him or cheering him than they would do a sheep-dog, or a pointer.

The scene in the enclosure was as pretty to the eye as ever, but Royalty was absent, for which there was good and sufficient cause, inasmuch as the affairs of state kept away the King of Prussia, and his excellent Consort, the Queen, asserted that the recollection of the blood spilt in the war prevented her entering into any gaieties or pleasures. Princes, however, were as plentiful as pheasants at Enville, and a Turkish one seemed to take the greatest interest in the result, and to be the heaviest bettor among them. And it was curious to hear him remark in his own tongue, when he tried to get four hundred to one of Mr. Morris about Germanique, and that gentleman, from a sense of duty, could only lay him three hundred and fifty to a hundred, 'By the beard of the 'Prophet, it is a very short price.' In quoting this observation, we do not wish to infer that we are acquainted with the Turkish language, but it was translated to us by a dragoman, who vouched for its correctness. Like as at Ascot, Warwick, and other places in England, the Stewards and their friends have a stand to themselves, and to these the Ring more especially addressed themselves, vociferating their offers on the field, and against various animals, with a strength of lung that proved how insurable were their lives. It is not necessary for our purpose to notice any race in succession, for the interest in them has died out by this time, but we were glad to see the Duke of Hamilton win his maiden race with Apsley, a godson of our own; and the reception he received from 'the Staff,' who were easily recognised by their uniform, which they wore as strictly as Austrian officers, proved that his success was as welcome as the early violet in April. And probably his sire, Arthur Wellesey, although accustomed all his life to being cheered and saluted wherever he went, never had

more costly pocket-handkerchiefs waved in his honour, although the wearers were, perhaps, of a different stamp. The great Continental St. Leger was the first round decided in favour of the Ring, who battled fiercely with the Gentlemen over Auguste, and who, for the last time we should imagine, had odds laid on him, because the Goodwood form, with Langham, was thought good enough to stand upon. But this was a mistake, and no mistake, for like the defaulter he never came nigh, and all Grimshaw's calls upon him were unavailing and as useless as if made upon a winding-up company. The winner is a very useful mare, and comes of a rare staying family, but she was only backed by her owner when running, as he saw she liked the dirt, and was going within herself the first time round.

The Gentlemen Riders' Race is always a feature of importance in a Baden Card, as the weights and conditions are studied by the fairer portion of the company with greater eagerness than any other item in the list. It is a strange social custom among foreign Gentlemen Riders that they should be so anxious to have the benefit of the criticism of those ladies whose liberal views of society enable them to travel alone, that they should send them down to the scene of their operations like hacks from London to Newmarket. The expense of such a step is somewhat great, but then an extra hundred on a winner will cover it all, and leave something in hand to go on with. We all know pretty well the clothing requisite for a 'Heather;' but the outfit of a lady, before she can soothe the anxieties of a French Gentleman Rider at Baden, is a very different matter; for, according to the very best authority, it cannot contain less than half a dozen dresses at an average of sixty guineas each, to which hats to correspond, at a pony a piece, must be added. Then diamond butterflies in the hair to match with the earrings is *de rigueur*, so that a hole is made in a thousand-pound note without much difficulty. When Paris, Brussels, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, and our own metropolis contended for the apples of beauty and extravagance, it is gratifying to us to be enabled to record that South Belgravia won the purse for the former, quite as easily as Paris carried off the latter, for the white dress embroidered with red coral, like the flowers on muslin, was pronounced such 'an achievement'—we use the word in a double sense—that the bettors would take no odds, and the wearer almost walked over. But while it is raining marling-spikes, we are keeping the Gentlemen Jockeys at the post, which we are far from desirous of doing. Of late years the improvement in the toilettes of Gentlemen Riders has been very great, and ill-fitting jackets and boots belong to a past age, when mirrors, towels, pincushions, and glove-racks were not thought a requisite addition to the portmanteau of a flat race or steeple-chase performer. Mr. Rowland, whose getting up here a few years back for Medora, and which we have already handed down to posterity, was the first to institute the new order of things, and from being quickly followed by the late Duc de Carderousse-Grammont, dressing for a race has now become as important a duty as for a levee or a drawing-room. The neatest style, however, that we saw was that of an officer in the Blues, and who bred as far as size for a jockey as well as George Thompson himself, turned out in breeches and boots that would have made many professionals jealous. In short, every article had the Hall mark upon it, and there was not a particle of 'electrotype' to be seen, and we regretted it was not to be seen to better advantage, but dirt evidently was not the Nailor's *forte*, as he could not move in it. However, our country's reputation was well sustained by Mr. De Burgh, who, on La Germaine, quickly slipped his company, and as the Judge declared, and we confirm, won 'facilement;' but

both he and his colleagues were so drenched when they came back to scale, that they impressed one with the idea of having passed the afternoon in a water-butt.

The return home was marked by less enthusiasm and military parade than we have ever before witnessed; but then the thought of how many families had contributed a victim to the Bismarck policy easily accounted for the faint cheering of the *gamins*, who had scarcely spirit enough left in them to scramble for the largesse which our colleagues, as Special Commissioners, thought incumbent to lavish on them, in order to diminish the distress in the place. In the evening we wandered through the marble halls of the Salle de Conversation, and as we surveyed the gay groups that were chatting sociably together, and then strolled into the room where thousands were depending on the turning up of a card, we confess to stating that all at once poor old John Osborne appeared before us in his chocolate-coloured surtout and white shawl neckcloth, with his hand giving his trousers a hitch; for within a few yards of us, between an Austrian Archduchess and a Turkish Prince, and cheek by jowl with a Parisian actress, famed for her talents but not for her virtues, and with diamonds on her fit for a Drawing Room at St. James's, stood a lad from Middleham, with a handful of Naps, which he tossed down with the coolness of a Guardsman, and not seeming to care whether they fructified, or were in his own phraseology 'blued.' That lad had looked after no end of Cures, Agneses, and nameless Nursery winners which were wont to occupy the Ashgill stables. He had ridden over every racecourse in the North, and been petted by clerks of courses and trainers, and here he was mixing with the *élite* of European society, and following its foibles; and we are quite certain if his old master could have seen him, he would have come to the conclusion that the end of the world was at hand, and that he had better make arrangements accordingly. A greater transition from Middleham to Baden cannot be imagined; in fact, the removal of a Bethnal Green weaver from his fifth floor back, hung with nothing but the cages of canary birds and linnets, to Stafford House, St. James's, would be nothing to it, and therefore the scene was more vividly impressed on our memory. The second day's sport would have been exciting and agreeable enough but for the rain, which made strong running for a long time, but as although it benefited the crops, it deteriorated the toilettes, and therefore was unanimously voted a nuisance, and warned off. Our second race, however, led to a scene, the like of which we have never witnessed abroad, and very rarely in our own country—that of an animal being pulled up in front of the Stand, in order to let another, the property of the same owner, win in his stead, no declaration having been made at the weighing stand, or posted on the notice-board, as is customary with ourselves. Unfortunately for M. Delamarre, Verité, for whom Willis was sacrificed, was at the longest odds, so that both the backers of the one and the layers against the other were equally savage; and it was well it had not occurred at Newmarket, for owner and trainer and jockey must have suffered the extreme penalty of the law, which would have been carried into effect without the least delay, and with no hope of mitigation. It seems, however, by the French laws, it is not absolutely necessary for an owner to make any declaration as to the horse he will win with, although the English supposed that one had been made when the jockey weighed. Such, however, on inquiry, turned out not to be the case; although we must confess to having heard from the gentleman who represents 'Bell's Life' so ably on the Continent, that M. Delamarre really meant to go for Verité. Still, although we may have the eyes of Argus, we do not speak with many tongues; and

certainly if the intention was to win with one, nobody would have backed the other. Then arose a very angry discussion, and loud above the voices of the rest might be heard the melodious tones of Mr. Fothergill Rowland, denouncing, in well-rounded periods and felicitous language, the practice which, while it only mulcted himself in a tenner, had a much more serious effect on others of his countrymen, who, in Ring phraseology, 'knapped it.' At last, at the suggestion of that gentleman, Mr. Morris and his colleagues, we ventured to represent the state of things to M. Weh and the Stewards; and, instead of having our nose bitten off, and being treated as if our head with the accompaniment of a bunch of greens would be dear in a plate at a shilling, the reasonable nature of our request was at once seen, and 'the standing orders' being suspended, as in the case of the Irish Habeas Corpus Act, a bill was then and there brought in, passed, and received the assent of the Royal Commissioners, that henceforth 'a declaration would be required as to winning with any particular horse, when two or more belonging to an individual started in a race.' In an instant oil was thrown on the troubled waters; and when it was seen in the following race, by the announcement by Major Fridolin and Count Lagrange that the Act had already come into effect, the satisfaction was unbounded. How long in our own country it would have taken to have carried such a measure we need not calculate, for what with notices of motions, debates, adjournments, and correspondence in the newspapers, the best part of a season would be lost; while here the promptness with which the order was made was worthy of a great commander, and we quite endorse the remarks of the Commissioner of the 'Sporting Gazette' on the subject. The Continental Two Year Old Stakes brought a very decent field of youngsters around Mr. Mackenzie Greaves, who has not looked an hour older for the last quarter of a century, during which we have been acquainted with his form, his features, and his seat on horseback. From what Montgolbert had done the last time he had been out, they betted odds on him without compunction, which he landed cleverly, as the ground suited him exactly, for he was a thorough Ellington, and had the same coarse head and large splash feet, as well as the same colour of his sire, who, it will be recollected, went better in dirt than on hard ground, and perhaps it was to this that he won in such style. We may add he is in the French, but not the English, Derby, and it was currently said the Count had several better in his stable. A German called Highlander, and the property of Count Henkel, one of the very best Continental sportsmen we have, was the only other that pleased us. He was a true-made colt, with the best of action, but was little short of time, which caused him to run at a disadvantage with Montgolbert. Whether he has a temper of his own or not we cannot say, but his jockey flogged him as if he had been a Manchester garrotter, and he bore his punishment in a much gamer manner, if we are to believe all we read in the papers of the day. The Prix de la Ville, the Cesarewitch of the Black Forest, and what our own reporters would most infallibly style the *pièce de résistance* of the bill of fare (we wish they would change the phrase for 'the roast beef' by way of variety) was next put up, and a small, but very select field, was ticked off for it. The betting upon it was not particularly heavy, and as Etoile Filante had showed she could stay so well in the St. Leger, the followers of public running made her the favourite, and having nothing particular to beat but Bayonette, a rank jade, she won as cleverly as we like to see an animal do, and a better stayer we have not met with for some little time. In the evening, the afternoon's doings were canvassed, and 'Glowworms,' 'Sporting Lifes,' and 'Sportsmen' canvassed, for with avidity, and devoured

with the appetite of an Oliver Twist. One of the peculiar phases of Baden life, is the desire among our own, or rather the English, contingent to get a sight of an English Sporting paper; and the holder of one leads an awful life. First, a 'Glowworm' appears on the scene, and goes from hand to hand like the box at a hazard-table, and when once it is passed, it is a long time before it gets back to its original hand. Then there is a rumour, but only a rumour that a 'Sporting Life' only three days' old, has been seen on the Promenade; and instantly that charming walk is beaten for it, like a well-known gorse in Leicestershire. At length there is a finale, and it is run into. But while it is being discussed, a stranger, or rather a new arrival, drops on the scene, and 'a second fox,' in the shape of a 'Sportsman,' is viewed, and affords a similar chase. Then the results are read over, and if the favourites in the Black Forest have won, and those at Leamington have been beaten in succession, and Lord Hastings has lost several times when backing his horse against the Field,—then Baden is at a discount, and Sam Merry's Meeting at a premium, and *vice versa*, as may be readily imagined. Thus it will be seen the old Latin proverb, 'Calum non animum mutat,' was strictly exemplified. Wednesday was a regular English Cup Day, and Cup coats were donned for the occasion, such as we see only at Goodwood and Ascot; and Poole, Davis, Smallpage, and Barrett were strongly represented. The Grand Prix was in every one's mouth before going to the course, and brought before every one's eyes when they got there, as it was handed round and shown by royal footmen, before it was placed on the Royal Stand. We fancy we see the same sort of thing in Berkshire, and the worthy Charles Davis whipping into the Windsor flunkies. Of the elegance of the prize we will say not a word, except that it was more likely to be praised in Mayfair than in Lambourne, and that it was scarcely worthy of a place on Mr. George Angell's sideboard in Brompton Crescent, beside those matchless productions of the silversmith's art which Attaché and others of his stud have placed upon it. Vertugadin was all the rage for it, and as little as 2 to 1 was taken about him, notwithstanding he was not brought out as either John of Whitewall, John of Danebury, or Mat of Newmarket would have sent him, and, moreover, when he went up, we saw he did not like the dirt. That they thought a good deal of him was proved by his being made so much use of, that when the everlasting Etoile Filante, a species of mare, which, for gameness, put us in mind of Torment, got through her horses and joined him, he could not hold his own, and was fairly cut down by four lengths, which showed how valuable is staying blood; and as the stake was worth a clear thousand sovereigns, and there was no waiting until the forfeits were collected, but would have been paid as the jockey got out of the scale, it is surely more worthy of the attention of English owners than it has yet been deemed. The Grand Steeplechase was the only other event in which the English were interested, as the Duke of Hamilton had the favourite in Cortolvin, which he bought of Lord Poulett on purpose to win it, and Mr. F. Wombwell came over with the express intention of riding him in that character. We have often heard in the course of our experience of a horse's indisposition affecting him in the market, but we never, until now, came across an instance of an illness of a jockey telling on it. Nevertheless it was the case now; for Mr. Wombwell being afflicted with the prevailing epidemic, and it being well known there was no other Gentleman Jockey on the spot to ride him, the odds either increased or decreased according to the bulletins of his state. One bookmaker must have got a tout in the Duke of Hamilton's château,—for in the morning he laid 8 to 1 against Cortolvin, and in the evening he was glad to take 4 to 1

back. But, although Mr. Wombwell recovered sufficiently to ride him, he was rendered to weak to do him justice, and the cowardly animal—for we have always considered him to have no heart—came to grief at the brook facing the Stand—memorable, in future years, for the discomfiture of Mr. Rowland and the victory of Mr. Hepburne, who jumped it on foot on the previous day. The winner turned up in Regalia, who was ridden up and down the railway bank which bounds the side of the course, with an amount of skill and courage, by Viscount Talon, which 'The Shires' would have appreciated as it deserved to be. We then took leave of the Continental Doncaster, as it has been happily termed, for the English one, with the pleasantest recollections of the management of M. Weh, who, like the keeper of the Tower of Babel, had to satisfy the representatives of many nations, which he succeeded in doing; and with the hope that on the next anniversary, the Water God would be squared to postpone his visitations until the Baden Races had ended, and the fashionable company which assisted at them had dispersed over Europe. And such, we are certain, is the prayer of the other Commissioners of the Sporting Press, who, instead of devouring each other like the Kilkenny cats, lived together on terms of the closest amity; and we have yet to learn that the interests of their respective journals suffered in any manner.

A run before the wind, as it were, brought us to Doncaster, a narrative of the sayings and doings of which we are saved the trouble of giving our readers, for in another paper, under the heading of 'Excited Yorkshire,' they will find them reproduced in a more dramatic style than our own. Therefore, all we will say is, that the town was as clean and hungry as ever, some lodging-house keepers trying to make a charge for taking in the letters of their tenants; that the Mayor and Corporation, under the active instigation of Mr. Moore, were unwearied in their endeavours to remedy any complaints of existing evils, and the change in the *venue* of selling the yearlings gave unqualified satisfaction, except to those who were stupidly prejudiced in favour of 'The Dustbin' and the ancient order of things, and were indifferent to their customers risking their bones and their lives, while 'the young things' let out either in playfulness or malice. The circumstance of both the Tattersalls blazing away at the same moment we have heard has created some dissatisfaction among the old established breeders. But this is hardly right, because they should recollect the high prices they have realised of late years have been the very means of inducing others to venture into the same sea of speculation, and it is only natural they should like to avail themselves of the same facilities for the disposal of their stock. As far as regards the young things this year, they were neither better nor worse than those of preceding ones. To our notions, and they were shared by many of the best judges, Sheffield Lane took the first prize with Harvester, who it is to be hoped will 'Stockwell' at some future time the Clumber paddocks. The St. Albans colt out of Allegra by Touchstone was remarkably racing like, although perhaps a trifle too long in his pasterns; still he had a strong body of supporters. In Mr. King's colt by Skirmisher out of Manganese, there was a great, strapping, rough-looking colt, perhaps with more strength than quality, and with the best of limbs and feet, who had every appearance of making a racehorse, and Dover we have no doubt will make the touts very anxious about him. For a Skirmisher to get into the four-figure list so early, speaks well for him; and certainly his 'things' have taken very well, but we have an idea that Manganese had a great deal to do with his promotion from the ranks. That our especial little favourite Adamas, should have got only a couple of colts, and have got such prices for them, was especially grati-

fyng to us, as we have always contended her fine blood has not been sufficiently appreciated. Mr. Jackson's crack, The Tunstall Maid colt, for some reason or another, did not take so much as was anticipated, and he was rather disappointed at the result. But although he had plenty of bone, he was voted coarse. However, Mr. Padwick would have him for 820 guineas, and he was forthwith consigned to Alfred Day, who is fast filling up his stalls again. Mr. Cookson was not in his usual form, for although he had an excellent average, the Buccaneer would not go down as much as his Sweetmeats and Dundees have done. The prices attached to the Middleton One Row lot will show that we made no mistake in our estimate of them last month, and had the Cavendishes been but a trifle bigger, to suit the present taste, they would have made more money. However, for so young an establishment the balance-sheet was encouraging, and it will not be for want of attention if Mr. Pennington does not improve it.

Sheffield Lane never was in greater force, and Harvester will do more for them, we imagine, than any colt they have yet sent to the hammer. Lord Derby, as usual, sent a very fine lot into the paddock. We were not prepossessed in favour of the King of Trumps colt out of Sortie, as he was over big; but we considered the filly by Newminster out of Canezou to be the most perfect animal ever foaled; and when Mr. Chaplin brings her out, she is sure to be a rattling favourite, even if she does not turn out as good as she looks. But a look at our watch tells us we must hurry on to the course, which we find crowded, but not crammed, and the voices of the Ring roaring like those of the waves. The Lyon did not please in his morning gallop, which was of so severe a character as to be a St. Leger in itself, and there was in reality no fancy for anything. Rustic was not liked; and there was a sort of sneaking affection for Westwick, who was a great pet of Fordham's. How Grand Cross made the Friponniers very 'cross' in the The Glasgow it boots not to say, neither to relate how the Earl of that name forcibly reminded Godding that his complexion was not so pale as that of Monte Christo after his lengthened imprisonment. That Achievement should have put more Champagne on Col. Pearson's table surprised no one, and the Great Yorkshire Handicap was such a farce for Caithness that he was received with shouts of laughter. The St. Leger having been so fully described in another place, we need now only remark that it was fought out as desperately as a St. Leger ought to be, and the contest was worthy of the name of the race, as well as of Doncaster. It was impossible for two horses to run truer; still, but for the Tuesday's gallop, which was as near proving as fatal to the Lyon as it was destructive to The Flying Dutchman in his race for the Cup with Voltigeur, we verily believe that the Derby winner would have beaten Savernake much easier. That the prophets were floored to a man could not be said on this occasion. But in justice to the 'Van' we must say we were in the van of them all, for on the 30th of August we thus wrote, and in justice to our reputation for seeing into the future we reproduce our prediction:—

'As far as the St. Leger is concerned, the Great Yorkshire, in our opinion, goes for nothing, as we have seen hansoms with army and navy fares gallop faster to a railway, and therefore we shall adhere to Lord Lyon and Custance, believing that Savernake and Knight of the Crescent will be attached to his suite, like officers in waiting. Whether we are filled with the divine afflatus at the time of our writing we cannot say, but we are certain we are not very far out in our calculations of the race.'

Over the defeat of Lord Lyon in the Cup we will draw a veil, for the recol-

lection of it is disheartening to our mind, and we do not like to record a defeat which Nature herself could not have warded : and as his star has shone brighter than ever since, there is no occasion for us to further allude to it, and so we take leave of Doncaster until March. To the lovers of blood stock in the midland counties a stroll through the Clumber paddocks will be a treat of no ordinary kind, particularly if the weather be fine, for we enjoyed it when the rain was coming down like on Blair Athol's Leger day. The paddocks which Scott has constructed for the Duke of Newcastle are on the same, or perhaps larger, scale than those he put up for the late Lord Londesborough ; and in the boxes attached to them, which are as clean and well fitted as the dairies in Windsor Park, may be seen some extraordinary fine yearlings. Our pets were the Trumpeter fillies, Discord out of Schism, and Capa Tête out of Constance, and which for size and quality are scarcely to be matched, and when they come out we shall be a bad prophet if they do not do more for Trumpeter than any of his stock have yet accomplished, and cause his owner to give over advertising him. Chanson, a St. Albans out of Twitter, was a Royal filly in the truest sense of the word, quality and quantity being judiciously blended in her ; and if there is not a great future before her, then we will acknowledge our error, but we do not anticipate being called upon to do so, and fortunately she is in hands which will make the most of her.

Our obituary, we are glad to state, is not a heavy one ; the only name of note which appears in it being that of Mr. Sherman, of the Bull and Mouth, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and who died in his 90th year. He was, perhaps, the largest coach proprietor in the world, employing no less than 1,200 horses, in addition to cart horses for his waggons, as he was likewise a carrier, and he perhaps managed more of the traffic of the country than any man alive. Enterprising in his spirit, and kind and honourable in his disposition, he has left behind him an enormous fortune, the fruit of his straightforward mode of business. In the hunting world busy preparations are making to open the campaign ; and so far from the Quorn not being able to come to Kirby Gate for want of horses, there is not a word of truth in the rumour ; for if we are correctly informed, the noble Marquis purchased last week no less than twenty-one first-class hunters of Mr. Denby, of Rugby, a fact which needs no commenting upon. In the angling world, we see by a country paper that Mr. W. Davis, of Waterloo Place, has created some sensation by capturing, with two other gentlemen, no less than four hundredweight of jack in the waters of Hooton Loo, and accordingly he is first favourite for the Piscatorial Gold Cup, which will be contended for in Pall Mall in the course of the month.



W. H. C.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD NAAS.

THE cordial welcome which has been extended to the Irish Sportsmen we have introduced into our Gallery, has induced us to add to the series the above Nobleman, who may be said to inherit that passion for hunting, and sport of every description, which has descended to him from the House of Clanricarde, from whence he springs.

Lord Naas is the eldest son and heir apparent of the Earl of Mayo, and was born on the 21st February, 1822. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree. In 1847 he entered Parliament as the representative for Kildare, and sat for that county until 1852, when he vacated his seat, and was shortly after returned for Cockermouth, a borough in the patronage of Lord Leconfield, whose daughter he married in 1848. From his extreme aptitude for business and conciliatory manners, which are so much required of a Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Derby appointed him to fill that office during his Administrations of 1852 and 1858, and on his recent accession to power he returned to it.

But it is as a Sportsman that Lord Naas claims most attention from us ; and although he is only known in the Shires, in England, as the hardest welter-weight rider that ever crossed St. George's Channel, on the other side he has long taken up a conspicuous position as a Master of Hounds, and the founder of the Palmerstown Breeding Association for Improving the Breed of Horses in Ireland. Lord Naas first became an M.F.H. in the year 1857, when he took the Kildare Hounds, which he hunted with Stephen Goodall. The country, which was an entirely artificial one, was in bad odour ; but his Lordship, setting to work with his wonted determination, got up thirty-three new gorse covers. Foxes, therefore, soon became plentiful ; and the seasons of 1859 and 1860 were as good as ever were seen in the country. The fields were large, and composed of the hardest-riding set of men in the world, such as Curragh Jocks, Steeplechase Riders, desperate Cornets and Ensigns, fresh from the garrisons of Dublin, Newbridge, and the Curragh. The hounds, therefore, got very little chance ; but still, so good is the scent on the splendid grass land, and so stiff is the country, that very frequently they went clear away from all of them. It was with these hounds Lord Naas had that

memorable run called the Great Lara Run, in November, 1859, when a fox was found at Lara, near Maynooth, at 12 o'clock, and killed at 2, at Swainstown, in the County of Meath, a distance of nineteen miles by the Ordnance Map. And the nature of the country may be guessed when we state that Goodall, for the last hour, never crossed a single ploughed field. Lord Naas bred generally from the Belvoir, Foljambe, and Brocklesly blood; and, with 47 couple, hunted the country from three to four days a week; and, as it was forty miles long and twenty wide, and extends from the grass lands of Meath to the wild furze hills at the base of the Wicklow Mountains, for a man over seventeen stone to be constantly at the tail of them, must indicate the possession of good nerve, good knowledge of the sport, and the best of cattle. But Lord Naas' interest was not solely confined to hunting; for, as we have said before, he is the founder of the Association for improving the breed of thoroughbred horses in Ireland; and, being associated with some of the head Irish nobility, he has started an establishment which needs but to be seen to dispel the existing prejudice in many Englishmen's minds, that they do things anyhow in Ireland. Rapid Rhone, kindly lent by the Earl of Glasgow, was one of their first sires; and Plum Pudding is also stationed there. And the first sale of the Palmerstown yearlings was so far successful, that the undertaking promises to be as profitable to its promoters as beneficial to Ireland.

In private life, Lord Naas exhibits all the best qualities of an Irish nobleman, which is a passport to popularity in all civilized countries.

KIRBY GATE.

BY M.F.H.

KIRBY GATE. On the first Monday in November, at a small turnpike gate in a narrow part of the road leading from Melton Mowbray to Leicester, the first meet of the season with the Quorn takes place. We should not be far from the real fact if it were said that thousands, instead of hundreds, will attend the fixture in the ensuing week, the fame of which locality has long gone forth into all lands, and been established *de jure et de facto* as the primary gathering-place for the season of the *élite* of Leicestershire sportsmen. There is a fashion in all things—not as a rule the result of merit, but where custom, from generation to generation has conceded the palm in a particular case, and experience vouches for the justice of the concession, the stamp of authority is affixed without further demur or inquiry—Melton reigns, has reigned, and will reign.—*Esto perpetua fama.*

In an enclosure with dilapidated walls, formerly an ancient park, and adjacent to the turnpike gate will be paraded, D.V., the Quorn hounds with the huntsman and the attendant whips. Everything appertaining to the establishment will have the appearance of novelty, and nothing bear testimony to the past season, save those of the hounds that belonged to the late Master, Mr. Clowes, and were

purchased at the Quorn sale. A new Master wears the silver hunting-horn at his saddle. We could not wish him a happier fate than an inheritance of the deserved popularity of his predecessor in office. Having the wherewithal, it is always within compass to collect together a pack of foxhounds. That may be held to be the goose-step in fox-hunting. Having mastered the preliminary, the next requisite is to fashion and to form them, in order that they shall accomplish the desired end of showing sport and killing foxes. We cannot designate the dispersion of the late establishment of Mr. Clowes otherwise than as the destruction of a splendid pack of foxhounds. The best in the kennel, and those that did the true work, were the two and one-year old hounds; and to state the fact simply is the greatest as it is the most just compliment that can be paid to the person whose sagacity effected that particular result. The four and five-year olds are in general, and should be, the killing hounds. When the younger lot, however, usurp their place, and keep it both in hunting and in chase, no more convincing proof can be given that the pack is ascending in the scale of merit. We went through the Quorn last season narrowly, hound by hound,—our opinion thereon was given in 'The Field' under the signature of 'The Devonian of 1828;' and it is indeed a subject of regret that the Master who had displayed such excellence of judgment should not have had the satisfaction of witnessing the successful achievement that was his certain meed in the future. The consolation, however, remains to Mr. Clowes, after his secession from the Mastership of the Quorn, of being estimated at his true and just value, and of his absence from the place of mark and honour being regretted by all.

The hound proper for Leicestershire ought to combine every good quality that it is in his nature to possess. He should have size to enable him to clear the fences, without creeping or 'meusing,' as it is commonly called,—foot or pace to get out of the way of horses or of those who would hunt the fox instead of the hounds. Without nose he can neither chase true nor hold on the line, and his staying qualities should be beyond suspicion. This latter quality is the test of constitution, and depends also, in great measure, upon judicious feeding. To give hounds, on returning from a long chase, when heated and necessarily fevered, their mixed pudding, stone cold, and lightened by cold water is a cruelty as well as an absurdity. The tender feeders, compelled by sheer hunger, eat reluctantly and without relish—it makes the bitches also tardy, and to come late in the season for stud purposes. Again,—wash them with warm water and soft soap after hunting, and you have kennel lameness. These things have been done once upon a time in Leicestershire kennels. Let us hope that we may speak in the past tense. And the shrieks that re-echoed through the yards,—'shrieks of an agonizing hound' under 'the unrelenting lash' of whipcord—in violation of the more merciful and civilized canons of kennel discipline—affrighting the ghosts of Meynell's and Osbaldeston's favourites,—may they never more be heard!

The Quorn kennel, from its repeated change of Masters, has not had a perfect or first-rate pack since the days of Osbaldeston. After that the great Squire had left the country, his only successor of repute, as a Master and breeder of hounds, was the late Sir Richard Sutton. Sir Harry Goodricke—our old Eton ally—brave sportsman as he was, had fanciful ideas about hounds. He got rid of those he had from Lord Southampton, and purchased others of Mr. Newman, with Badminton drafts. Mumford, who came with the old Oakley to Quorn, was better in the kennel than in the field; he had neither nerve as a rider, nor quickness and determination as a huntsman. Mr. Errington was a popular Master; yet it was not until the advent of Sir Richard Sutton that the Quorn occupied their olden place of renown. Instead of relying on other kennels, the Quorn, in that time, had stud hounds of repute carefully bred, and with a character for worth that has made their blood prized in the present day. Trueman by the Belvoir Trueman, out of the Yarborough Pastime, was the hound that Sir Richard held in the highest estimation. He bred largely from him. His son Potentate, out of Parasol, was noted for his good qualities. Dexter, by Lord Henry Bentinck's Contest out of Daphne, by Belvoir Dryden out of Tuneful, by Belvoir, Trimmer by Yarborough Trimmer, was much used, as also Glider by Lumley Pontiff out of the Sutton Gadfly, going back to the Vine Grampian. Basilisk, by Ringwood out of Brajela by Chaser, has been rendered famous for having been the sire of the Yarborough Rallywood, sire of the Belvoir Rallywood, of world-wide notoriety, out of Rosebud by Yarborough Ranter. The Morrell Hercules, also by Albion out of the Yarborough Harriet, passed through this kennel. Lord Stamford purchased largely at Sir Richard Sutton's sale, and again at that of Mr. Richard Sutton; and Mr. Clowes took the hounds of Lord Stamford at the price of two thousand guineas. At Mr. Clowes' sale an ample portion of the establishment went to Lord Hastings, who has possessed himself of a sufficiency of good blood to form an effective pack. The Marmions and Cromwells were worthy of all praise, and in another year the hounds would have taken a first-class position. If good wishes from all parts and from every one be the sure harbingers of success, the present Master might safely rely on attaining it. With so fair a field before him, the race, we sincerely trust, will be a winning one with all the odds in his favour.

Kirby Gate. Having dwelt on the matter of hounds, let us now turn for a moment to the horses. With the appurtenances of hacks, second horses, *et hoc genus omne*, there may be a full thousand in muster to hail the new administration. The value of the hunters alone would exceed the revenue of any of those scoundrel princes of the northern sour-kroust land. It is a sight well worth coming any distance to behold. Even the great Emperor who rode a Melton steed on the day of Magenta, was lost in admiration when he was once present at the November meet of the celebrated Gate. If Leicestershire requires a speciality in the hound, equally stringent is the neces-

sity for *the* particular horse. A timber and water jumper is a *sine qua non*. Clinker, with Dick Christian on his back, lost the race against Osbaldeston on Clasher from a fall at a post and rail, when dead beaten; and King of the Valley failed at a brook with the same rider on his back in the great Leicestershire Steeplechase of that day. At any time in a run one or the other of these *barrières*, as our neighbours have it, may have to be encountered, and unless properly disposed of the game is up, and your place in this Leicestershire world is lost. There is one kind of fence very particularly obnoxious. In an impenetrable bullfinch with a solitary gap in it, a strong larch pole is often dovetailed into the hedge at that gap firmly and without other stay. Unless it be jumped cleanly, or if the horse catch it with his hind legs, the larch pole yields, gives with him, and a most detrimental header for horse and rider is the consequence. No horse can recover himself. Clever little provincials, good in their way, may enable a man to see a pretty scurry, and yet not be over-marked; when the real thing comes, however, of an hour or an hour and a quarter with a full scent over 'Belvoir's sweet vale'—look out for squalls, O ye little of faith in pure blood and large horses. The smart provincial is then full of misery; he fleeth as it were a shadow; he is cut down as a flower, and the fast run knoweth him no more.

Pure blood is the grand desideratum, acknowledged as a catholic truism in the hunting-field; yet it must not be supposed that a Leicestershire field is altogether composed of such desirable material. Not one in fifty of the hunters in the shire are thoroughbred; and not one in a hundred of those reputed to be so have a real and warranted claim to the designation. Ireland exhibits a profusion of long pedigrees—superior horses, for the most part, and rare fencers; nevertheless, the warranted pedigree of thorough blood must be received with a certain amount of urbane caution from without, amounting to a positive discredit from within. The assurance that the be-praised animal might start for the Gold Cup at Ascot, is unquestionably true; that interesting fact being only a sample of the 'absolute' of Hibernian grandiloquence. Self-confidence carries one through many a difficulty, and is rarely more fully developed than in the parole warranty of the foal of a hundred sires from the sister kingdom.

The going to hounds in Leicestershire, and the riders of these steeds, have been amply and to the very letter described by Nimrod, in his inimitable article of Ashby Pasture. Upon hounds he was not quite so well empowered to dilate. Amongst horses, and everything belonging to them, he was thoroughly at home. It is the start and the crowd that embarrass the novice. In days long gone by, it was a pleasure to see Lord Cardigan, then Lord Brudenell, with Sir David Baird, Captain White, Lord Wilton, Sir Harry Goodricke, Val. Maher, Osbaldeston, Sir James Musgrave, Messrs. Holyoake and Coke, emerge from the crowd, and stream over the great grass grounds with resistless pace. That species of burst and fine riding can only be seen to perfection in High Leicestershire.

The Pytchley, at Misterton, excepted, the Cottesmore, Atherstone, and adjacent hunts fail to rival Melton in this particular. It stands alone, like 'Adam's recollection of his fall.' When once the crowd and the necessity of a quick start has become a matter of custom, and mastered, a true sportsman, with a knowledge of hounds and hunting, has every advantage. With the multitude it is chiefly a question of following a leader; but, the many having been shaken off, which, with a fox turning suddenly from the straight line to make his point, is sure to be the case, nothing can be more delicious than having a place among the chosen few. Keep your eye on the hounds. A quick start and away will procure that privilege; but few ever look, or have a chance to look, at anything save the men before and about them. Harsh and unwarrantable observations have been frequently made at the want of proper sympathy in Leicestershire fields, in not stopping when a person is down, and perhaps hurt. With hounds running at the top of the pace, one hardly sees what happens, and several unfortunates are often down at once at a difficult place. In a severe run once from Shearsby, over the vale towards Gunsley, after a frost, with the horses full of flesh and the ground unusually deep, it was calculated that, out of the large field, ten men were down at each fence. What should have been done? There was nothing beyond ordinary mishaps; but staying to inquire would have lost the run. In a case of casual injury, comparatively trifling, there is never any want of sympathy or attention; and on a particular occasion the hounds were sent home when a serious accident had occurred, fortunately not fatal. But, above all, the open hospitality, attention, and kind-heartedness of the yeomanry and farmers, under occasional disaster, deserve both eulogy and gratitude. They are, indeed, a country's pride; and long may it be before their influence, which is great, be lessened by the injurious encroachments of an oppidan supremacy, detrimental to the best interests of the country. We were never in Leicestershire, except as a holiday-hunter; that is to say, for a month at a time, according to the pressure of circumstances. Providence, however, in the shape of a dear old maiden-aunt, already mentioned in these papers, often gave our holiday a pleasing elongation; and we are bound to say that a stranger—especially one fond of hunting and hounds *quâ* hunting—will meet with kindnesses and acts of good fellowship that will long be treasured in his memory, after the halcyon day has faded away, and the remembrance of it alone remains.

Whilst speaking of riding to hounds, a circumstance is said to have happened many years ago that affords a lesson upon the one point of never deviating from an onward line, however wide, that may result from a bad start. If the turn on a wide line be in your favour, good; if against you, wait for a second fox, if there be the chance, or go home, for there can be no pleasure in tailing after hounds running a mile a-head. A fox had been found near Somerby, and one of the field, coming up late, saw hounds, to his great disgust, go away to his right from the gorse with a burning scent. The wind was in his favour, and he took a line parallel to them, chancing

the turn towards him. Hounds ran a pace to Pickwell, leaving Ranksborough to the right, and coming to the road from Oakham to Melton. Here he lost them. Still he persevered, and, near Rocart, he fancied that he heard hounds—for they were not mute at that time. On he went; and he was fortunate in finding the hounds running hard and bearing towards him. All right: he was with them again, and had gained his place. After a sharp burst they killed near Langham Lodge. Some one asked the time, and the Meltonian, taking out his watch, replied, 'An hour and a quarter.' 'Impossible; we only found half an hour ago, at Ashwell.' This seemed a puzzler; and, on looking round, the Melton man perceived that he was with the Cottesmore. The Quorn had turned and killed at Leesthorpe, and he had been fortunate to nick in with the other pack and join in a smart finish. It is not always that riding a parallel line with a bad start is so well rewarded.

Among the studs now gathering together at Melton are those of the Earl of Wilton, Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Frederic Johnstone, Mr. Gilmour, Mr. Gaskell, Hon. Mr. Coventry, Captain Brabazon, Mr. Richards, Major Paynton, Sir George Wombwell, Hon. F. Calthorpe, Mr. Craufurd, Mr. Chaplin, of Brooksby Hall, and Lord Royston. Scent promises well after the moist autumn, that has been most favourable for cub-hunting. In the locale for that essential preliminary the Quorn country is notably deficient: with the exception of Charnwood Forest, there is no woodland wherein the young hounds may be properly schooled and made handy: even the 'Divi majores' of Homer could not have it all their own way.

Monday, Nov. 5th, the Quorn at Kirby Gate. Glad hearts and merry countenances will there be, of a certainty, ripe and ready for the fray. Listen not to the old crone who whispers in doggrel—

'That a lover forsaken
A new one may get;
But a neck if once broken
Can never be set.'

But, *en avant*, and may dame Fortune be propitious to the new Master of the Quorn, and to his friends and followers at Melton!

THE OLD OAK TABLE.

CHAPTER III.

'Tis good to be merry and wise;
'Tis good to be honest and true;
'Tis good to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new.'

A WEEK at least had elapsed after the run with Ball's hounds ere the party broke up at Strawleigh. Treborough and Reynell left together for the north of Devon, being invited to stay for a fortnight with Mr. Chumleigh, the far-famed Squire of Henford, then the best

four-in-hand whip, the best judge of a foxhound, and the most extensive breeder of horses in the west of England. Looking forward with more than schoolboy-glee to the charms in store for them, they bid a short but hearty adieu to Crocker and the ladies, sprang into a light curricule as it drove to the door, and, with their heads pointing north, went carolling on their way.

Not so Harry Stoford: loth enough was he to depart from such pleasant quarters; and, by the dull, vacant expression of his eye, as he lingered on Crocker's hospitable threshold, it required no study of Lavater to perceive that his strong nature was undergoing a wrench which he was utterly unable to control. But, before I relate the strange adventure that befel him on his return to Hawkwell, the cunabula of his race, I will hazard a further attempt to describe Blanche Crocker; and, if I only succeed in doing her bare justice, it will not be difficult to account for Stoford's looks as he quitted the gates of Strawleigh.

In the first place, her complexion was fair and exquisitely transparent; she was a trifle above the middle height—two inches, perhaps, above that of the Medicean Venus; but whether it was the graceful turn of her head, or the mass of fair golden hair in which it was encircled, or the unrivalled sweetness of her mouth that constituted her chief charm, I will not pretend to say. Then, her figure was matchless; the lithe and willowy form, though scarcely developed, giving promise, like a beautiful rose-bud, of more sweets and more graces yet to come. Nor had she claimed descent from that Gitanesque race, whose flexibility and symmetry of limb is the pride of Andalusia, could her foot and ankle have been more perfect. But, far above all statuette beauty, Nature had given her a rare intellectual expression—the finishing touch of the Great Artist; the heavenly spark, with which the loveliest can ill dispense, and which, by a charm of its own, illumines and refines even the most ordinary features.

At the Easter Assize ball, Sir John Blatchford had called her 'the Rose of Devon;' and, in a county second to none in England for the beauty of its maidens, the judgment of that fastidious Paris would have been questioned by a thousand tongues if her title to it had not been indisputable. The claim of all pretenders, however, was silenced when they saw her. But around me on every side were unmistakable proofs that Blanche was not the first rose in the Crocker family; two lovely portraits by Kneller and Sir Peter Lely, and a more recent one by Copley decorated the dining-rooms at Strawleigh; the last, with its light goldy locks and soft azure eyes, bearing a striking resemblance to the fair Blanche.

'When you have settled this matter satisfactorily,' said Crocker, as he grasped Stoford by the hand, 'I hope you'll return to Strawleigh, and stay your double week as usual.'

In a moment Stoford's eye kindled at the prospect; but a phantom in the vista seemed suddenly to rise and choke his utterance. At length he said, 'God bless you, Crocker! I'll come if I can;' and he galloped from the door.

But the business on which he left was a mere bagatelle. He had

been summoned to Hawkwell by a special messenger from John Cock, the gamekeeper. That official, under the impression that his ancient solitary reign was likely to be seriously disturbed by a foreign invader, had despatched a note to his master, giving him notice of the danger that menaced his preserves. From his account—probably not an unprejudiced one—it appeared that a Captain Handley, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, but now a kind of roving game-buccaneer, had arrived at Duckyford, a village in the neighbourhood, with the avowed intention of shooting in the Hawkwell covers so long as a head of game could be found there.

‘That’s he, your honour,’ said John Cock, ‘as well-nigh druv’d Lord Bicton into a mad-house last season. Night and day they was a-watching him with a company of kippers and parish constables; but they might so well have watched for the devil himself. He bulleted every heath-poult on Blacky-moor Hill; cleared the whole fabric of pheasants in Raleigh Wood; and hammered young Josslyn and Pile, the two kippers, into a mass of jelly. That’s he as is come to Duckyford; and I want your honour to say how I be to stop him?’

‘Shoot him on the spot, John, if he shows fight; he’s no better than an outlaw, and therefore does not come within the pale of the law’s protection; shoot him, John, like a carrion-crow!’

‘Yes; but, your honour, there’s no catching him within range,’ said John Cock, whose eyes, at hearing his master’s orders, were assuming a very troubled expression. ‘Josslyn says you may so well try to stalk an old curlew on the open moor as get within gunshot of the Captain when he’s out on his roving commission.’

‘Then ram down a bullet or two on the shot, John; you may wing him in the distance by that means, and, perhaps, bring him to bag.’

John Cock had been accustomed to regard his master’s command as his law; but hitherto he had certainly never been called upon to shoot a fellow-creature because he thought fit to amuse himself by shooting pheasants not his own; and, feeling intensely alarmed, he looked up anxiously at Stoford to ascertain if he really were in earnest in giving such an order. But Lambro’s face was not more inscrutable than Stoford’s: not a gleam of mercy escaped from it to dispel John Cock’s alarm; and at length, with an irrepressible groan, he exclaimed, ‘Then your honour wishes me to commit murder?’

‘Certainly, if you choose to call it by that ugly name. This Captain Handley robs me of my property, and you shoot him in defence of it; but there is not a jury in this county or the next that would find you guilty of murder for such an act.’

The old keeper shuddered down to his kiddiebats; he would have tailed an otter in three feet of water, or taken a badger at earth by his very beard, without a moment’s hesitation; but to take a man’s life, on such grounds, was an atrocity to which he dared not set his hand. The extent of his demonstrations against poachers had, hitherto, been of a very mild nature: he had occasionally brought home in triumph the rabbit-nets of some idle villager, and even

secured his dog—when he had fully ascertained beforehand that the animal would be a valuable addition to the Hawkwell kennels ; and once or twice a year, perhaps, he had appeared before the magistrates at Mistor, to prefer a charge against the Stanley gipsies, who, not satisfied with the hedgehog for their legitimate food, and lusting for a change of diet, had been discovered taking a hare out of a wire-noose on the Squire's manor ; but, as the marauders had strong objections to a court of justice, and soon wandered beyond the parish-constable's jurisdiction, these charges were allowed to drop without further proceedings.

John Cock touched his hat mechanically, in answer to the peremptory order he had just received ; but, before he could find words, either to dissuade his master from insisting on such a course, or flatly to remonstrate against it, Stoford became aware that he had gone a little too far in thus testing the obedience of his old and valued servant ; so, turning to him again, he added, ' Well, John, as you ' seem to have so decided an objection to human blood, suppose we ' set about catching this Captain Handley in some other way ? '

' With all my heart, your honour,' said he, as if a mill-stone had been unslung from his neck ; ' only give me Tom Arnold, Willy ' Head, and the two grooms, and, in spite of what Josslyn says, the ' Captain must have the legs of a red-deer if we don't run into him ' the very first day he comes in upon Hawkwell.'

' Very well,' said Stoford ; ' you can have the men ; but mind ' they don't get cidery again, as they did when Sam Heath carried ' off that sack of game last October.'

In those days, if not at present, a kind of truck system, with respect to cider, prevailed universally in the county of Devon ; every labourer carried to his work a keg containing three pints of cider, the value of which was deducted from his daily wages ; and, ye gods ! what cider it frequently was ! hard, acrid, and maggoty ! Had Horace taken one draught of it he would have consigned Pomona to the care of Pluto, and exclaimed again, with his teeth on edge—

' O dura messorum ilia.'

They, indeed, who consume it in vast quantities—such as three or four gallons a day to each man throughout the harvest—must have been fitted with cast-iron boilers within ; for natural stomachs could never have sustained the inundation of such fluids, acrid as the blood of Nessus itself.

But Stoford's warning was in vain. The next morning, at break of day, John Cock and his watchers were all posted at convenient points on the Duckyford side of the manor ; and long before twelve o'clock—the hour at which Captain Handley entered the Hawkwell covers—not only had they finished their allowance of cider, but their kegs had been twice replenished by the tenants of the neighbouring farm-houses. Handley, had they discovered him, would have been more than a match for a dozen such fellows ; but, as he was down wind, and they were paralyzed by cider, he enjoyed a capital day's sport, without let or hindrance ; the only drawback

being that it was unseasoned by any hair-breadth escape or stirring adventure.

The circumstance, however, soon reached Stoford's ears ; but, from a bitter experience of the habits of John Cock and his allies, he certainly was not surprised at the unsuccessful result of the ambuscade. That night he sat down and wrote the following note to Captain Handley :—

‘DEAR SIR,

‘I have only just heard of your day's diversion in my covers at Hawkwell, and regret much you did not inform me of your intention to visit them. As, I fear, your sport must have been indifferent, pray let me know when you next purpose shooting on this manor, and I will take care to send a keeper to conduct you to the best covers I possess.

‘Your obedient Servant,

‘HENRY STOFORD.’

Handley's sensibilities were not of the finest order, nor were his nerves easily affected ; but when he had read that courteous letter he laid it down quietly on the table, as if his spirit were prostrated by its contents. The influence of that still, small voice had at length touched him, when the strong wind, the earthquake, and the fire had ever failed to do so ; and Handley absolutely writhed with shame as he became more and more conscious of the false position in which he had placed himself by forgetting that he was a gentleman.

When a small craft attempts to pass under the lee of a larger one, the wind on which she depends is suddenly intercepted, her sails collapse, and her way on the waters is instantly checked ; and thus it was with Handley. Stoford's generosity so completely took the wind out of his sails that he felt himself powerless to proceed further in his old course, and at once resolved to change it for a better.

‘D—— this fellow !’ said he ; for he was given to expletives of a strong character ; ‘he has spoiled my sport for ever. I have found stolen waters very sweet in more ways than one ; but to continue this indulgence, when I am so kindly invited to partake of it fairly and legitimately, would be a breach of hospitality of which I should be thoroughly ashamed. No ; I'll ride over, and call on him at once, and beg his pardon humbly.’

So he did, and the result was a friendship that ceased only with life.

Stoford, after this affair, would have gladly returned to Strawleigh, to have another week's hunting with Crocker's hounds, and enjoy the society of the fair Blanche. But—there is always a ‘but’ to mar our perfect happiness—there was a reason, a very cogent one, too, that forced him to forego such an arrangement, and demanded his attendance elsewhere, at least for the present.

To many of his country friends, especially to Crocker, it was a matter of surprise that Stoford, having put on his Bachelor's gown, should still continue periodically to visit Oxford. On the present

occasion he had again returned thither, on the plea that, as he wished to proceed to the degree of Master of Arts, the statutes required him to reside for one clear term at the University, as a qualification for that honour. It is a kind of preliminary canter which they who start for that nominal distinction are expected to perform.

At such a time, a man's independence is as complete as it well can be. He attends no lectures, ignores morning chapel, and knocks in at any hour before twelve o'clock, P.M., without being summoned by the Dean for a breach of gate observances. His sole business is to live a life of jollity and ease, which, if he have not early duns at his door, he is pretty sure to do, under the ægis of his B.A. gown.

So favoured an individual, unfettered by restraint, and probably a man of fortune, has usually a large circle of friends; and too often upon them falls an undue share of the penalties which should properly lie at his door. If he gives bills he must expect to meet them; and if he sows the wind, *serius ocus*, he must expect to reap the whirlwind. But the evil ends not with him; the prospects of his friends are not unfrequently blighted for life by his company. They are yet undergraduates, and probably dependent on the degree which they are hoping to attain for their future promotion in life.

Alas! vain is their effort to read: the jolly B.A. breaks in upon their studies at all hours. He proposes a day with Mostyn in the Bicester Vale, a tandem to Henley, or a lark at Woodstock—irresistible allurements, before which the ethics of Aristotle are scattered, like a mist before the morning sun. Down go the books incontinently; top-boots are pulled on, and wiry thoroughbred hacks convey them in one hour to Stratton Audley, or even Fringford Gate. A find in Hethe Spinney, and a finish at Brill. Ten miles as the crow would fly sends them home in ecstasy; they dine together at the 'Roebuck,' and, of course, wind up the day with the wassail bowl. For forty-eight hours afterwards the students would prefer swallowing a black draught to reading a page of Tacitus, or a chorus in the *Medea* of Euripides, so repugnant is the effort of thought to them after such an outing.

Stoford was a great favourite in his college; and for that reason his influence in inducing men to deviate from the hard and wearisome road of study, and to wander with him into the flowery paths of pleasure, was all the more dangerous.

One morning, soon after his return to Oxford, he entered the rooms of an old chum, who was getting up his 'Whately' at the last moment—for the schools were imminent, and he was going up for high honours. 'Come along, Collins,' said he; 'we're off to Nuneham, and only want you to make up the eight. You can take the bow oar, if you like it; and at Sandford, Fanny Burgess shall reward you with one of her bright smiles and a beaker of sherry-flip into the bargain.'

'Impossible, Stoford! Walker is the examiner; and I shall be floored to a certainty in my logic if I put it off to another day. Besides, I have not pulled an oar since last term; so get some one else, do.'

‘No, we must have you, old fellow; but you shall steer us down, if you prefer that; and to-night you can easily sit up an hour or two later, and make up for lost time. So come along; it does not do to keep the bow always bent.’

Collins, knowing full well that every man of the eight would follow suit, and knock at his oak every five minutes from that time to the moment of departure, gave way reluctantly. ‘Well, Stoford,’ said he, as he saw his resolution to read swept away like a cobweb, ‘if I lose my class I shall lay the blame at your door.’

‘No fear of that, my boy; you are as sure to get your First as I am to get my Master’s.’

‘Nothing is sure in this world, save death and taxes, Stoford; however, I will not “forecast the form of care;” so *hodiè vivamus*.’

It was a bright, beautiful day, as the eight-oar, impelled by its lusty crew, glided swiftly and gaily o’er the classic Isis, cleaving its waves like a thing of life. The Willows, Iffley, and the island are soon passed; but the deep lock at Sandford detains the boat, abandoned by all but her bow-oar for ten minutes, while sundry tankards of ale, almost as sparkling as the eyes of Fanny Burgess herself, are hastily disposed of by the thirsty crew. Then, as giants refreshed, they bend to the welcome task; the rowlocks ring together with one accord, like the click of a castanet in the hands of an Andalusian—a very pleasant music to the ears of the coxswain as he notes its perfect time.

At Nuneham the day is devoted either to a few sharp spurts over the Abingdon reach, for the benefit of those of the crew who have been selected to maintain the honour of their college in the forthcoming races, or to a ramble in the stately wood that overhangs the stream, in which, if Naiads be a reality, one might expect to meet them at every turn; or jack is trolled for—and many a jack caught in very questionable condition.

Then, as a wind-up, comes the repast, on which Saddler, of the High Street, has bestowed his most artistic touch; and to which Peake, of the ‘Mitre,’ has added a hamper of Burgundy, binned while George the Third was king, and such as the Vice-Chancellor himself has never tasted since he became a Don—a beverage little suited to thirsters after knowledge, and of which they would do well to drink sparingly.

Collins is chief among the bacchanals, and sacrifices a copious and grateful offering to the jolly god, released at length from his vitreous prison. To hear him, as, brimful of heartiness and boon companionship, he gets upon his legs and quotes Horace and Anacreon, as if they alone were inspired authors and he a fellow-worshipper with them of the same deity, no one would suppose, from his utter *abandon*, that in a few days from that date he meant to enter the school-list as a candidate for the highest honours the University could bestow; and that the destiny of his life depended on the heavy stake for which he was about to play.

Still, it was so; but, although, during the short interval that remained to him, he toiled the livelong day and consumed to its last

drop the midnight oil—and although he pored over his Aristotle and Whately till, were it not for the cold wet towel in which his brow was swathed, he must have dropped a hundred times from his seat, overcome by sleep and mental fatigue, yet he gained not the goal.

As he had anticipated, he failed in his logic: he had ‘crammed’ it at the last moment, and no time had been given for its digestion. The question was put to him to distinguish between the Enthymeme of Aristotle and that of Cicero, and to explain the difference between the old Enthymeme and the modern one of Boethius. This he was unable to do: the examiner, as he said, floored him like a nine-pin; and he dropped into a shady Third—a distinction fatal alike to an expected fellowship and to further University favours.

Years afterwards, when poor Collins, who had settled in a country curacy somewhere in the fens of Lincolnshire, and had married ‘a penniless lass, wi’ a lang pedigree,’ of whose prolific nature he had taken as little forethought as he had of his logic in other days, Stoford, as he told the story seated at my side, was wont to reflect bitterly on the consequences of that Nuneham day, and to take to himself a full share of the blame that Collins predicted would lie at his door if he failed to gain the great prize.

‘Collins,’ he would say, ‘was one of Rugby’s best scholars, ‘a man of rare intellect and superior attainments; and yet, by ‘missing the bull’s-eye, how has he fallen?—he, who as “Select ‘“Preacher,” might have electrified the University and charmed ‘the most discriminating congregation;—there he is at Marshpool, ‘vegetating like a water-lily among tadpoles and wild ducks, and surrounded by human clods, whom no amenities can soften and no ‘cultivation improve. St. Paul was in his element when he preached ‘to the Gnostics from the crown of the Areopagus; but what ‘affinity can there be, in mind or manner, between this pupil of ‘Gamaliel and his Bœotian flock?’

To which the elder daughter, Miss Crocker, who was a dear little saint in her way, would reply: ‘But, surely, Mr. Stoford, if his ‘flock are not gifted with like endowments, each one has a soul of ‘his own at least equally precious with that of your friend; and its ‘future state, its weal or woe for ever, can never be matter of indifference to a minister appointed to watch over it, and who, to a ‘certain extent, is responsible for its safety.’

‘Never, I should hope; nor do I say that Collins neglects a single ‘duty that a clergyman might be expected to perform; on the contrary, he is a pattern parish priest, and all that appertains to his office ‘is scrupulously and faithfully performed. But, when that is done, ‘without being “monarch of all he surveys,” he is almost as isolated, ‘in point of society, as Alexander Selkirk himself might have been. ‘His Squire, who lives about three miles across the marshes, foul as ‘those of Minturnæ, knows not a dactyl from a spondre; and on ‘Sundays, when they occasionally meet, not the eloquence of Mercury could keep him awake beyond the first ten minutes of the ‘sermon. The last time I heard from Collins the tone of his letter

' was full of hope ; and he wound it up by quoting from his favourite,
' Horace,

" Durum ! sed levius fit patientiâ,
Quidquid corrigere est nefas "—

' which means, that resignation to our lot, hard though it be, lightens
' the burdens of life.'

But to return to Stoford at Oxford. The ostensible object of his keeping term was to obtain his M.A. degree ; although, for the University and political privileges which this honour might confer on him he really cared not a feather : what the true object was may be explained at once—it was a woman.

Now, as it pleased Providence to give him a loving heart and a warm temperament, it was next to an impossibility for a man of so impressionable a nature to keep sixteen terms at Oxford without falling into a love entanglement, in some form or other. That he did so before he had been in residence three terms, was a fact that, by means of his scout, a sworn spy, very soon became known to his tutor, who, to his credit be it said, spared no pains in advising and lecturing him very seriously on the subject. But, as well might he have preached to the Dons a Latin sermon, from St. Mary's pulpit, on the impropriety of drinking port wine. They would have lent him their ears, perhaps, as Stoford did, but his doctrine would never have touched their palates so long as a bottle of Comet wine could be found in their cellars.

But, before the history of this affair is further related, the few of Stoford's old friends who happily may still be found on this side the Styx will be interested to hear, if they were not Oxford men at the time, that a scene in which he was chief performer created so great a sensation among the authorities that Convocation was especially summoned to expunge the clause on which he had acted from the sacred book of University statutes.

He had been dining with his friend Watkin Williams, a fellow-commoner of Christ Church, and over their wine in Watkin's rooms, where a large party had assembled, Stoford remarked that for want of better employment he had lately been reading the University statutes. ' I little thought,' said he, ' I should find them so amusing : why, there are passages in them worthy of George Colman's " Broad Grins." And if any man wishes to improve his dog-Latin, let him search the statutes.'

' I'd rather wait till I have passed the schools,' said Ralph Ormsby, ' as you have done ; such barbarous Latin may affect one's style detrimentally.'

Not a member present except Stoford had ever opened the book from the first day of his matriculation—the day on which he had sworn solemnly to observe the statutes it contained.* Consequently, they

* The words of the oath ran thus :—

' Tu fidem dabis ad observandum omnia Statuta, Privilegia, et Consuetudines hujus Universitatis Oxon. Ita Deus te adjuvet, tactis Sacro-Sanctis Christi Evangeliiis.'

That is, ' You shall swear to observe all statutes, privileges, and customs of this University. So help you God.'

knew no more about its contents, except from oral tradition, than they did about those of the Khoran.

'Many of the statutes, *de moribus conformandis*,' continued Stoford, 'were evidently intended for the small boys that entered the University in former days: for instance, a whipping is promised to such as play at marbles or witness the feats of jugglers and rope-dancers; and a still more brutal penalty—a public castigation—awaits the youth who is rash enough to enter a house in which wine and tobacco are sold. By-the-by, Watkin, those Havannahs that Bryant got for you have a choice flavour; hand me the box and a light, and then perhaps I shall be able to finish my lecture on the statutes.'

'They are prime weeds, old fellow; but fill up your glass, and hang the statutes. Let's hear something more about the hounds you hunted with last season.'

Stoford, however, having lighted a cigar, went on with his comments. 'Here's a statute,' said he, 'that every man of you has violated over and over again: it directs us to abstain from hunting and shooting, under the penalty also of corporal punishment; our dogs are to be hanged and our guns forfeited and sold for the use of the University.'

'For my part,' interposed Gregory, soon afterwards M.P. for no mean city, 'instead of Alma Mater, I think the University should be called *injusta Noverca*. Some black-hearted inquisitor must have framed that law; but I'll have it repealed, boys, if I live.'

A cheer, that made the rafters ring, shook the distant gates of Canterbury Quad, and made the learned Dean start in his slumbers, burst simultaneously from Watkin, Ormsby, Kenyon, and others, all worshippers of Diana and true lovers of the chase.

'Go on, Stoford; 'anything more about hunting?' shouted a dozen voices.

'Yes; here's a clause worthy of Draco against racing, cock-fighting, and the keeping of hounds: banishment being the penalty.'

At that very time two packs of hounds were kept by Christ Church men—one of beagles and another of draught fox-hounds; the latter were trained to run a drag, and in no country could be seen harder or more determined riding than at the tail of those hounds. The system had one recommendation—it made the aspirants accomplished horsemen.

'It is somewhat remarkable,' continued Stoford, 'that in all their fulminations against the noble science, wherein the pursuit of the deer, the hare, and the rabbit is prohibited, not one word is said about the fox; so that's a pull on our side; and we may drive a coach and four through that clause, at all events.'

'Bravo, Stoford!' said Corbet, he of the Trojan blood; 'but you may take your oath it was from no respect for the wily animal that the omission has occurred.'

‘Of course not; when these statutes were enacted he was held
‘in vile estimation; for—

“Who ever reck’d, where, how, or when,
The wily fox was trapp’d or slain.”

‘But now-a-days what beast of the field is thought equal to him for
‘showing sport across country, and testing the power of hounds,
‘horses, and men? But hark back to the statutes. Here is one
‘that authorizes a Bachelor of Arts to wear his cap in the presence
‘of the examiners: it is doubtless obsolete, but I should like
‘amazingly to prove the privilege.’

‘Short and Walker are in the schools, and you would not dare do
‘it,’ shouted the whole party.

‘Well, just do me the favour to bet me a sovereign apiece,’ said
Stoford, ‘and I’ll undertake to establish my claim to-morrow.’

‘Done!—I’ll have a sovereign or ten on it!—and I—and I!’
sounded on all sides; and Kenyon, who was the only non-bettor
of the party, at once consented to be umpire in the matter.

The terms of the bet were that at three o’clock on the following
day Stoford should enter the schools, and wear his academical cap for
one half-hour in the presence of the examining masters.

The clause,* on which he relied, specified that Bachelors of Arts,
if clad in the full dress of their degree, should be allowed to wear
their caps in the presence of masters and others in the School of Arts
and Philosophy.

A great luncheon was given next day at Christ Church in Ormsby’s
rooms: lamb-cutlets, sweetbreads, lobster-salad, and pigeon-pies
(Does any one know where all the pigeons come from that Oxford
alone consumes?), were disposed of with wondrous zest; and, as
some one has said, ‘Good eating requires good drinking,’ champagne
at a fabulous price, and cider-cup, cunningly mingled in massive
silver tankards, the gifts of sympathetic benefactors of a former age,
frisk and sparkle in copious streams, grateful as the nectar of the
immortals.

But it is ten minutes to three o’clock, and a rush is made for caps
and gowns. The whole party sally forth into Oriel Lane, cross the
High Street, pass Brazenose, and reach the schools, situated in
that grand Bodleyan Quadrangle; a dread region to many an am-
bitious student, and terrible as the Halls of Eblis to him who is
unprepared.

The convivial lot now entering the schools have, however, no
qualms on the subject. Stoford, like Archibald Bell-the-cat, heads
the van, and, opening the noiseless green-baize door, takes his seat
on a conspicuous bench, directly in front of the examiners. At that
moment there was a student under torture; Short was grinding him
in the Phædo of Plato, *vivâ voce*; so neither he nor his fellow

* ‘Proviso tamen, quod licebit Facultatis Artium Baccalaureis, habitu Gradui
‘competente indutis, in Scholis Artum vel Philosophiæ, pilcos etiam in præsentia
‘Magistrorum et aliorum induere.’—*Univ. Stat. Oxon.*

inquisitor looked up, notwithstanding the rather uproarious entrance of so many men at the same time.

‘Be good enough,’ said the examiner, ‘to state what the philosopher’s theory is with respect to knowledge.’

The student dropped his head for a moment, as a good hound will do when forced over the scent by a thrusting crowd; but, soon recovering his train of thought, so cruelly diverted by the clatter of benches and Wellington boots, he said, ‘Plato maintains that all our knowledge is acquired by the reminiscence of ideas contemplated in a prior state. As the soul, therefore, must have existed before this life, it is probable that it will continue to exist after it.’

At that instant Ormsby kicked over a bench purposely, and a check to the examination was the immediate result. Short looked up, and catching a view of Stoford with his cap on, he pointed directly at him, and said in an angry tone, ‘Take off your cap, sir.’

But Stoford never moved a muscle. In another half-minute Short again raised his voice, and this time with still more emphasis: ‘Take off your cap, sir!’

‘I beg your pardon,’ said Stoford, ‘but I respectfully decline doing so. The University Statutes give me, as a Bachelor, the privilege to wear my cap in your presence.’

Stoford handed him the statute book with the leaf turned down to the clause in question, and in a moment the examiner’s eye caught the words, ‘Clad in the full dress of their degree.’ ‘Yes, sir; but where are your banns!’

‘Here,’ said Stoford, pulling out a long pair, held in reserve under the folds of his waistcoat, at which there was a low titter among the benches.

But Short went on, ‘Your hood, too, sir, where’s that?’

‘On my back, sir,’ said Stoford, turning round and exhibiting the required vestment.

Short’s chagrin was intense; and, as he was unpopular in his college, and stern as Rhadamanthus in the schools, the idea of his being bullied on his own dunghill was so refreshing to the undergraduates that, were it not for the awe in which they held him, a burst of applause would have certainly followed this last response. As it was, a very unmistakable murmur of satisfaction could not be suppressed.

‘Very well, sir,’ said he; ‘you shall hear further touching this matter.’ And, after conferring with his colleague, the examination of the student was again proceeded with.

After some time, Kenyon, who was timekeeper and stakeholder, whispered to Stoford that he had won his bet, and the party retired from the schools.

But the hubbub created in the University by that audacious act cannot be described. Suffice it to say that the head of his college, a most kind, benevolent, and venerable man, sent for Stoford, and, after hearing from him an explanation of the whole affair, begged him to call on Short and assure him that no personal affront was

intended towards him ; that his sole object was to prove the privilege accorded by the statutes, and to win his wager.

Stoford did so, and Short was satisfied. But the matter did not end there. At the next meeting of Convocation—summoned, as the undergraduates believed, on that especial account—the objectionable clause was banished for ever from the statutes of the University.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

It is I suppose quite time that I gave my opinion. 'Who is he?' will no doubt be asked by what Sir Fretful Plagiary calls 'some damned goodnatured friend.' 'Who is he? Who is going to give us his opinion?' I answer I am the French tutor of 'Baily,' and if I know nothing, that is no reason why I should not profess to teach everything. What do other tutors do? Therefore, I repeat, that the time has now come, my dear young friend, when I must tell you when I think you should come and see *Lutetia Parisiorum*. 'The origin of Paris, and of its founders, is involved in great obscurity. A wandering tribe obtained permission of the *Senones*, at a remote period, to settle upon the banks of the Seine. They built huts upon the island now called the *Cité*.'

But I find I am carrying my duties as tutor to the extreme, and am getting to be instructive, which is usually a very different thing from being amusing: besides, if I was telling you when you ought to have come to Paris to see those 'huts in the island called a *Cité*,' I should have had to put back your visit to that impossible date 'a remote period!'

If you visited *la Cité* now you would only see the new Morgue, which, by the way, looks like a Mechanics' Institute; the Hôtel Lambert, where the dear old Princess Czartoriska used to receive on Tuesday evenings; and, at certain seasons, the bathing-houses which now line those banks of the Seine, the building leases of which were once in the hands of the *Senones*.

The great thing to know is what you are coming to see, to do, to bear, or to suffer. If you want society, of course my dear Mrs. Jones, you must be here in time for the *jour de l'an*, and squander Jones's (respectable Jones!) money on New Year's gifts of bonbons, &c. &c., for hundreds of people whom you barely know by sight, and who do not know you by sight. With patience, introductions, and an unscrupulous use of *etrennes*, you will get into a certain society, and may dance till Lent is rung in by the bells of the churches to the running accompaniment (with jumping, screaming, and swearing) of the returning revellers—good Catholics, who having husbanded their pleasure, are then leaving the final *bal masqué*. Then comes a very pleasant season for the initiated, but rather a dull one for English and American visitors—it is the season of small receptions and private pleasant parties. At Easter there is a fresh outbreak. There are a 'German Ball,' and an 'English Ball' for charity, which is not puffed up or out, and does not fear a crowd,

and a series of private balls and dances, which go on till the Grand Prix is disputed on the plains of Longchamp, and then all is over. You can get home nicely to Albertopolis, and having danced from Christmas to Easter here, may dance from Easter to Goodwood there. Even the most devoted worshipper who ever bent the knee before the shrine of the 'Muse of the many twinkling feet,' may be satisfied then, I think!

But if you care for Paris pretty and natural, instead of Paris shaky, up-all-night, dissipated, and picking itself up by frequent 'exhibitions' (excuse the learned medical term) of absinthe, then I say, wait till dancing is over, and come to a more quiet and homely Paris. You see the friends you know, and avoid the acquaintances whom 'you 'meet everywhere every night'—charming people who do not care two straws for you, and whom you properly esteem at a like herbal value. If you want to go to a dance go to 'Mabille,' taking Mrs. Grundy (with a decent veil) with you if you like, or she will not stop, as she should do, quietly at the hotel. If you prefer fresh air, and a less exhibition of ankles and even legs, go to the cafés chantants and hear the people's Patti—as it is the fashion to call Theresa—who, truth to tell, squalls like a Wapping sailor, and is as vulgar as Lady ——. Then the afternoons are so jolly in Paris in those 'dull' months which succeed the 'charming' season. You are not bound to take the dust for two hours in the 'Bois,' and see the same Daughters of Delight dressed in the same caricature of fashion, to be again imitated in their turn by *their* imitators, whom birth and position have made so respectable that, afraid of being thought vapid, they have recourse to Rachelesque measures, and become disciples of a school celebrated for the highness of its colouring, the lowness of its garments, and the breadth and width of its morality. No! instead of parading by the shores of that lake, between two other rows of carriages, you can then drive about the quiet parts of the Bois, and admire the real beauties of the scene. The unfrequented drives of the Forest of Boulogne are indeed lovely, and the escape from the 'fumum opes strepitus que' of Paris into those cool glades is a great treat. Hospitable restaurants open their portals, and you can dine in the open air, listening to the song of the nightingale, instead of in the gas-heated atmosphere of a Boulevard café, to the constant 'refrain' of—'Julienne, Tapioca, Purée de Pois.'

When autumn comes, Nature calls in her Madame Rachel and assumes bright red tints—very becoming, but which fall off at Christmas, just as I expect other red-gold coloured decorations will do. Spring, however, comes to the aid of the former—

'The genial call dead Nature hears,
And all her glory reappears;'

but I question if any

'Second Spring will renovate'

those false fleeting tresses of the latter. In a word, the Bois de Boulogne, St. Cloud, or Chantilly, seen in early autumn, are simply

glorious, and a lover of woodland scenery, or an artist, should try Paris in September or October.

I do not like the winter anywhere in the north of Europe. I am not particular, but I do like sunshine, blue sky, vegetation, vegetables, green-peas, pineapples, and peaches on Christmas Day; so you may imagine, oh, my genteel reader, that I do not like Paris from December to February. Neuralgia haunts you like a remorse; cold winds follow you about like poor relations, and rheumatism 'sits on the whirlwind and directs the storm.' The climate varies every ten minutes. If you go into a house you are asphyxiated with charcoal-stoves; if you go out in the street, you are crimped with cold, peppered with dust, and served out generally. The early Spring is sometimes very nice; and, perhaps, breakfasting at a Hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, and looking out of your window at the horse-chesnuts of the Tuileries, in the pride of their blossom, is one of the pleasantest 'quarters of an hour' of tourist life; and to get these it is not necessary to shiver through the winter in Paris. An Irish gentleman, who was recently asked what were the best French winter-quarters, replied, with a truly national blunder, 'Algeria!' Nor, after all, was he very wrong; for Algeria is France over the water, and the climate is so beautiful that mere existence is a pleasure. Nice is very pleasant before the spring winds begin to blow, bringing with them a dust so terrible that it requires bottle after bottle of Bordeaux to take the taste out of your month after a walk. Pau is a great place now, and, I hear, very pleasant during the dead months. You have 'Society'—I don't think much of provincial society, whether 'neat as imported' from England, for the education of children, or native, as represented by the Prefect, the Maire, and the Postmaster; but other people do, or think they do like it;—and there it is at Pau. Then there are a reading-room, a club, and, last but not least, a pack of foxhounds.

People potter on at Pau, and then, like giants refreshed, come back to Paris, and 'hedge' their acquired health by big dinners, late hours, and hot salons. I believe people, usually considered sane, have attempted to Paris the winter months in Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre, and even Calais; but we will not talk of them.

I say, then, in conclusion, let dissipation come to Paris from Christmas to Easter; enjoyment from Easter to July; artists in the autumn, and invalids in the early spring.

Easter is a great week always here. The Grand Hôtel looks like the House of Commons when the 'Whip' has been at work. Peers people the 'Bristol' and the 'Mirabeau;' hunting men tell of that best thing of the season, which nobody saw but themselves. Racing men 'babble of fields;' and the general lounging public comes over because Good Friday is an extra Sunday without a 'Bell's Life,' and makes the week in London decidedly slow. He who can only come to Paris for one week in the year should certainly come at Easter.

Of course, the next year in Paris will be an exceptional one. All the world, accompanied by Madame his wife, are due in the

Champ de Mars during the summer of 1867 ! Still, after all, 'Exhibitioners' do not, as a rule, get much in the way of first-class tourists. They frequent second-rate hôtels, affect 'tables-d'hôte' and minor theatres, and make the fortunes of the cheap (and good at the price) dining-houses of the Palais Royal. The 'European,' 'Richefeu,' and Tissot's will not be able to serve their guests quick enough. But nothing of that need annoy the readers of 'Baily.' Tourist Paris is not *their* Paris. Besides, excursionists are autumn birds, and never take flight till August ; so, as the Exhibition opens in April, they—our genteel readers—will have four months to stare at the wonders of art and science gathered together in the Palace of New Industry on the Field of Mars, and yet be back shooting blackcock and grouse, and killing, or perhaps tailoring deer, on their moor or in their forest, before the advanced guard of Cook's Tourists crosses the frontier.

And now I will say a good word for Cook. We, by some error of an unkind Nature, have *not* all been born lords or heirs to ten thousand a year. (I do not speak with any personal feeling, having eleven thousand five hundred a year, inherited from the cousin of an aunt of my grandmother, who had naturally never seen me—hence, indeed, the legacy.) It is a mistake, evidently, but one hard to remedy ; yet (Will you believe it ?) I am liberal enough to say that all classes excluded from that category are not bound to stay at home. Ten thousand a year, paid quarterly, no doubt vivifies the intellect, and makes the appreciation of art, beauty, scenery, and life much more acute than twenty shillings paid on a Saturday night ; yet I really think that the labouring classes may go, without great harm, and see the wonders of the world, if any one can and will take them at a price they can afford to pay. So I say in 'Baily,' and, if you please, in large type, 'Perish our agitators, and let our Cooks live !' I must tell you one story of Cook and his enterprising voyagers. Once, in Italy, they were taking, as usual, the names of all the evening arrivals. Mrs. Marsh, of Manchester, described herself as a 'rentiere' coming from England, and travelling 'partoot.' 'Madame means par Cook !' suggested intelligent waiter. 'Cook ! What do I want with a cook in lodgings ?' asked Mrs. Marsh, of Manchester. 'Madam,' says the waiter (who speaks perfect English), 'misremembers what I told her. Madame travels with 'the circle of Monsieur Cook' (this with a grin). 'The Lord be 'good to us !' says Mrs. Marsh, of Manchester ; 'I believe the 'fellow thinks I am a rider at Cook's circus !'

This reminds me of another Italian story. A young lady, who had been taught Italian at Clapham, was detected by a friend of mine airing her knowledge at Florence—in that fair city, where, if they do nothing else—and upon my word they do not do much else—they can speak pure Italian, and which is truly 'Il bel paese là 'dove il "si" suona,' and the capital of fair Italian speech. Now, Miss Adeline and her father wanted a lodging, and wanted it cheap. She, like a dutiful daughter, interpreted literally ; but as she always commenced her sentences with these words, 'Dish papa !' (this in the

lingua Toscana, and coming from a *bocca Romana*, would have been 'Dice il mio padre!' ('my father says'), the landlord was utterly defeated. 'Ma quel piano vuol' il signore?' asked puzzled publican, at last (What story would you wish to live on). 'Confound 'them all, for a lot of fiddlers,' says papa. 'Tell him we are only 'here for a week, and no more want a piano than we do a hurdy-gurdy!'

But, harking back to Paris. A few lines past I told you when to come to Paris. I wonder if I may again repeat my advice as to what to do when you arrive there? I will try, however, and risk it. My advice is—amalgamate, amalgamate! amalgamate! Just as in the days of Sir Robert Peel they cried, 'Register!—register!—register!' I cry now, register that you are a gentleman, and so not prejudiced. Of course we do not advise you of Sèvres manufacture to float down the stream of life with the brazen pots. For my part I believe in the floating capacity of the lighter vessel; but it might be brought into a nasty collision—'tried too high,' as we say at the metropolis of the Turf, which will be disfranchised if it does not learn wisdom with old age—anything, too, but a green old age. But we do say glide down the stream together, each in your own current, and you will arrive at the final pool without a crash. Nobody is so bad a traveller, for instance, as the 'Brummagem' swell. He, like the imitation silver, costs a deal of money, is no good after all, and you cannot put him anywhere near the real article without his being detected. It is the imitation makes the nasty unpleasant noise; the true metal rings as purely and merrily as a marriage bell.

I cannot help sending you a quotation from a book written years ago, but recently published, which well illustrates my views on travelling—not travelled—English. Days evidently pass and resemble one another; and men are just like those days. A very keen observer of character wrote of us all, some twenty years ago, in these terms—when I say of all of us, I mean of that, even then, large section of society which, rightly or wrongly, would go abroad. I think that England is meant for some English, as the continent is intended for some others; but you know the desire of travel comes with money and education. Even Mrs. Gill would go abroad—

'Mrs. Gill is very ill, and nothing will improve her,
But to see the "Tooleree," and waddle through the Louvre.'

And now for my clever man's illustration :

'An attempt to explain the web of prejudices tangled round the English character would be as fruitless as an effort to unravel the fibrous roots of the oak, its noble and appropriate emblem.

'Like them, they form part of its very existence; are fed by the same sap; and are, perhaps, as necessary to the growth and greatness of the branching structure above them.

'The main strength of a nation often consists in its prejudices; but that which gives strength does not always produce happiness.
'The wholesome training for muscular exertion is far from agree-

'able. So, the culture of a disdainful pride, though giving to Britons 'power in a contest with her foes, greatly militates against the comfort of their intercourse with each other. Were this national pride 'confined to the aristocratical orders, its ill effect would be less flagrant. 'The high-pressure engine of refinement is always furnished 'with a safety-valve against the danger of explosion. Good manners 'modify the mischief of corruption.

'But when the errors of the great are adopted by the vulgar, 'every part of the body politic feels it more or less; and as 'retail-dealers adulterate wine, until what was at first only flavoured 'becomes at last deleterious, so do the hucksters of gentility degrade 'the lofty bearing of high life. Reversing the process of defecation, 'the more it is filtered the more impure it becomes. What was 'dignity at court is arrogance in the City. The Lafitte which was 'dashed with Hermitage at Bordeaux is poisoned with brandy at the 'London Docks. 'The puissant woof of oligarchical hauteur is unravelled into a coarse thread; and the grand class which formerly 'gave its tone to the national mind, now sees itself confounded in 'the general dislike provoked by each vulgar gradation.'

Don't you think that we have found a quotation of 1836 which is not so unseasonable as we could wish in 1866?

But I fear that I am getting dictatorial, and giving advice where your readers would like—whatever they may require—'It is all for 'your own good,' we say, you know, when we punish children—amusement. Do you love, my gentle friend and subscriber, an amusement combined with instruction? If so, then I can take you to the Manufacture des Gobelins, and show you tapestry, very beautiful, but the producing of which always, I confess, makes me think of painting gone mad and produced by a lunatic artist. Did you ever see it? No; then go. I will give you an outline of what you must be prepared to witness in 'L'Ancienne Rue Mouffetard.' Our lunatic sits gazing at a sheet of canvas, on the reverse of which he produces the same effects of colour and combination which you may see in that pattern which, for equally lunatic reasons, he places *behind* him! I will describe no more, or you will not believe me less lunatic than that artist who does not stand to his proper front, and yet is a very Landseer (in wool). When, like the bad Samaritan, you pass to the other side, what colour! what freshness! what beauty! and yet it is all colour, the work of men's hands, and worsted—which, I am credibly informed, is derived from the backs of sheep, originally, I mean, of course. All we get off the back of a sheep usually, is the 'brown bit' off a loin of mutton, illustrated with (hot) plates. Then, again, there is instruction—amusement—well, perhaps. Certainly then, instruction, and other effects which strike the nervous system, and therefore excite you. You can go to a market and see beasts killed 'à l'Empereur';—I will say that they go down under a single blow, like Front de Bœuf before the Sluggard, or 'Loggard' knight at Ashby-de-la-Zouch (where the Quorn usually meet on Wednesdays), and die, literally, easier than many a hare which you and I my friend, have maimed and

then claimed as our own. You, my revered reader, might have all *these* animals, had I the happiness of shooting with you; for really, though not sentimental, 'bringing down brown hares with sorrow to 'their graves' was never much fun: you could not miss them, but you might not kill them.

Then the 'drains' are—I am told, for I have never gone in *to* or *for* them; and, mark you once for all, I am not a man to be led by my nose that way,—things to see—and possibly smell. Paris, looked at from a sanitary view, is Venice reversed. We have drains below to prevent, and she—the Queen of the Adriatic—lagunes above to propagate, the nastiest smells in Europe. In the Silent City by the Sea—I wonder what Rogers, the silent poet of Park Place, would have thought of his now noisy City by an excited Sea!—In that silent—no longer silent—city, you hire a gondola—

'Didst ever see a Gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly.
'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly and compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called "Gondolier."
It glides along the water, looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.'

Happy condition!—(this by the Editor) and you glide at certain seasons over the nastiest stagnant water that ever exhaled cholera. Here, in Paris at least, precautions are taken. You must get permission from a Minister—he of Public Works—and, if he is M. Behie, you will find an official politeness (I could mention many other bureaux here of which I could say the same) which must rather agreeably startle any Englishman who has been condemned to a 'ten to four' application at any of your English government bear-gardens. Having got the permission, you are let down a trap-door by the Madeleine, and sent on a voyage of discovery which is no doubt interesting, and which is certainly highly disagreeable. All Royal Princes descend the drains—just as they go to the Mint, the Morgue, and the Royal Stables. You see they have a lurking idea that they are reading the *next* volume of the history of the world. In fact they are looking at editions out of print. It is what is making, not what is made, that is, like the corn-cutter's advertisement, 'Worthy the attention of Crowned Heads.'

Well, prince or private individual, once down the drain you are on a level—and I hope you will like it. *Go there*, however, I say, in italics—for did we only go to see what we liked, what awful duffers we should be! I always go down the main drain of Paris, by the kind permission of the police, whenever I have a cold—friends with a cold at a distance will please accept this notice. Less nasty, and highly instructive, is a descent to the kitchens and cellars of certain great hôtels and restaurants. But for this diplomacy is really required. Any fellow knows an ambassador—his own, for instance—on whom many persons think they are entitled to drop in, and take pot-luck any day or every day. But this requires a diplomacy such as

Montraud, if in a good temper (*bis* asparagus having been cooked with *butter*), could have found Talleyrand in another good temper (*bis* asparagus having been successfully served with *oil*), and got from him the concession of the right of entering some shrine or other holy place, let us say in the See of Autun. Secrets of sauces, mysteries of mayonnaise, the arcana of artichokes, the peculiarities of peas, beans and their proper being, truth about turnips, aspirations of asparagus, thoughts of a levelling sauce for society, which will do away with season, and reduce the upstart Spring 'prémice' to the more wholesome level of the mature vegetable—these are the secrets which we the initiated learn when we pass the kitchen door. The watcher on the threshold watches a good long time; does not see the fun, but orders the dinner—'Non cuivis contingit adire!' No! we many of us must stop out of the inner temple of dinner, and be excluded from the double-locked shrine of Bacchus—yet I say, to those who can enter—go in and see. Some day I shall write a paper on waiters! Those long-suffering, soup-suggesting, 'Lords-of-the-bread' (to borrow a Saxon term), who wait on the world for ten sous, and are contented. We hear of waiters on Providence—I sincerely trust that they are in the end better paid for their time than are usually those waiters on mere provident people. These waiters are the high-priests or rather the A.-D.-C.'s of the high-priests of these mysteries of the 'spit' and the 'kettle;' and I say to you, my lord, as I do to you, Jenkins, go and see how much can be done in a small kitchen in which you, Jenkins, would decline to roast your loin of mutton, putting potatoes aside; and in which you, my 'good lord,' would decline to order the boiling of the 'soup' for 'Pointer' and 'Disappointer,' your favourite 'dogs of arrest,' as they say in Paris. This sight you can see by application to the proprietor and by five francs to a waiter—the latter for choice.

Other odd sights? you ask.

Upon my honour there is no satisfying the readers of 'Baily.'

Well! Yes; they can go to the new horse market, and see the horses killed which are to be eaten in Paris. I will not go with them, for one.

Once, shooting in a distant land, a hateful native killed a fox. I thought of 'Stanwick Pastures,' and the 'Cottage by the Brook,' and sat down and wept. I should weep and wail again if I saw the horse—which our earliest primer tells us is a noble animal—knocked down by anything except Mr. Tattersall's hammer.

Yet I persevere and say, go and see it: go and see everything in Paris.

'Going to see your uncle guillotined?' exclaimed, only last year, a woman to a small boy. 'Oui, madame, sans faute! I must go, for I have not got another uncle.'

Horrible! is it not? And yet, from a practical point of view, the boy was, of course, right.

Are not people executed for the sake of the example—not to encourage the others? And would not the guillotine lose its moral if it performed to an empty house?

Bah! We are horrid. Let us change the scene, and go off and wander in the markets. There, at least, we are haunted by nothing more dreadful than the ghosts of house-lamb; and even the memory of that prematurely-departed little animal is softened down by pans of spinach and 'oiselle,' which bring back the memory of his brief but happy career, when, unsuspecting of mint sauce or early salad, he, with

'other young lambs
Were sporting about by the side of their dams'

(which your printer will kindly print plain. One printer, not long ago, in a letter which I wrote to the 'Tablet,' spelt these mothers of cold lamb with a 'n'—'*damns*!' forsooth! and made a terrible scandal).

But the fruit and vegetables in the markets of Paris are worthy of visit upon visit. I have before spoken of the flowers, and I declare, that next to the flowers in the 'Tuesdays' and 'Fridays' markets of the Madeleine, I know nothing so pretty as the fruit and vegetables of the other markets.

If tired of the markets, go and wander in the 'Passages,' where they sell everything, from a stone to a toothpick, from a doll to a double bedstead (not easy to find in France, you know, where the 'separate system' obtains). These passages, if not pretty, are pleasant; if not amusing, instructive. They cut open a new chapter in the life of Paris. Here we find concierges and their wives and daughters out for a rare holiday. The 'gaudin' of commerce—*i.e.*, the 'fast' shopboy—lounges about smoking a cigar, which suggests the convenience of a self-smoke-consuming Act. These arcades—I cannot make a classical joke about 'Arcades Ambo,' because there are not two, but two dozen of them—are one of the sights of the city, and one of the chapters of the history of Paris life which a student must read.

And now I must wind up this lengthened yarn. But before I quite conclude, I must address a few words to the 'rapid' readers of 'Baily.' I do not mean those who read fast, but those who *live* fast. For I dare to swear that many of that class do expect to see the familiar 'green-back,' with its faithful delineation of the face of some brother of silk, or scarlet, or some co-votary of dissipation, on their breakfast-tables on the 1st of every month. To these rapid readers, then, I talk as to confidential friends, knowing that they will not repeat that which I tell them in confidence to the general public.

Come over between Christmas and Easter. Come when the rather gate-post look of the fore legs of Highflyer, Tophthorn, and Ajax, make you quite welcome that frost which keeps you from John O'Gaunt, and sends you up to the family hair-cutter.

There are eleven balls in Paris—on the ten last Saturdays and the one last Tuesday before Ash Wednesday—which are famous in the very history of Europe: these are the *bals masqués* of the Grand Opera. They are, I think—but then I have seen scores of them—as dull as coursing, or a Sunday afternoon in a country house. Moreover, they want the beauty of costume and the glory of flowers

which distinguish the *bals masqués* of Florence and (formerly) Rome—not to speak of the ‘intrigue!’ There it is the *monde*; here it is not even the *demi-monde*. Yet the spectacle of the Grand Opera is magnificent; and the scene when the final ‘Galop d’Enfer’ is danced, and the last hour in the *foyer* (saloon) are certainly sights to see. The dancers are chiefly shop-boys and girls, barbers, clerks, &c.: they get a franc and their supper, and are compelled to dance every dance from midnight till 4 A.M. The dancing is much in that style which Mr. Watts Phillips has so well introduced into that charming and admirable piece the ‘Huguenot Captain.’

The ‘system’ to follow, if you wish to have a ‘good night’ (visitors to Hombourg will understand the metaphor), is to dine at the Maison Dorée—go to the Italian Opera—then go back to supper, taking care to take your champagne freely—be hydrophobic about seltzer-water—and so drop into the theatre at the smallest hour. There you will see what you will see! Last year, for instance, I saw a young lady in a pink satin shirt and blue satin trousers, and, as they say in your sister island, ‘devil a rag more,’ with another lady dressed like her, but who, in the hurry of dressing, had forgotten the pink satin shirt—not that there is anything improper. Are there not scores of police? Well, then, take a box, ‘square’ the *ouvreuse*, and you shall see. Having seen enough, go away, and breakfast at the Café Riche. The scene on the Boulevard when the *bal* is over, which it is at a certain hour, ‘by order of the Chef de Police,’ is wonderful.

Lui and Elle, having had their supper, and received their franc each, go away to their breakfast—usually Elle (a *débardeuse*) on the back of Lui (a *brigand*). Figaro dances down the middle of the street—clowns walk soberly home with Mrs. Clowns—marquis and marquise waltz—and Don Giovanni sings; and, in fact, the whole of that quarter is peopled with ‘hatters,’ and is as mad as Bedlam.

HOW THE RETURN MATCH WAS PLAYED AT LOUGH CONN.

THREE weeks had passed since Terry tucked me up on the car in the High Street of Ballina, wished me a pleasant journey home, and bestowed his parting benediction. The happy days spent in that polite capital were still fresh in my memory, but at the present moment I was in no mood to enjoy anything, either in act or retrospection; for in a few hours I should once more leave the old lodge and wend my way back to London and the desk. I had eaten my cake, and was all the better for it, yet, without indulging in any maudlin sentimentality or vain regret that it was not still in my pocket, I felt depressed, and could not help wishing that a longer reprieve had been possible.

Hat-box and portmanteau were on the grass plot; in the hall the family were collected to bid me good-bye, and the driver whiled away the interval by putting an extra knot or two on the lash of his

whip. Who does not know the weariness of these last moments?—who has not wished them over? Muttering something about a book left on the dressing-table, I ran up to my bedroom, partly to escape from sad faces, and partly to look once more at a place I might never see again. It was a poor little nest under the thatch; yet in it I had slept the first eighteen years of my life, as I should never sleep again, undisturbed by care, or sorrow, or pain. Nothing had been taken away during my absence, and there was no money to spare for improvements. The same cracks were in the window; the soap-dish still wanted a cover; the jug had only half a lip; and in the looking-glass a piece was broken out of the corner. I had since seen apartments better furnished; but to me none were like this. There was no use in lingering. With a weak assumption of cheerfulness I patted the dogs, bade my dear ones good-bye, mounted the car, and was gone. At a turn in the road—the last point from which the house was visible—I looked back; they were still watching me, and the next moment were out of sight.

There is nothing permanent in this world. For half an hour I felt very spoony. Gradually the attack passed away; and by the time we reached the coach-office the malady had lost all severe symptoms. Seated between a priest who would not talk, and a grazier who only opened his lips at regular intervals to disgorge a certain quantity of tobacco-smoke, there was nothing left for me but sleep or meditation. These were tried alternately. In each, the joyous week at Ballina came back to me with great zest; and Terry's parting words, 'Mind, Misther Hector, we're to have a day 'on the lakes as ye come back,' found increasing favour in my sight. I longed to settle preliminaries with my old friend.

'Do you know anything about that fellow, Terry?' was the first question put to the waiter on our arrival.

'Yes, your honour; he's out wid a gintleman, but will be disengaged the night.'

This was good and bad news in a breath; there was nothing for it but patience. Dinner, however, is a great tranquilliser; poteen is not bad company; and under their soothing inspiration the hour of waiting passed agreeably. The absentee and his man walked into the coffee-room soon after, the tackle was packed up, accounts were settled, and then my turn came. The sport since my honour went had been 'splendid.' Of course it had; but my honour wanted to hear of the future, not the past.

'What do you think of Lough Conn to-morrow, eh, Terry?'

The oracle shook his head.

'Why, it ain't asy to say. Sure it's yourself that knows 'tis time 'for the Lammas floods;—but look at that baste of a moon.'

The luminary which so unexpectedly incurred this severe rebuke, was shining all unconsciously in full splendour; not a hint did she throw out of any coming change.

'Well, never mind, Terry; it does not look very lively; but we 'must do as well as we can.'

The morning fulfilled the promise made on its behalf, and would

have charmed a poet, painter, or tourist, but did not please my companion. It was a day made on purpose for the mountains. Not an air lifted the mist from the hollows; the boggy pools reflected every blossom of the ling, every head of the cotton grass that hung over their margin; whilst Lough Conn and Lough Cullen shone like two vast sheets of silver. It was all very beautiful, but very unpromising. My zealous partner, sulky as a bear, took the sunshine quite in the light of a personal affront.

‘If we had come after the grouse,’ he remarked, with much asperity, ‘do you think ’twould be like this? Niver a bit of it; ’twould have been blowing like blazes, and pouring like murther—so it would.’

I was too prudent to contradict my ill-used friend, so mildly suggested we might as well sit in the boat as stand on the shore.

‘Boat! What was the use of a boat? Do you think the salmon would be such fools as to ris in this weather? They’d be bil’d afore their time, so they would.’

‘But we can try the perch.’

‘Ah!’ said Terry, brightening up at the prospect of doing anything; ‘if it’s the likes of thim ye’ll put up wid—oh! Master Hector’—a sly smile lighting up his sulky features—‘I’m afraid it’s low company ye’ve been keeping intirely in the big city away yonder.’

Whilst the rods were being put together, Terry betook himself to a shallow stream, and forthwith commenced cautiously turning over large stones, making frantic pushes with the landing-net, and performing various pantomimic gestures indicative of violent physical exertion. Presently he returned with a diminutive trout and a colliough about two inches in length, which might be thought rather an indifferent bag, considering the amount of labour expended in procuring it. Still they were treasures to us, and, as such, demanded economy in their employment. Wrapping the loach in a bit of wet paper to preserve his beauty, we commenced operations with a small spoon and the [infant *S. Fario* before mentioned, and whilst they are twirling seducingly over either quarter of the boat, we will say a few words about Lough Conn.

The road from Ballina to Castlebar, after winding over low, dusky moorlands—brightened here and there by a small patch of corn—suddenly turns to the south-west, and passing along a natural causeway, divides the upper from the lower lake. In the middle of this strip of land is a bridge, called Pontoon, under whose low arch passes the stream which connects Lough Conn with Lough Cullen. It is a wild and beautiful region; all rock and heather; solitary enough for an anchorite, and sufficiently savage to have delighted the most ardent admirer of Salvator Rosa. To the west towers Nephin, the loftiest summit in Mayo, whose rugged spurs, running down to the shore, form many a wild cape and rocky headland, and give a grand picturesque aspect to the vast expanse of water at their feet.

My friend Terry, who had as much sentiment as the beam on which he sat, here brutally interrupted my poetic musings.

‘I think ’tis time to attind to the rod, Misther Hector, for there’s some bit of a body bin tuggin at it for a couple of minutes.’

Hardly was it in my hand, when, with the bound of an excited buffalo, Charon dropped the sculls, and nearly upsetting the boat and his employer, seized the other rod, which was rapidly walking the plank.

‘Och ! blood and turf, here’s luck ! I’ll swear he’s a real ould ‘ancient gladiator !’

‘A what ?’ I fancied he was speaking of some unknown fish which inhabited this solitary inland sea.

‘What ? Why what should it be but a rid salmon ? I seen his ‘tail, and if he an’t twinty pounds—murther—murther—we’re ‘ruined intirely !—bedad, but he’s off !’

With a look of smothered rage, the bereaved angler wound up the line, in order to examine the bait.

‘Now, look here !’ holding a broken thread of gut close before my eyes ; ‘I’m ashamed of ye, *Mr. Hector* ; by my sowl, but I ‘am !’

That monosyllable convinced me how far I had fallen to leeward in my comrade’s good opinion.

‘Such a Tory of a line I niver see,’ he continued, breaking the luckless trace (without, however, any undue exertion of force) into short lengths of about an inch each. ‘No gossoon in Ballina would ‘have fished for a pinkeen wid sich tackle.’

There was some truth in the rebuke ; for, without paying any regard to what we might meet with, I had selected two very fine single gut traces made during the previous summer for a small English river. The injury inflicted on my unfortunate friend was too great either for sympathy or apology ; I was glad to change the subject.

‘What’s this ?’ lifting with the net a small torn mass that had once been a fish ; ‘it looks very like your bait.’

Terry took it silently out of my hand, and examined it carefully. The evidence was too strong for denial. That silent witness convicted him of a mistake ; and there was nothing left him but confession, which, after all, was bolstered up by a plumper.

‘Quare, now, Misther Hector, uncommon quare ; but it *worn’t* a ‘salmon ; man and boy I’ve fished for fifty years, and niver made ‘sich a mistake afore. When blissid Pathrick took away the var-‘mint, what made him forgit the pike ?’

The whole thing was now clear : one of these voracious monsters had been hooked, had bitten off the gut, and subsequently disgorged the bait. Terry laid his little finger, which, by the way, was not small, in one of the gashes.

‘He wort a baby, anyhow ; may be this will fit him,’ unwinding a strong trace, the last foot of which consisted of stout gimp. I had long since freed my line from its small encumbrance, a little trout of some three or four ounces, which was soon spinning far astern, side by side with the spoon. As a precautionary measure, we moved a short distance below, and, turning, commenced the

second course. As we came abreast of the low gravelly point, there was a great splash about twenty yards astern, right in our wake, the pliant rod at the same instant bending like a hoop. The charge had been made; the foe had met his match; and though taken by surprise, seemed determined to fight to the last, and like many another ruffian, to 'die hard.' Darting off at a great pace, the ill-conditioned party bore away for the middle of the lake, and then plumped himself down on the bottom, as much as to say, 'Get me 'up if you can.' The rod was one of Martin Kelly's manufacture, faultless, but light, and ill adapted for the rough work in hand. With the point below the wheel, the tough hickory did all, and more, than could reasonably have been expected from it. Five minutes—ten minutes—a quarter of an hour—half an hour, Mr. Pike tugged away, apparently as stoutly as ever. Martin's handiwork gave out sundry sounds, which proved incontestably that it had reached the last point of endurance; and as for Terry, his language was shocking; for one of those sudden flaws of wind so common amongst the mountains had sprung up, and was now toying with the lake till it dimpled all over.

With a smile that was anything but becoming, he sat staring savagely into the water, now puffing pettishly at his pipe, now testing the point of the gaff on his horny palm. At last the foe began to give ground; little by little he neared the surface; soon two ferocious eyes, a receding forehead and elongated under jaw were visible. A more truculent monster I never beheld. What a likeness there was at the moment between him and Terry, as that gentleman drove the steel home.

'I know'd you were over twinty pounds,' he said, addressing his prostrate enemy. 'It's little more mischief you'll do. There, 'Misther Hector,' drawing a knife across the line above the gimp, 'on wid the flies, and we'll be into something better in less than no 'time.'

Pulling down the wind, we were soon on the lee shore. Fortune smiled, and before three o'clock, when the breeze died, we had captured four grilse and a salmon. Trolling for perch would not do after this, so, waiting for another hour, in the vain hope of a favourable change, we paddled away for Pontoon.

Seated on one of the countless hummocks of blossoming heather, we discussed our frugal meal. During the process of digestion, my poor companion was silent, meditating a short trip into the land of Nod; whilst I, with no great satisfaction, thought about the long night run back to town. Terry was soon off on *his* journey, but I lingered and lingered, unconsciously making a sketch to take back with me. I have never been able to show the picture to my friends; yet in my morning walk from Craven Street to Somerset House, I often look at it. As yet the colours show no sign of fading; and it *must* be faithful, for Pontoon and the wild waters of Lough Conn, Nephin, and the clumps of heather seem as clear and distinct as on the evening when last I saw them.

THE OAKS, A.D. 802.

BY M. F. H.

A CAVALCADE, with hounds in couples, led by huntsmen or piqueurs on foot, appeared on the Ingelheim road wending their way to Kempton ferry opposite the small town of Rüdesheim on the Rhine. The piqueurs wore tunics of wolfskins reaching nearly to the knees, leggings made of broad strips or bandages of leather, crossed and recrossed round the lower limbs, with rudely-made shoes shodded with iron. The head piqueurs had leathern caps fitting tight to the head and tied under the chin; but the men holding the hounds in leash were bareheaded, whilst others carried bows, arrows, and javelins. Immediately following them rode a tall and handsome man of middle age, attired in a costume precisely similar to that of his attendants, excepting that his belt was of silken cord, a hunting-horn tipped with silver at each end was suspended from a baldrick, the cap of cloth was worked in gold tissue, with an eagle's feather stuck carelessly in the band, and his boot or shoe was armed with a single-pointed spur, buckled round the ankle. A short sword hung at his side, and his hunting javelin was borne by the *maitre piqueur*. He was of lofty stature, being full six feet four inches in height, remarkably well-proportioned, with an open and loyal countenance, and an air of commanding nobility that stamped him as one of high authority. The historian says, '*Il avait le sommet de la tête rond; les yeux grands et vifs; le nez un peu long; les cheveux beaux, et la physionomie ouverte et gaie; qu'il fût assis on debout, toute sa personne commandait le respect et respirait la dignité.*' It was Charlemagne. All great men, excepting that scamp David, the poacher of Philistine pelliculæ, have been mighty hunters—Zaradusht, Sesostris, Xenophon, Tamerlane, Mohammed, Scanderbeg, Genghis Khan, Roustam, Pepin of Landen, Haroun al Raschid, William the Conqueror, the Cid Campeador, Godefroi de Bouillon, François I., Charles le Quint, Leo X., Luther, Rubens, Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, the Percy and Douglas of Chevy Chase, Lorenzo il Magnifico, Henry Quatre, Condé, Richelieu, Piccolomini, down to our own great Duke, with many another celebrity, have been ardent in the pursuit of the wild animal. It is in truth a mimicry of noble war, and the sound of clang and clarion that sends the blood rushing tumultuously through the veins and causes the heart wildly to palpitate, appeals to the same sense of excitement at Ashby pasture as on the field of Sadowa.

The great Kaiser bestrode an Arab of the desert, a present from his friend Haroun al Raschid. The horses of the nobles who were in attendance were short, clumsy, and of low stature. They were the descendants of the round-crested Roman horse, that may be seen in the sculpture of the Biga at Rome and of the small semi-wild pony of the Taurus mountains. The pig head with flopping ears was thrust into a short neck; the shoulder was heavy and upright, the back hollow, and the narrow quarters drooped to the tail, which was

set on meanly and low. The home-bred animal was overtopped, stood with his legs under him, with shallow knees, a paucity of bone, and weak pasterns. Such was the horse that appears on the *bassi rilievi* of that period; and even until a late day the Germans have been prone to the short, fat, and vulgar hackney—the counterpart of themselves. They fed, if not feed, together on black bread, and the horse was, or is, the cleaner of the twain. The Arab of Charlemagne was in happy contrast to the brutes that surrounded him. The most marked change that domestication produced upon the form of the wild horse was to increase the bulk of his body as compared with his head and limbs, and the earliest and best remove from the primeval denizens of the southern slopes of the Caucasian range was exemplified in the Arabian. One of the ancient historians of Arabia thus celebrates the mare of Shedad, called Jirwet:—‘Shedad’s mare was called Jirwet, whose like was unknown. Kings negotiated with him for her; but he would not part with her, and would accept no offer or bribe; and thus he used to talk of her in his verses: “Seek not to purchase my horse, for Jirwet is not to be bought or borrowed. I am a strong castle on her back, and in her bound are glory and greatness. I would not part with her were strings of camels to come to me with their drivers following them. She flies as the wind without wings, and tears up the waste and the desert. I will keep her for the day of calamities, and she will rescue me when the battle dust rises.”’ The head of the imperial Arab was small, with a broad forehead, prominent eyes, wide nostrils, taper ears, and set lightly into the thin neck, that again sloped into muscular shoulders placed well back. It was in the conformation of this especial point, the shoulder, that the steed of the desert was so superior to other races; and this particular attribute is invariably to be found in those of immediate descent. The back was broad, the middle piece well ribbed up, with full and ample quarters supported by strong gaskins, clean houghs, flat limbs, elastic pasterns, and a nicely-rounded foot. The horse of Charlemagne stepped out lightly with a bended knee and freedom of movement resulting from the liberty of forehead, that alone can give the progressive action under great weight. Ever and anon one of the stumbling Germans would blunder upon its nose, raising a smile upon the countenance of the Emperor, accompanied with a racy gibe, as the rider unwisely vented his bile by a blow of his staff upon the head of the culprit, amidst a stream of uncourtly maledictions. Even in the days anterior to sour kraut, black beer, tobacco, and spittoons, the German noble, albeit one of the *missi regii*, was a coarse, unwashed, and offensive carcass. He stank in the nostrils of a southern civilization even then as he does now.

The hounds were held in couples—each couple led by a groom—thus forming a numerous assemblage difficult of discipline, and unchecked by reproof, since the din was accounted a valued characteristic of venatical ardour. A mute hound was suspended forthwith on a neighbouring tree as mischievous and utterly worthless. When a boar was moved it was impossible for those, on the post, to know

...ing, noisy hounds, pressed him sorely,

* The Prince Metternich had the bad taste to have these and other relics of the crusade conveyed to the château of Johannisberg.

with Mecklenbourg, Anhalt, Schweiren, and Sonderhausen joining in chorus,—whilst Wilhelm, a slinking glutton, always quarrelling over his kennel broth, and a notorious kitchen thief, lagged behind, waiting and eager for the providential spoil of the gralloch. Then Bismarck, a skirter, and a mass of vice and cunning, cut off the stag in the rides, and headed him back in the teeth of the hounds at every turn, in spite of the rate and execration of the huntsmen at his perseverance in such foul practices. Handling his javelin, Charlemagne galloped down the steep slope of Assmanhausen in time to view the stag break covert, go well away with a string of hounds after him like a rope of Portugal onions; and, after affording a gallant chase, he was brought to bay opposite Rheinstein. Then the emperor, getting off his horse, and receiving the skean of honour from his equerry, despatched the deer amidst a fanfare of horns and the howls of the scurvy Bismarck, now plentifully thonged for his incorrigible sins.

The lunch *al fresco* was of a more plentiful and substantial kind than that contained in the sandwich-case strapped behind a groom on the second horse at Thorpe Trussells. In that silver receptacle of welfare temporal the edible of Jew or Gentile marks the breed of the consumer, and there is nothing in common save the glass of sherry. So in the Niedervald the unwashed German gorged fat pig, moistened by heavy and luscious metheglin, whilst the Frank Imperialist enjoyed his venison pasty, with the racy adjunct of a beaker of Rüdesheimer. The redoubted Kaiser was particular in his wines. He held the Reisling produce of the Rheingau to be wanting in fulness, however exquisite in flavour, and had transplanted from the sunny lands of France the ceps of the rich vines that he so much prized. The original grape—the Reisling—had been introduced into the Rhenish country from Italy by the Emperor Probus, and is supposed to have been propagated from a slip of the ‘*Mea vites Falernæ*,’ or, rather, of the Setian vine, which was still preferable. Like the Falernian, it was of a light colour, and did not attain the acme of its flavour before twenty years. In after times the chief vineyard of the Reisling at Johannisberg—then a monastery—was carefully tended by the monks, as the first article of their faith; the produce was consumed by them as the second; and the remainder, sold at an exorbitant price, was the third. Well might they chant with Solomon, ‘The vines with the tender grape give a good smell.’ The ceps from the Côte d’Or, in Burgundy, flourished kindly on the warm slopes of Assmanhausen, and although hardly as full as the Chambertin and Maçon, yet the wine is of a superior quality, that is far from being justly appreciated. From Orleans came the grape of the Rüdesheimer, Marcobrünner, Scharlachberger, and that most royal of vintage wines the Steinberger. It is the worthy rival of the Johannisberger, and whoever may have had the good fortune to partake of the hospitality of the late King Leopold of Belgium, will have relished probably the finest sample of that desertful vineyard. It stands on a gentle descent with a southern aspect, forming a portion of the ancient monastery of Eber-

bach. The monks again! Yes; and welcome. Who would not bow down before a virtuous Benedictine with a long-necked bottle in one hand and a generous goblet in another, and ejaculate—
‘Credo!’—

‘O! quam placens in colore!
O! quam fragrans in odore,
O! quam sapidum in ore!
Duce linguæ vinculum!

‘Felix venter quem intrabis!
Felix guttur quod rigabis!
Felix os quod tu lavabis!
Et beata labia!’

Wagers were made between the two spiritual companies of wine merchants, to decide on the superiority of merit in their wines. They met alternately at their refectories to settle the question, but their memories always failed them on the following morning, and the meeting was invariably adjourned. The dispute had not terminated when the dragoons of Napoleon took possession of the monastery and its appurtenances.

The cellars of Charlemagne were at Winkel—Vini cella—on the river bank, immediately facing his palace of Ingelheim, which was surrounded by the choicest selection of vines from the banks of the Garonne. Claret was his usual beverage, and Ingelheim his favourite hunting residence. He had been crowned at Rome with the imperial diadem, in the previous year, by Pope Leo X., and brought with him from Italy some of the *spolia opima* of Greece, that were now again transferred to still more northern and uncongenial latitudes. The pure and lucent pillar of white marble demanded the relief of the blue sky, ‘where burning Sappho loved and sung,’ and the acanthus leaf gracefully drooping on the Corinthian capital either streamed with unbecoming moisture—tears of exile—or was enveloped in the density of a dark fog. Ill adapted as might be the florid architecture of the warm South for glacial latitudes, it was yet a step forward in civilization, and was to the domestic style of Germany as is the Antinous of the Capitol to the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park. The delicate Byzantine pillars of red Egyptian marble that may be seen in the Cathedral of Mayence, with the beautifully-proportioned columns in the eastern aisle, uneven in their basements from injury, came from the ruins of imperial Ingelheim—the Angel’s house. Charlemagne had been ordered in a dream by his guardian angel—for in the times when monks died now and then of delirium tremens angels were said by the earlier fathers of Romanism to visit the earth by way of trimming the balance—he had been ordered to go out upon the high road in the middle of the night, and to rob some one for the benefit of the empire and the glory of the Holy Catholic Church. The bidding was preposterous and distasteful, and he turned round and went to sleep. Again the angel appeared in the vision, and reiterated the command. There was no mistake. He obeyed devoutly, as a good son of the Church—crossed himself, and took the road like Sixteen String Jack of yore. It was not long before

he met one of those barons called robbers of the Rhine, out upon the loose; he knocked him over, and, with his foot on his throat, threatened instant death unless he could undertake to provide him with a greater rascal than himself. 'Done!' said the robber baron; 'I have a dear friend near here, Count Eggerich, to whom I am as 'the lily of the field.' 'A proper villain?' asked Charlemagne. 'A screamer!' 'Trot,' said the emperor, 'and be alive—quick.' It must be confessed that he took to the angelic practices kindly, and adapted himself, by inspiration without a doubt, to the correct vernacular.

They arrived at the Klopp Castle of Bingen, and, by a private stair known to the robber, reached the chamber of Count Eggerich. The count was in bed with his wife;—they were talking. 'To-morrow, then, it is to be,' said the countess. 'Yes, *ma mie*, to-morrow that scoundrel Charles, who has been dubbed "the "Great," from his nefarious acts of plunder and taxation, shall have his goose cooked to a turn. He shall die. He is going to hunt in the Niederwald, and we are ready for him.' 'But are your friends tried and true?' 'Bricks all!—I have a list of their names in yonder casket.' 'Ca, c'est bien; bonne nuit, mon coco.' 'Adieu, chou-chou.' And the Sour Krauts slept. Charlemagne, when they were safe and snoring, stealthily took the casket—returned home—gave the best of suppers to the Rhenish rascal—blessed Providence, like the King of Prussia, for having inspired the act of setting a thief to catch a thief—seized the conspirators—summoned his State council early in the morning—and, the chronicler says, 'les potences étant dressés, tous perirent de la main du 'bourreau.' Thereupon, and for that reason, Charlemagne named the palace Ingelheim—the house of the Angel.

The Emperor of the West had a domestic turn, and lived affectionately with his family. His courtiers complained that he was slavishly under the control of his queen Frastrada, who, again, was angered by his too frequent use of a latch-key. An impediment in the way of keeping his weekly bills in order consisted in not being able to read or write. This was a drawback to his greatness. He had therefore a secretary, Eginhard*—a man of accomplishment—and on non-hunting days he laboured hard at the alphabet and his copy-book; but at his best Charlemagne could not read beyond words of two syllables, and never joined his letters together properly. Each morning Eginhard gave lessons to his imperial master, together with his daughters Rohuldis, Bertha, Gisla, and Imma. It was a right imperial class. They were all diligent, but the most so was Imma; the youngest, the cleverest, and the prettiest. Her sisters said, enviously, that Eginhard took greater pains with her—sat close to her in class—and directed her soft white hand when forming her letters. It was sheer spite. Beauty is proverbially an apt scholar, and quick at acquiring knowledge in all its branches. Imma therefore, having far outstripped her sulky sisters, was placed in a class by herself, and had private lessons. Propinquity! what a charming

* 'Vita Caroli Magni'—Gibbon—Bayle—Muratori, 'Annali d'Italia.'

aid to nature in perfecting a scholar. It is the ready portal of temptation, generating a primary embarrassment that merges gently into a strange intelligence, and finally precipitates into an elysium with its unjustly penal consequences, the more rapid in development when the weaker and fairer vessel is confessedly *in statu pupillari*. It led to the sad fate of Francesca di Rimini, 'e il modo ancor' m'offende'—and Eginhard, after the manner of Paolo Malatesta, expatiated on practical philosophy. Morning has its lesson, and evening its lecture, both in Sunday schools and Methodist chapels. It is the same agreeable process, only under another conventional name. As we have related, the great Emperor had gone out hunting in the Niederwald, and Eginhard, in the language of the egregious Spurgeon, had improved the occasion. The little boudoir of Imma, in the western tower at the end of the quadrangle, was approached by a narrow stair, and the casement opened upon the valley of 'the exulting and 'abounding river,'

'whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks that bear the vine.'

The fair view did not signify to Eginhard. In the metaphysical jargon of John Stuart Mill, whilom philosopher, and noodle for the nonce, the sensations from without were nullified by the sensations from within. It was in dark December—cold without, and within

'They met, they gazed,—they saw, and sighed,—
She did not speak, and yet replied.
He loved and was beloved again.'

Sweet are the glimpses of Heaven; sweet in dreams, but sweeter far in the substantial reality of being. The hour strikes! Farewell—the word which makes us linger—once again; and down the winding stair—. What paralyses Eginhard? A sheet of dazzling white—the quadrangle was imbedded in snow! During those warm passages of comfort terrestrial the storm had passed unheeded, and nature or the bile of a non-propitiated saint had ventured upon an unjustifiable interference with the course of the right. The chamber of Eginhard was on the other side of the palace, and the quadrangle, with its statue of the Emperor in the middle, had to be crossed. The print of a man's foot in exodus from the lady's bower would be death to one, and a convent—worse far—for the other. Yet there was the untrodden snow. The dilemma was palpable, present, and excruciating. The Red Sea was a joke to it. The Whissendine, when a brimmer, not more appalling. And the remedy? Eginhard was beaten. But the lightning intelligence of woman is never at fault. The same sense of nature that gives the power and stimulates her to guard the nursling is ever exercised in favour of its immediate antecedent and *causa causarum*. Imma was thoughtful; but as her brow paled the eye dilated, and her countenance wore a calm and determined expression. What is she doing? The dress of the dames of that period consisted of an outer and flowing robe—the gonna, or gown, with loose sleeves, open, and terminating at the elbow; then came the

close tunic, the kirtle, with tight sleeves closed to the wrists, and underneath—above the camiccia—the short garment or sottana: the bodice of this was gathered across the bosom, leaving the arms bare, and the skirt fitting smartly, and clinging to the figure, barely reached the knees. Each vestment was laid aside silently and rapidly. The cheek might be pale, but the glance was resolute. Eginhard, speechless, 'la bouche-beante,' followed every action with astonished eye, and looked like a fool. Not even the 'socca,' or woollen hose, was spared: it was drawn off; the delicate limb was displayed, and the tiniest of marble feet gleamed with a pearly tinge, as if the snow on which it trod blushed for very pleasure. The line of beauty, from the Grecian head descending to the graceful neck, on to the sweeping shoulder, curved into the rounded zone, and then, with gentle undulation, outflashed into an amplitude of full and flowing figure. Downwards went the line in exquisite symmetry of limb, until the eye of the gazer dimmed from intensity of admiration. She stood in all the might of purity, and the majesty of loveliness, slightly stooping, and with her arms folded. The steed!—the Oaks filly for 802! Eginhard was mute; flabbergasted, as they say in Devonshire, to describe the feelings of a novice when first he beholds the interior of a squab pie. At last he comprehended that he was to be carried across the quadrangle—to bestride that peerless form, so that none but a woman's foot should leave a print in the snow coming from the bower of bliss. She went a step lower to give vantage ground. Eginhard trembled. Don't funk, man; Custance, with one hand, is worth a hundred of you. Steady—yes, let her go a step lower, so that she may balance herself, and rise up at once under weight. So—softly; she clasps him firmly. What a delicious saddle! She steadies herself for a moment, the gallant little creature. Off and away! What are the odds? It is a talent race. 'Argus' is taking notes for the 'Van.' The 'Gentleman in Black' piles his monkeys on the filly. The House of Peers shouts out its thousands upon thousands, bar none. Bailly offers to take her for the stud, at Cornhill, after the race, at a long figure! Gallantly she went away within herself to the statue, and rounding that Tattenham Corner, off at score for the straight run in. Yes, she can stay; no soft place anywhere but in her heart of hearts; and away went the little limbs, beautiful and true in action. 'La croupe bien hardie' gave a power for the last challenge, and with a gallant spurt, the Oaks of 802 are won. There, hold your tongue, Eginhard; the weight is all right. The Lady Imma scudded back across the quadrangle, up the stair, into her room, and then burst into a flood of tears.

Alas! other eyes had witnessed that bewitching race. Charlemagne had come back alone from the Niederwald, and from a window in the private stair had silently looked upon that memorable performance, in which the princess his daughter had borne herself so bravely. It is ever awkward to offend an emperor, even magnanimous as was Charlemagne. Happily, there was no Cayenne in operation. The morning came. Eginhard received a peremptory summons to appear before the High Court of Justice. He obeyed,

The Emperor was seated in his chair of state; the nobles of the Council were on his right, and on his left was the headsman with his two-handed sword. What a bore! Eginhard was a brave fellow: he knew by intuition what was coming, and only cared about the fate of the lady, for whom he would have given a thousand lives. 'How say you, signors?' asked the stern Emperor. 'Guilty, upon my honour,' replied each of the *missi regii*; 'and death the doom.' 'Kneel, Eginhard, and let the headsman advance!' A door opened; the Lady Imma came forth with a priest in attendance bearing the uplifted crucifix.

'Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted,
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.'

She was at the side of her lover. 'Kneel, woman,' commanded the imperious voice. 'Priest, do thine office.' Then the holy father, in Latin for which an Eton boy would have been put in the bill, intoned, '*Dilectissimi, hic convenimus coram Deo, et in conspectu ecclesiæ ejus, ut hunc virum et hanc mulierem sancto matrimonio jungamus; quod quidem vitæ genus honestum est, et quem affirmat Divus Paulus honestum esse in omnibus.*' 'Teque amem, foveam, et obediam,' murmured the blushing and happy Imma 'Te, corpore meo, honoro,' responded Eginhard. That is better than having one's head cut off. *Vive l'Empereur!*

How now, Admiral, anent the handicap? Or would you like, gallant and true man as you are, yourself to get up at the weight?

CRICKET 'QUIDDITIES.*

There is nothing, it seems, that cricket cannot bear. It can bear to be played with a waistcoat for a wicket by small boys on a village green, as they bowl 'grubs' and cry 'play' over every ball. It can bear to be played on 'the side of a hill' in St. John's Wood. It can bear the lofty 'treatment' of George Parr and his confederates. We suspect it will very soon show that it can bear to be played without any 'professionals' at all. We have not even heard that cricket is any the worse for being 'played upon' by this book of a 'Quid.' We do not at all say that these 'jerks in from short leg' have no 'point' about them. Books that want to say serious things in a 'funny' way are generally hard to understand; and if a clown does sometimes tell us a good thing through a horse collar, the grinning is generally, on the whole, so intolerable that no one can wait for the good thing that is 'coming.' It has always been our luck to see the 'Quids' beaten by the Harlequins. We wish some Harlequin could have with his 'wand' by a tap inspired this 'Quid,' whom we suspect to be an old offender in this line, to give up his fooling. We don't like the manner of the man, and he has our mind about it. The matter is, on the whole, tolerable and healthy as far as it goes; the illustrations are good. We take it the writer means to be sober

* 'Jerks In from Short Leg,' by Quid. London: Harrison.

when he touches upon the scandalous grievance of 'professional' impertinence and overreaching. He is also quite right about Eton; but we will have a word with cricket 'tradesmen' first. There is a 'cricket schism,' that is, being interpreted, a number of men have been spoiled by a much too generous public approval; they have been well and generously treated by their betters, but their ill breeding was altogether too bad to be able to stand it. We suspect the gentlemen have only themselves to blame for giving the 'professionals' such a chance of being rude. Conceive any one absolutely 'petting' George Tarrant without expecting to see such a head very badly turned; and yet, on the supposition that he is a 'cricket celebrity,' he has with infinite impudence fancied he was 'big' enough to show his airs. We have chosen this one, not because he is the worst, but because he is the youngest; and 'Quid' will know what we mean when we say that the authorities of the M. C. C. ought at the first impertinence of Tarrant to have barred him from Lord's as long as he lived. We know what these uncivil 'celebrities' think about themselves; they are of opinion that 'gentlemen' are good 'supporters of the game,' but of very little further use, and of no use at all 'to play the game.' Now 'Quid' seems to indicate—we say 'seems,' for we are never quite sure when the funny creature is not going through his tricks—that professionals ought to be made to *know*, be made to feel, that those who build them up can pull them down. 'Professional' assurance thinks otherwise; and it is quite a mighty result for such a one as George Tarrant to be able to say, looking at his diamond rings, 'Ain't I the 'celebrated Cambridge crack? there can't be no cricket without me.' Cover such as these with rings and compliments, and what *can* you expect? Parr, Hayward, Carpenter, Tarrant—who are they? Why don't the gentlemen of England say to one another, 'These fellows shall never play in a great match 'again?' we should hear no more of 'the cricket schism.' The schismatics would very quickly want to come to terms; at this present it is commonly said amongst them, 'We can do as we like; where would the game be without us?' Where would it be? Why, in much cleaner circumstances altogether. We should be rid of the curse of the 'gate money' matches, and let us just whisper to the 'professionals' that it is becoming clearer every day that we *can* do without them. They tell us that cricket, as played by the gentlemen, isn't cricket at all. What we mean to say is, and to insist upon is, that the finished gentleman player can never be approached by the professional. We never saw but one professional who played in the easy and elegant style of the gentleman cricketer, and that one was and is Richard Daft: sensation writers talk about Carpenter's 'point' and Lockyer's wicket-keeping as something that no gentleman can touch. Has any one ever seen F. W. Wright (Rossall Wright) take 'point,' and then talked about Carpenter? We say advisedly (and we have seen Felix and King) that Mr. Wright is the finest 'point' we ever looked on. We once saw him make fifty odd at Lord's in North v. South; he was in with Richard Daft. Daft played superbly that day. It was beautiful cricket, but Wright's was the better for clean hard hitting. For brilliant play all round, we would rather see Wright play than any cricketer we ever saw. Lockyer's incessant 'playing' to the gallery may do at the Oval, where everything is 'sensational,' but we who have seen Mr. Ridding at his best would rather watch him at his worst than 'Surrey Tom.' What we are very sure of is, and what we believe 'Quid' wants to say is, Cricket can still continue to be the greatest game in the world without any 'professionals' to help it along. We must let these men see that we can very well do without them. Just to take the weakest county in England at this moment—Surrey—we could find eleven gentlemen of Surrey at this instant who would give a very bad beating to the county Eleven. We say it as the result of years of experience and of observation that we never saw cricket played so mechanically, and with so little science, as by the leading man of the Surrey Eleven, Henry Jupp. Did any one ever look at his 'superb back play,' as the 'Penny Spasm' calls it?—falling back in the same way on every ball, putting on runs. But how? Is it cricket? Then the batting of Mr. Wright, of Mr. Lyttleton, of Mr. Buller, and of Mr. Mitchell is not cricket at all. 'Quid' is quite right, the profes-

sionals must be sent back to the place from whence they came. We are not going any more to pet men whose cricket is not worth the price in temper that they put upon it. The modern 'professional' takes upon himself to suppose that because a gaping crowd roars its approval at Lord's or the Oval, he is not merely a paid performer, but a dictator. 'Quid' says, and very properly says, that whilst these men are filling their purses they clean forget who finds the pounds. It is of no use talking to *them*; they either can't or won't understand, and it is quite time to show them that 'grand matches' can be very 'grand' indeed without their assistance. There are exceptions; for no one ever heard Jemmy Grundy set himself against anything but the 'slows.' He is the greatest professional bowler in the world; and this is not all—his head has never been turned, as have the heads of a score and more of 'big ones' that we have our eye on. 'Quid' has merely touched on this: there would have been a great deal more purpose in his Jerks if he had jerked one in sometimes with a little more directness. 'Quid' clearly doesn't love Oxford, which is perhaps a disastrous antipathy for the greatest University; but we are quite sure that 'Quid' hits the mark when he says that Eton is now so persistently beaten by Harrow only because she will not learn. It isn't the water that does it. Oxford can beat Cambridge very badly at Lord's, as well as at Putney. It isn't the ground. Cowley Marsh is quite the same as the Playing Fields. It isn't that cricket *can't* be learnt at Eton; for have not the last five years given us Mitchell and Lyttleton and Tritton? Eton ought to beat Harrow; and so Eton would, if she could rely a little less upon her traditions, and get eleven of her eight hundred to learn the game—to learn it as it is learnt at Harrow. If both schools would only learn the same lesson in the same way, we wouldn't give a great deal for the future wins of the school upon the Hill. We have drawn attention to a few of the things of which 'Quid' reminds us. There is a great deal more in the book that we cannot specify; certain of which some people will like, because it is, we suppose, very 'funny,' but not very true; certain of which others will like, because if it is not quite as 'funny' it is a deal more true. It tells us about the cricket schism, if it does not point out a remedy. It sneers at 'whatever Oxford may 'think.' It is quite right about the causes of the disasters to Eton at Lord's; and Eton will not do amiss to lay to heart what it says. We could wish that all this had been done seriously; that the 'jerks in' had not been so nearly all attempted jests. Nevertheless we are quite sure that 'Quid' (whose artist is clever enough with his pencil) could play a better innings than this if he would. If he couldn't, and if this is the best that a very considerable 'Quid' can do, why then the Oxford 'Harlequin' could even beat him with the cap and bells.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

Our racing season has come to a conclusion. Thanks to two members of the racing world, MM. Blount and Voisin, we had an extra day on Tuesday week, and so let the curtain fall decently over the hippic representation of 1866. Next year, heaven help us! will be the Great Exhibition year, and no doubt the races in Paris will partake of the general 'greatness' of the season. I think there should be an extra day added to the 'Grand Prix' meeting, and an International Cup, given by subscription in both countries. Then we should have the Emperor's Cup for the Grand Pigeon Handicap, and so fill up nicely a week of sport. If the French authorities would change the date of the 'Grand Prix' to Hampton week, then we should all do nicely.

The last part of our racing season has been visited by every possible alteration of climate and weather. One day we went down in summer costume, and sat under the shade of umbrellas. Next week great-coats were the order of the day, and we again sat under the shade of umbrellas, but for quite another reason. On Thursday the 18th it rained all day. There were two ladies in the stand at Chantilly, and about fifty persons, chiefly connected with the lotteries, on the course. It rained so hard that you could not see,

hear, or know a 'good thing' when it was pointed out to you. Your card got wet through, and your book was drenched to the skin, while water poured from the point of your pencil.

Changing the scene, we went the next Sunday to La Marche, and there, on a perfectly summer's day, 'assisted' at three rather uninteresting, if amusing, cross-country events. It says much for the sporting feeling of France, that so late in the season—for you know they keep running steeple-chases and hurdle-races all through the summer, and when the ground is utterly unfitted for the 'surmounting of obstacles,' and so the fore-legs of the chasers are apt to become as stale as last week's bread—they can find 4500 francs of public money, and thirty horses to contest the three events, such being the case at La Marche on Sunday week last.

At the supplementary meeting of Chantilly there was a good deal of betting on the Cambridgeshire; and although nobody would swear who was to win, yet a good many persons were willing to take an 'Affidavit' at from 15 to 20 to 1. The Sunday evening preceding the Houghton Meeting saw a regular sporting exodus, and the Great Northern of France Station was as full of the 'Cambridgeshire' as its fellow of Shoreditch.

I hear great accounts of the cover-shooting here this year, and although they do charge fifteen francs for a pheasant at the Café Anglais, those birds are very plentiful. As for roe-deer, you can get it in herds, and it is not unpleasant consumption if they grill it properly, and do not 'marine' it, *i.e.*, steep it in vinegar.

I really wish some person or persons would start a new restaurant in Paris, bringing with him some slight sense of fairness as to his charges. Of course we all know that rent, servants, and gas cost money, and must be balanced, but even those expenses will not justify the greedy proprietor charging me fifteen francs for a roast pheasant which I can buy for five, and he of course for less. I shudder to think what will be 'Exhibition prices' at the great hôtels! I fear we shall all be driven to eat horse at the Restaurant Mille Etoiles, soup, fish, four entrées, roast, fruit, dessert, a bottle of wine, and bread to discretion, two francs fifty. The soup does not replace itself.

From eating to cholera is a cheerful and easy transition. I am happy to say that it has died out here now. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good says the proverb, and the proverb says truth, for this year's infliction has given us an admirable pamphlet by Dr. Shrimpton, who says that drainage and fresh air are the only preventatives against cholera; and, moreover, what is still more valuable, Roberts, the English chemist, has produced an anti-cholera mixture, which nobody has any right to be without. It is, indeed, 'a perfect cure,' as I can attest from experience.

The Court has returned from Biarritz, and all the hunting establishment is gone down to Compiègne. In my next paper I hope to give you my experiences of a gallop up the glades of that classic forest where Charles the Bold hunted, and where Joan of Arc was hunted and taken by a pack of English, managed by the Duke of Beaufort of that day. Perhaps it was in revenge for that chase that the forests of France were, two years ago, so unkind to the good sportsman who now so nobly represents that great old sporting name. Your readers, however, must not expect from me an account of a run à la Vale of Aylesbury—an hour and a half without a check, all over grass, with every second fence a river like 'an arm of the sea,' and every other one what Jem Mason used to call 'a great, new, six-barred gate, painted white.' We have nothing of that sort. No; here it is a case of *seniores priores*. The Court goes first, the courtiers follow after; in the midst are the damsels, sitting in the *chars-à-bancs*—

'The Emperor on his horse before 'em,
And on they jog with due decorum.'

Still, such as it is, I will describe it to your readers. I may, perhaps, have a word or two to say about the shooting there.

Your readers who know Paris, and are occasional visitors to the race-courses, will be interested in the fact that Mr. Jones has just opened the prettiest shop in Paris; it is, to use the words of the 'Daily Telegraph,' the

'Asprey's of Paris.' It is exactly opposite the Grand Hotel. The windows are set in Serpentine marble, the effect of which is very good, and it is a curious fact that all the building of the shop, and all that the shop contains, are English, and the work of English hands. Nearly the first object sold by Mr. Jones in his new establishment was a real work of art—a square block of crystal, carved into an enormous inkstand. M. Lunel bought it, in order to write down his 'Affidavit' bets; but the French Cambridgeshire favourite was not quite so transparently a good thing as the inkstand. Again, I particularly call your attention to a horseshoe, which, when opened, is a betting-book.

With that book in your hand, your hat slightly on one side, and a flower in your coat, you must win, or, failing that, marry an heiress. We have them here constantly on hand, only they are, I confess, rather apt to be (when tested by the fatal standard of *£ s. d.*) like the son of Earl H——n's groom, whom his father described 'as quite a little one, my lord, hardly worth 'keeping.'

The 'Bois' is beginning to show signs of returning life. Last week the overland detachmet of the 11th Hussars, commanded by their popular colonel, passed through Paris *en route* to Mhow, and graced our park with their manly presence—that is neatly put, I flatter myself. Paris, too, is coming back. Count Devilakine, a Russian magnate, has this year a grand turn-out, a phaeton and a pair of horses, worth a mass of malachite. He is the owner of those wonderful doors which were in England's first Exhibition, and which were profanely called 'the Spoils of the Malachites.' He, too, it was who, breakfasting once at a great restaurant, ordered a pineapple, of which he ate a slice, and for which he paid fifty francs. He paid and looked pleasant—he usually does—but he did just remark to Emile, the waiter, that he supposed pineapples were scarce in Paris. 'No, my Prince,' replied the waiter, 'but Russian nobles are!'

Count de Lagrange, I am happy to say, seems to be quite 'fit' again. We have all been very sorry to see the owner of Gladiateur, and the probable winner of next year's English Derby, 'off.'

By the way, in the interest of international sport, I shall send you the list of the Vienna Jockey Club, as elected for office for the seasons of 1866-1867. While we see such names to the fore we need have no fear of a falling off of sport in regenerate Austria. Since, too, that Italy is at rest, we may expect a great stride to be taken over the Italian racecourse, for the king is not only a hero but a sportsman. This is the list of the turf magnates of Vienna:—Prince Vincent Auersperg, Baron Bethmann, Count S. Batthyany, Prince Nich. Eszterhazy, Count Nich. Eszterhazy, Count Geza Festetics, Prince Max Fürstenberg, H. E. Count Harrach, Count Josh. Hunyady, F. M. L. Baron v. Ritter, Prince Ferd. Kinsky, Count Oct. Kinsky, Prince Francis Lichtenstein, Prince Aug. Lichtenstein, Prince John Lichtenstein, Count Koloman Nako, Prince Saphia, Prince Schwarzenberg, Count Jacob Sternberg, Prince Egon and Taxis, Count John Waldstein, Count Rudolf Wenckheim, Baron Wenckheim, and Count Edm. Zichy. Council: Count Edm. Zichy, Count Harrach, Count J. Hunyady, Baron v. Ritter, Count Secretary: Herr v. Cavaliere.

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aces have been decided upon for the Spring Meeting. Open
1,000 florins. The Emperor's Prize, first class, 1,000 ducats
second class, 600 ducats. Sweepstakes (gentlemen
Sweepstakes (200 florins entry)—all entries to be made
Steeplechase (about 900 florins prize). Selling
—entries up to 1st May. Ladies' Stakes
oppose this will be a plate race). Freudenauer
ies up to 31st March. Vienna Steeplechase
up to 1st January, 1867; horses to be named
Henkel Stakes (1,000 florins)—same as last
about 2,000 florins in value), and Casino Stakes
for both up to 31st March.
r readers for being so dull and proper, but really

they must have a little consideration. For see, it is still almost the dead season, and if you go about the Boulevards or the Bois, you see nothing but the most overwhelming respectability—now that we know can hardly be amusing! Bide a little, however, till the country-houses give up their half-dead (from *ennui*), and till cocottery is back in its natural haunts; then you shall have it, hot and strong. Not a scandal shall be spared you! Can I say any fairer than that? No! So now I wish a—

'Fair good night,
With rosy dreams and slumbers bright;'

and will leave you alone till December, which is the birthday of our season.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—October Olla Podrida.

OCTOBER is an important month in many senses, and to many classes; for to the epicure it brings pheasants, to the lawyers declarations, and to the racing man the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, which are studied with a degree of attention something akin to that which a candidate for an Indian Writership bestows upon Sanscrit. The month also has been fertile in incidents which afford much room for reflection, and from which a useful moral may be drawn. First and foremost was the sudden death of Harry Grimshaw, who was cut off at a time when the Sporting Circles of France, Belgium, Germany, as well as his own country, were ringing with his fame, and he had attained immortality before his majority. Little, we confess, did we imagine when last month we sketched him at the Kursaal at Baden Baden, mingling with the gay, the giddy, and every class of European society, who throng to that pretty Watering Place, that within a short time all that would remain of him would be his fame. Into the causes of the accident which terminated his career so suddenly we will not too closely inquire, for reasons which will suggest themselves to other than legal minds. But it does appear strange that the jockey who had skill and strength enough to steer Gladiateur in the midst of that terrible rush of horses round Tattenham Corner at Epsom, and the Red House at Doncaster, should be unable to drive a dog-cart along a road as straight as the measured mile at Spithead, when the moon was sufficiently bright to disclose any obstacle in the way. But we much fear that the manners and customs of the jockeys of the present day are not such as to lead to the increase of their muscle, or the strength of their nerve. Ginger-beer breakfasts, as they are called, and which are mere disguises for champagne ones, are but sorry preparations for an encounter in which perhaps half a million is dependent, and where the utmost vigour and clearest intellect are required to take advantages of opportunities which constantly occur in every great race. By these remarks we would not for an instant insinuate that Fordham, Custance, Edwards, Osborne, and jockeys of that class, are ever unequal to the fulfilment of their duties to their employers. On the contrary, they set an example to those below them worthy of the strictest imitation, and if it is followed by those who are coming on, the same profitable result will flow from it. We do not wish either to argue in behalf of the asceticism of the jockeys of the former days, or to advocate the necessity of a young and growing lad confining himself to a couple of baked apples some days in succession, in order that he may keep himself light. Nor we put in a word for the system of limited liability to a couple of walnuts have a bottle of soda-water, which was all that the jockey of the late Mr. Dri M. Dobler put inside him, the day previous to his riding M. Doble the race-Cesarewitch. And we are antagonistic, likewise, to the dietary of Yopenod the at Stockbridge, which would even soften the heart of a Lambethgraph, the

which we look upon to be the hardest next to that of Pharaoh, we ever heard of. But we do think that those who have the charge of young jockeys do not exercise the control over them which they are bound to do, considering the interests that are confided to them, and which require, during the season, the exercise of the strictest sobriety, as well as abstinence from animal food beyond what is necessary to sustain the system; as it requires no Herapath to know that cheap champagne, on an empty stomach accustomed to the thin table or treacle beer of Yorkshire or Lancashire, cannot but be as injurious to the stomach of a lad, as an opium ball to the constitution of a horse. Into this subject we should not have entered so fully, but for the request of so many correspondents, who, true friends to the Turf, watch with regret and anxiety the gradual increase of an evil so much to be guarded against. And we trust our Trainers will give heed to our observations, which are penned in no unkind spirit, but with the best intentions to those upon whom the Turf is so dependent.

And now for a glance, Parthian though it be, of The Octobers, and the Houghton, which have filled both Newmarket and the Sporting Papers to an extent that would almost call up the late Mr. Ruff from his tomb at Woking, over which many regrets are passed, as the train whirls by the old school of London Sportsmen to Stockbridge or Winchester. That foreigners are treated well at Newmarket is clearly evidenced by the fact of the Eastern Counties Handicap going to France with Plutus, while the October one went to Russia with the Duke of York, whose owner, Prince Soltikoff, it may be recollected, was complimented very highly by Admiral Rous, at his Testimonial Dinner, with running his horses so straight. Achievement won the Hopeful in a manner to make those behind her be regarded as hopeless; and then Lord Lyon did just what he pleased with the Knight of the Crescent, treating the twelve pounds which he gave him as a mere bagatelle. In the 'Tri,' Saver-nake having six to one laid on him, felt bound to keep up his character and win; but the victory was bought at the expense of the St. Leger, which he literally made a present of to his northern St. Leger companion and neighbour the Knight of the Crescent. Thursday was quite a 'Collar Day' for the Knight of the Garter, who took precedence of a large lot in the Two Year Old Triennial; and when he occupied the same place in the Rutland, the 'Hermits' betrayed more satisfaction on their visages than usual, although it could not be exactly said their food was fruit, their drink the crystal well. Between the two weeks at Newmarket, the Scotch came out in great force both at Edinburgh and Kelso, the Duke of Roxburgh being quite a Lord George at the latter place, seeing that all the minutest arrangements were carried out in a proper spirit. The racing, which was very good of its kind, was sufficiently recorded at the time; and, beyond the fact of Mr. Masterman, not unknown to the Turf police, being warned off the course for contempt of court in grossly insulting Judge Johnson, we have nothing to add to the already published reports of the Meetings. The Second October was one which will never be forgotten either at Newmarket or Danebury, for never before was the argument that the Heath was the pleasure ground of the Jockey Club, to be used for themselves and their particular friends, so completely demolished. As, from an early hour, the excursion trains, north, east, west, and south, poured in their hundreds of third classers, who roamed about on the Heath when and where they liked, understanding nothing they saw, and being as ignorant of the manners and customs of that sacred spot, as the late Captain Cook of the Atlantic cable. Bad as was this sample, when the five shilling Shoreditch train came in, matters were ten times worse, as the shopkeepers afterwards found to their cost. First came the smashers of Clerkenwell, then the bird-fanciers of Bethnal Green, who, as was natural, backed the Birdcatcher blood throughout the

afternoon. To these succeeded 'the cracksmen of the Hackney Road,' a stalwart race of men, whose legs, if their stockings had been taken off, would all of them have disclosed the ring mark. Fit and ready for any enterprise, they would have nailed up the favourite in his box, or broken into it and got at him for a fiver. The dock labourers of East Smithfield, not quite so dangerous, but more larking in their character, were the next division, and their animal spirits led them into no end of breaches of etiquette, which made some of the natives shudder, and almost anticipate an earthquake. For they poked fun at Martin Starling, who was redder than his own coat, and when he heard unique epithets applied to names hitherto only mentioned in his presence with breathless awe and veneration, anxious fears were entertained lest apoplexy should come on; and the humane and clever Mr. Faircloth refused to leave the Heath until all fear of danger was removed. In fact The People were in possession of the Heath, and kept it, we need not say, to the annoyance of that section of the Club, who would rather convert it into Kensington Gardens than Kennington Common. Powerless they sat on their hacks, and watched the course broken into, and their own forces being as unable to cope with them as Custance would be with Jem Mace or Joe Goss. At one time it was suggested, we believe, to warn off the inhabitants of the offending districts in masses, by getting notices distributed through the parish registers, or Post Office Directories, but the difficulty of detecting the offenders was so great, that the idea fell to the ground; and they were compelled to endure that which they could not prevent with the best possible grace, which was not very pleasant for them as owners of the soil. But in truth nowhere has the spirit of progress made such way as at the metropolis of the Turf, and all its *agrémens* upon which it prided itself so justly, are swept away never to return. Of lady equestrians we are bound to admit there is an increase, but the contrast in the vehicles is lamentable to witness. Formerly, nothing less than a Long Acre britschka, a yellow bounder from the Rutland or White Hart (now most probably converted into hen-roosts) could be seen, whereas, at the time of which we write, the procession of carriages is made up of cabs from the Strand, go-carts with the tail down, waggonettes at shilling fares, and those curious compounds of gigs and four wheels for which no befitting name can be found. To resist this band of invaders the whole disposable force of the Jockey Club we believe to consist of Martin Starling, three full privates armed with dog-whips, and one donkey driver. Brave as the Admiral is, we doubt whether he would like to provoke a collision on the Heath with such disparity of resources, because certain defeat would await him, and the capture and detention of Martin Starling would be a blow the Conservative Section of the Club would never recover. Therefore, if Newmarket Heath is to be preserved as in days of yore, when if a man sneezed or coughed too much, he ran the risk of being told to go home, there must be a vast increase in the forces, and a vote taken for them; otherwise palisades must be erected, and admission obtained by ticket. It may be asked, what is the cause of this new state of things, which is so earnestly deplored by those who recollect Newmarket in its pristine beauty; and we do not hesitate to assert it has been caused in a great measure by the Press, in retaliation for the way it has been treated in that town, within the last quarter of a century, and which would be a reproach to Finland. The Press, then, especially the cheap portion of it—we do not use the phrase in a sneering or contemptuous spirit—smarting under their wrongs, conceived the idea of putting an end to pretensions more arrogant than those of Bismarck, by pointing out to the million the delights of Newmarket, and assuring them that nowhere else could racing be witnessed in such perfection, and inviting them to see it. At first, their arguments, which were addressed to the lower orders of the North were little heeded; but the agitators still went on with what they pretended to

be their mission, and as a drop of water falling on a stone will wear it away in time, so by weekly appeals to the passions of these uneducated men—all gamblers at heart—a sort of longing for Newmarket, such as inspires a Mussulman for Mecca, was created. The high fares for the pilgrimage were of course a powerful obstacle to the gratifying of this desire ; but the promoters, if we may so use the term, got over this barrier by appeals to the cupidity of the Railway Directors, and suggesting there was no valid cause why the working man should be shut out from the Cesarewitch more than the Peer, and how ready they would be to avail themselves of a cheap mode of conveyance. The bait took, and excursion trains were advertised, at fabulous rates, which filled in a fabulous manner, not only the carriages, but the Heath itself. The same policy was observed in the South, and with the same result, the Great Eastern, with a degree of liberality which only their shareholders we fear will appreciate, granting their five-shilling friends nine hours at Newmarket, as the London Brighton and South Coast extend to their humble customers at Brighton. We have indulged in these remarks in no hostile spirit to any person or class, but solely because they are warranted as illustrating very clearly the changes in the age in which we live, as well as the influence of the Press on the lower orders.

The Cesarewitch needs very little description ; but without betraying the secrets of Danebury, or stating that John Day was all 'in the blues' before it came off, we may say that not even in Pyrrhus the First's year was victory so welcome, for in addition to its pecuniary results, it was achieved under circumstances that rendered it doubly valuable. For who would suppose that a bare-footed pony like Lecturer could bring into the stable more money after a gallop of less than five minutes than any of the great cracks that the Day family have had under their charge ? Entertaining, as we do, the highest respect for John Day, we are bound to admit he is strongly opiniated ; still, we will answer for it, he will pay the most breathless attention to a similar Lecturer, should one ever present himself again to his notice. Singular enough with all the great races which the Danebury stable have won, and they have carried off no less than a hundred and four this year, which is the greatest number ever known to have been done by one establishment, they should never have got hold of a Cesarewitch since Ilionia's year, when there was a sad lack of corn in Egypt. As for the Marquis of Hastings's luck in landing nearly seventy thousand pounds when the clouds were supposed to be gathering around him, we can only compare it to that of Charlotte Winsor, who got into Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors while alive, and on two occasions beat Calcraft by a neck. All the stable, from the Duke to the Secretary, the latter of whom having been so often bent, if not broken, people were delighted to see now thoroughly repaired and made water-tight, got their slice of this rich pudding in proportion to their qualifications, and few, if any, of the losers, grudged it to them. The discourse of the Lecturer was profitable also in another way, as it cleared the stable of certain impediments in the way of getting on its money, and henceforth, if we mistake not, the Danebury horses will not be at the same short price at which they have been for the last two or three years, and for which the Marquis of Hastings has been made responsible, as the channels have now been blocked up as effectually as the entrance to Sebastopol. The part of the Commissioner on this occasion was intrusted for the first time to Mr. Foy, who was called with the rest of the company before the curtain at the end of the piece. It does not say much for the morality of the Newmarket folks to state they were 'Lotharios' to a man ; but as the ladies did not complain, we ought not to throw the first stone ; and by his getting second, there can be no question that Savernake was all right when they met in the previous week. With Proserpine, the hope of Lyttleton, Lord Frederick made a desperate effort to ravish the stakes, and aided by Mr.

Craven with Mr. Ten Broeck's watch, he very nearly succeeded in his attempt; and had Kenyon been up, we are inclined to think, in his own language, he would have 'copped the stuff.' We know a growing opinion prevails that his Lordship is training off, and fast giving way to the inroads of the new school on his particular line of business. We fancy, however, his management of Proserpine for this race, and her sale for the Cambridgeshire, proves he is in rare form, and only needs the proper tools to work with to fully sustain his public character. Poor Mr. Graham was like the hare with many friends, and verified the old saying of unstable as water thou shalt not succeed. From the moment the weights were out until the falling of the flag he was badgered about his horses to an extent few owners would submit to; and although we are no apologist for his frequent changes of mind, and other proceedings, we are satisfied they arose from mere errors of judgment, and from no dishonest intentions. As we have almost invariably seen, when so much fuss is made about a horse as there was with Chepstow, he invariably comes to grief. And so it was here, for he ran himself to a standstill in the race for a mile and a half, when he died away, only to find himself first favourite for the Cambridgeshire. Jollity's running was so bad that Godding's countenance became paler than ever Lord Glasgow saw it before, and The Potomac overflowed its banks. And so ended the Cesarewitch, which, for a second year in succession, went into Hampshire. The Clearwell was scarcely less important in its results than the Cesarewitch, for it saw Achievement's colours lowered by Plaudit amidst as much excitement as was exhibited in the other great race to which we refer. The result, it is said, ought to have been reversed if Custance had not mistaken the winning-post; but we consider him to be too old a soldier for that, and imagine she was fairly beaten on her merits. Of Plaudit we can only repeat what we said after the Stockton running in these pages, that he was the only horse that was likely to stretch Achievement's neck, which he did with a vengeance; and as we know his legs are all right, we shall continue to stand upon him for the Derby, unless better cause is shown to the contrary than is at present by his opponents. The Rake's progress in the Middle Park (how is it, we should like to know, that rakes are always wandering about parks in search of achievements of some kind or another?) was startling in the extreme to those who had been told beforehand he had been tried a very moderate horse. Sir Frederick, however, who did part of the commission, and to 'catch' whom is about as difficult as to shave a weasel's eyebrows when asleep, was not to be stalled off backing him for the Derby, in spite of the advice that was given him to the contrary. Being a Blenkiron, he was led back in triumph by his namesake; and as we understand he is from six to eight pounds better than Friponnier, and moreover in make and shape a perfect Derby horse, we see no reason why he should not remain in his present office until the division for the Two Thousand takes place. In the Select Stakes Lord Lyon gave Strathconan and Mr. Pitt a nice steady gallop, receiving for it the sum of three hundred and twenty-five pounds, and he did not go faster than on the Limekilns of a morning. Mat Dawson would indeed have lost all form if he had not have credited the Duke with one two-year old stake during the week, and accordingly he selected the Prendergast, one of the regular old-fashioned ones, for which he sent Pericles, who fulfilled his mission; and as he was some way behind Julius at home, the hopes of the latter being a regular 'Cæsar' became greater. And thus ended the Second October.

Cheltenham, once the gayest of all Provincial meetings, and regularly patronised by all the Gloucestershire folk, as by the London fashionables, such as Lords Chesterfield, Lichfield, Count D'Orsay, and that set, woke up from its slumbers, and by the exertions of Messrs. Reginald Herbert, Fothergill,

Rowlands, F. La Terriere, and M. E. Griffiths, a real good day's sport was got up, which next year will be extended to a couple. The Duke of Hamilton's patronage was secured, and his winning his pony match with Mr. Griffiths seemed to delight the crowd as much as himself, although it exposed him to a reprimand from the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' on the ground that fifteen stone was too much for any pony to carry. However, the next match he makes at the 'Queen of Watering Places,' we have no doubt will be with welter weights.

The veriest racing gourmand—we believe we employ the usual orthodox expression—must have been pretty near shut up as the cloth was removed from The Houghton table. Its most remarkable features were the revivals of Achievement (who, like a sick child, had been sent home to be nursed by its own attendant), and also of Vauban, who was quite himself again, and took the liberty of putting a good stake into the Duke of Beaufort's pocket, without letting him know of his intention to do so. Then Viridis was good enough to beat all the rubbish that ran in each of the Nurserys, and to win for the Guardsmen to whom she belongs enough to purchase the Colonelcies of their Battalions. Then poor Mr. Graham was again done in the Cambridgeshire by the cheek of Chepstow's bridle breaking, which maddened him so that he ran all over the course, boring so against the others that he was soon done with, when but for the accident he could not possibly have lost, judging by the position of Caithness. And if this were not sufficiently annoying, he had to bear the taunt of being suspected 'in high quarters' of never having the slightest intention of winning with the Brother to Chattanooga, but to be going all along for Caithness. And when he offered to send the broken bit to Weatherby to be examined by the Handicapper, it was refused, which we cannot help fancying to be rather too much in the Sir William Mansfield line to meet with approval in the Racing World. Better for him it would have been if Caithness had not got a place, for no one would believe, unless they saw the trial books, that Chepstow could beat him even at even weights, and we will guarantee every friend of Mr. Graham's stood upon Chepstow, whatever may be alleged to the contrary; and he himself had only a trifle on the Doncaster winners. However, if a man is to pay the slightest attention to all the sayings and doings of ill-natured losers on his horse, he had either better cut the Turf, or his own throat. On the Monday night previous to the race, Mr. Buckstone should have been present to witness how numerous and fond were the votaries of Thalia, who, if she had only won, would have added largely to "the Monks" in the Lubbenham Monastery. Like her namesake, she wore her mask to the last. As for the winner, she earned her step deservedly, for she took it almost by gradations, as in a Regiment, and a more popular verdict has been seldom recorded. Proserpine cut but a very poor figure; and the Affidavits taken by the French Division were not to be believed, and when filed they will not bear referring to. Another feature in the week we cannot help referring to, because of its vital importance to Newmarket and the Turf. We allude to the treatment which Mr. Clark received from the roughs on two occasions, on which his decisions did not agree with the views of the blackguards who surrounded his box, and threatened him with personal violence if he did not alter them. It is needless to say he was not likely to comply with such a demand, but it is monstrous he should be exposed to it, and rather hard that the miscreants should go unpunished, and never interfered with. Usually the Club are not so lax in enforcing their rights as owners; and surely the Majesty of the Law ought at least to be respected, and the flagrant contempt of court punished as it deserved, for we have not the slightest desire to see American rowdiness introduced on the Course which the Prince of Wales will come so far to visit. Next month we shall enter upon the Hybrid Season, redolent to us of colds, influenzas, and

racing by gaslight; but with the list of fixtures before us many a book and pencil will be worn out before we again commence packing 'Our Van;' and if any parcels of entertaining matter should come to hand, they shall be included in the Invoice.

In our next, hunting will have set in in earnest; but in Hampshire we learn that Lord Poulett's hounds, the Hambledon, have had a few fair gallops, and that in the beginning of the month they were inspected by five Masters of Hounds, who made a most favourable report of them. We hear that in Yorkshire the weather has been suitable for cub-hunting, and nothing else. All the Packs have been doing good work since the corn has been got out of the way. But York is a trifle dull, no cavalry regiment being stationed in that pleasant old city and good hunting quarter. That the splendid barracks, newly built, with every convenience for the officers and men, married and single, should be standing empty, is a great subject of regret. For it is such quarters as these that make gentlemen like the army, and smart young men 'list.' Being allowed to rot at Aldershot is hateful to all. Sir Charles Slingsby is in great force, and has been gobbling up cubs fast enough to please the gamekeepers; and his young hounds are ready for real business. The Bramham Moor have killed a fair allowance of cubs, and in the last three weeks had some good runs over the open. The 'thrusting' division are pleased to see that Goodall has lost none of his jumping power, but the deep ground and dark state of the country will be a caution to some. Much disappointment is felt in this very 'excited' and sporting part of Yorkshire, in consequence of the Prince of Wales being unable to pay his promised visit to Lord Londesborough at Grimston Park. Every man, woman, and child in old-fashioned Yorkshire thinks Foxhunting and Racing the only real sports, and Shooting merely a healthy exercise on a clear frosty winter's day, when it's 'over 'hard for't dogs.' 'Well, Bill, where's t'bound?' 'Whoy, t'Squire's going 'to shooit t'ould wood, and I mun go help 'em to bush bear't a bit.' Honest, smell-dog, muzzle-loading Squire! Your litters of cubs will this winter afford amusement to hundreds of horse and foot. And we cordially trust you may never be led into the absurd and selfish practice of crumpled-tailed pheasants, and the fox when the hounds come. Had the Prince of Wales come to Yorkshire he would have seen in Sir Charles Slingsby a first-rate gentleman huntsman; and with Mr. Lane Fox he would have seen all Leeds on horseback, loyal to the backbone.

Captain Fairfax, a good sportsman, descended from 'Black Tom,' who rode over Marston Moor in the days of Cromwell, has established a pack of harriers, and hunts every mortal thing in the neighbourhood of Harrogate. There is a piece of rough country near that popular and well-hoted Spa, rather wide of foxhounds. Therefore, Captain Fairfax, being a philanthropist, felt sorry for those who could not conveniently reach foxhounds every day. Out of gratitude for his enterprising spirit, the town has built him a kennel, and his spirited undertaking deserves support. Melton men, anxious for some fresh game, we advise to go and try to ride over this fine wild open country. There is room to ride, and the greedy Guardsman is a customer not easily out-jumped. By-the-by, Lecturer, bred by Sir Tatton, and his owner, 'Peter the Great,' (late Poor Peter) both bred on Bramham Moor, by the nephew of that first-rate man, so well known at Newmarket as 'Kit Wilson, the Father of the Turf,' were successes. And we are glad to learn this gay young hero gave his friends the office, and all Weatherby won on the Cesarewitch, from the Sporting Parson hard by, down to the chemist and druggist. Cub-hunting, however, has not been without its *disagréments*, as both Lady Mary Fitzwilliam and Mr. Standish, the Master of the Hursley, have met with rather serious accidents while engaged in it.

Although the wickets have been drawn, flannel jackets put by, and tents

gone into winter quarters, we must notice the spirit of Public Schoolmen in support of their old schools, and a remarkable instance of it has just occurred at Harrow. A few months back the proprietor of the ground upon which the younger boys played cricket, gave notice to the school that the field was about to be built over. This intention, if carried out, would have affected the old cricket ground to such an extent that it would have become necessary to abandon that ground likewise. The amount required to rescue it from the hands of the builder was excessive, but, by the soul of Byron, such a desecration of old Roxeth Common was not to be suffered. A subscription was at once commenced, the Head Master, an old Harrovian, heading the list with the munificent sum of 1000*l*. It was at a time of year when the world, generally, is away upon its vacation rambles; but the chord was touched, and it sent forth no uncertain sound. From moor and loch-side, from deck of yacht, from hall and from vicarage, poured in gifts of various degree. Men of every age, from the friends of Byron down to the companions of Charley Buller, all contributed; and, at the time of our going to press, but a few hundreds were wanting to make up the required amount. It is needless to state we shall rejoice to announce, in a future number, the complete success of this spirited proceeding.

Our Obituary List we regret to find so long, and to contain so many well-known characters, whose career we must trace, so far as they have been before the public. Mr. Charles Martin's loss will long be remembered both in the Coffee-room at Newmarket, and in every country-house he was wont to visit. Kind and amiable in his disposition, so harmless was he, that, by way of anti-thesis, he was familiarly called 'The General;' but his victories were solely over the whist-table, where he earned his honours. Whenever he could do a kind action or say a good word of a human being he was sure to do so, and his own particular set are not likely to replace him. Mr. Martin was a gentleman of good fortune, and had extensive estates near Bordeaux, and the clarets from them enjoy a very high reputation in this country. Jack Dixon, as the Stockbridge people would always call him, was a horse of quite a different colour, and as strange a character as we ever came across in the course of our wanderings. He was originally a cheesemonger in a large way of business at Knightsbridge, and when trotting was in vogue, he owned Nonpareil, and some other smart animals whose names at this time we cannot call to mind. He also had some horses in training, and ran second twice for the Oaks with Meal, by Bran, and with Kathleen. He likewise won the Two-Year Old Stakes at Ascot with Blarney, when William Day who rode him beat Frank Butler on William the Conqueror, a strong Goodwood favourite; and this piece of jockeyship on 'William's' part very nearly upset the equilibrium of honest John, who went roaring about it all over the inclosure afterwards. On retiring from business, the subject of our sketch took up his abode at Stockbridge, where he was wont to wander over the Downs in a plaid suit, that gave him the appearance of a hard-up Macbeth, especially as he was the most insatiable dunner for cigars and snuff. In fact, when he was out, he was as dangerous among the former as a blackbird in a currant bush, or a magpie amid silver spoons. And when newspaper Editors were wont to send him stamped envelopes for inquiries, they never saw them returned, but he always appropriated them to his own use, and had a morbid vanity in boasting of it. Though so nearly allied with the House of Danebury, the relations between them were never of a very cordial nature, particularly since the Cineas affair, which was very nearly fatal to his fortunes. He saw but few persons within his doors, but was hospitable enough to those who had the privilege of the *entrée*. It was strange that he had his affairs set in order on the Monday, as he said he should die on the Wednesday following; and he was very nearly right in his prediction, for he expired on the Thursday. His son-in-law, a species of clerk in the Ottoman Embassy, was left his execu-

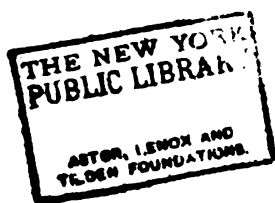
tor, but his will has not yet appeared in the columns of the 'Illustrated London News,' so nothing is known of its contents. Poor Jem Mason, after enduring frightful tortures, his throat having been opened, and a silver pipe inserted that he might swallow, is at length released; nor could his friends regret, for few, even the most staunch, had the courage to witness them. Filling such a position in steeple-chase history, we shall in our next devote that space to him which his merits deserve, and will, therefore, only state now that to the very latest moment of his life, corn, wine, and oil may be said to have been used in abundance to bind up his wounds, and at last he expired without a struggle, the wick of life being fairly burnt out. Strange that within the space of three days he should have been followed by that other eminent sportsman Charles Davis, who must not be dismissed in the few lines now at our disposal. So he, with his companion in arms, must stand over until next month for dissection and illustration. General news is not very stirring, but many noblemen and gentlemen have been weeding their studs, and rather than pay the hay and corn for them for the winter, they have wisely given them away. The Duke of Hamilton's affairs, which we hear were in a most inextricable state of confusion, have been handed over to Mr. Padwick for settlement, and he has been appointed Receiver-General of his vast estates, with the full approval of his mother, the Princess Marie, and his other trustee, the Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. Having completed this somewhat difficult task, the master mind of Hill Street will, it is said, next be employed in readjusting the finances of Mexico, and getting the Emperor Maximilian a little ready money to go on with, besides satisfying the most pressing of his hungry creditors. And if he can save an empire, his triumph as a financier and benefactor will be complete.

Since the sudden death of Grimshaw, whose wife participates in the policy taken out by her husband in the International Life Assurance Society, which guards against all descriptions of accidents, there has been quite a run upon it by his comrades, who now see the advantages it possesses, and are acute enough to avail themselves of them. That it can stay as long as Rama we can vouch; and we conceive we are only rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's in calling special attention to it at the time when the steeple-chase and hunting season has set in. Mrs. Hart's book, entitled 'Hena, or Life in Tahiti,' we have not space to notice, save that it is charmingly written, and describes a place where those who have lost on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire would like to winter, for, amid the charms of the dusky beauties even Actæa and Proserpine would soon be forgotten, and fresh favourites created. Professor Gamgee's hoof ointment is going off like wildfire, and all who have used it speak highly of its beneficial effects on their horses, so we would say to our readers, give it one trial and judge for yourselves.

Want of time has prevented us as yet visiting the Theatre Royal, Holborn, to witness the 'Flying Scud,' but ere long we hope to do so, and give our readers an idea of it. In the meanwhile, from what has reached us, we must say Mr. Boucicault should have notified in the bills 'that the action of the 'piece is supposed to commence after the death of the Hon. Admiral Rous, 'and the total extinction of the house of Weatherby,' inasmuch as Flying Scud runs and wins the Derby as a four-year old, and his brother, a three-year old, is permitted to start also, with an allowance of five pounds for the year. We think we have said enough to justify our remark, but more anon.

In the City, during the winter nights, billiards promise to be very fashionable, as Mr. Ishmael Fisher, of the Albert Club, has put up a new Burroughes and Watt table, and is about to engage the best professional players for his soirées at that popular resort of racing men.

N.B. Will the Captains of Public Schools, who have not yet sent in their cricket averages, be good enough to do so at their earliest convenience?





Handwritten signature or initials, possibly "J. B. S." followed by a flourish.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VISCOUNT CURZON, M.P.

HIGH among the popular and fashionable Masters of Foxhounds of the present day ranks the above nobleman, who succeeded, a few years back, Mr. Selby Lowndes in the Mastership of the Atherstone; and, as we have gone through the ranks of the senior M.F.H.s, his Lordship comes on in rotation for illustration and record.

Lord Curzon is the eldest son of the Earl Howe, the descendant of the well-known Admiral of that name, who fought the celebrated Naval Action which bears his name to this hour, and which is ranked in the chronicles of our Fleet as being on a par, in point of importance, with that of the Nile, and Sir John Jervis, afterwards better known as Lord St. Vincent. The subject of our sketch was educated at Eton, and Christchurch, and has sat in Parliament for South Leicestershire, where the family estates are situated, for some years. Lord Curzon's career as a sportsman is not difficult to trace, for it has been confined to the Atherstone, in connection with which he has been brought by force of natural circumstances. For a young nobleman, who was not a member of a family which had produced previous Masters of Foxhounds, to enter upon a country which had been hunted by Mr. Osbaldeston, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. Anstruther Thompson, Lord Anson, and Mr. Selby Lowndes, was submitting himself to be tried to a very high form. And he may be said to have succeeded as well as could be expected, considering that when he came into possession of the country he was like the heir to a dilapidated estate, for all he could boast of having were the bare walls of a kennel, built with that lavish regard to expense which so characterized the late Lord Anson, or, as we should more correctly state, Lord Lichfield. Still, where there is a direct communication between the heart and the pocket, with a Terminus at the Bank, both kennels and stables are never very long tenantless; so by drafts from Mr. Meynell Ingram, the North Warwickshire, and the South Wilts, the former were refilled, while John Darby, of Rugby, was the recruiting officer for the latter, and it is needless to say with the very best results to all parties concerned; for during the four seasons Lord Curzon has

carried the horn, the turn-out of horses and hounds have been such as to convey, to those who have hunted with him, the impression that he knows his business better than could have been conjectured from his short apprenticeship, while the good feeling which prevails in the Hunt is much strengthened by his conduct in the field, which combines courtesy with firmness; consequently what is termed 'a scene in the Atherstone Country' is an unheard-of event. For some time the Atherstone were almost as dire sufferers from kennel lameness as Her Majesty's staghounds, owing to the nature of the foundations; but by adopting the plan of the late Charles Davis, at Ascot, of having the floors of the lodging-houses taken up, the subsoil taken up, and yellow clay substituted, the disorder has been in a great measure remedied. In the field Lord Curzon makes no pretensions to being a bruising rider, but he is invariably near enough to his hounds to know what they are about; and with Dickens for his huntsman, and a stud of twenty-three first-class hunters, he has shown himself equal to the occasion; and when his Mastership terminates, it will be said to be one of the pleasantest and best done of any in the annals of the Atherstone. Lord Curzon, we should add, is married to Miss Sturt, daughter of the late Mr. H. G. Sturt, of Critchill, and is, moreover, brother to the Duchess of Beaufort, the Countess of Westmorland, and the Hon. Lady Kingscote; but although thus associated with such distinguished racing families, he has never evinced any taste for the Turf.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

I HAVE told you many things to eat, drink, and avoid; many spectacles to visit, many amusements (heaven save the mark!) to avoid; but there is one other performance which I must insist on your attending, weather and season permitting,—moreover, a description of it is peculiarly fitted for the pages of 'Baily.' If in Paris, in the early winter season, your gentle reader should be sure to inquire if the Court is at Compiègne. Finding that it is so, then your G. R. should hire a horse—you can get a very good one at John Hawes's—and go down to see one of the great stag-hunts of the Imperial pack. If it was like any other hunting in the world, it would not be worth any of your readers going to see, but it is purely *sui generis*, a thing of itself and by itself, and as a spectacle not to be equalled. The public can attend the meet just as it can with the Quorn or the Duke, and the way of getting there from Paris is this.—You send your horse down by the 7.30 train of the Great Northern of France, and go down yourself by the 'Special Compiègne service,'—during the residence of the Court there is a train from Paris at 9 A.M., and from Compiègne at 9.50 P.M. In an hour and a half you are safely delivered at the Hôtel de la Cloche, one of the very few remaining really old French Hostels which railroads and improvements have

spared. The 'Cloche'—which I suppose we must compare to the 'George' at Melton—has capital bedrooms, and very good cuisine, and a waiter who is a 'droll,' a 'farceur,' and whose picture is duly paraded on the walls; he hands you your 'little addition' with a smile, and cuts a caper when he brings you your change.

As you eat your breakfast, you see signs of the season. Men eat their food hastily; care-worn grooms keep coming in to whisper very soft nothings in their masters' ears. The dress of the 'Hunt' is gorgeous to the *nth*! A three-cornered cocked hat, just like that one which Dick Turpin wore when he stopped our revered grandsires on Hounslow Heath; a green velvet frock-coat covered with gold lace; buckskins, jack-boots, and heavy spurs, the whole to conclude with a *couteau de chasse*. Pretty, is it not? and very like the last scene in a play. These well-dressed squires affect the 'Cloche'; you may see them at breakfast by dozens. Sportsmen arrive from Paris, and from the neighbourhood of Compiègne, in costumes which exceed the powers of this poor pen. You eat your *dejeuner*, take your coffee, and that *chasse* which in England I have heard called 'jumping powder,' light the inevitable cigar, and ride off to the Puits-du-Roi, a crack meet about two miles from the Forest.

The Forest of Compiègne, which covers about 30,000 acres, is simply glorious, and abounds with red deer and boar. The Imperial pack hunt once or twice a week during the season; and the Marquis de Laigle has three days a week with his boar-hounds.

It would be hard to exaggerate the splendour of the spectacle afforded by a meet of the Emperor's stag-hounds at the Puits-du-Roi. An immense circle, from which radiate some ten wide avenues, is cleared in the centre of a forest which, for beauty of autumn colouring, is unequalled even in the Dukeries of England. Here you see as fine a pack of hounds as you can get together. I will not speak of the servants; to our ideas they are theatrical, meretricious, anything but workmanlike. Those enormous horns, those hunting-knives, those curious boots, are picturesque—yes! but scarcely workmanlike. The stud and the grooms, however, are beyond praise. Where General Fleury finds, and how Mr. Gamble keeps in such condition so many fine horses, is, as a servant once observed to me, 'not only a miracle, sir, but a wonder, sir; 'not only a wonder, sir, but quite old!'

Scores of neatly-dressed boys come jogging up at that wonderful 'butter and eggs' pace, with scores of hunters, on any one of which your humble Contributor would accept a mount, even at Thorpe Gorse, *apud* the Fitzwilliam (if the fences are not big enough for you there, then you *are* a glutton), without asking a question. Round the open space is ranged all that is best looking at the Court of the Empress Eugenie—it is saying no little. In carriages, in charrs-au-banc, on horseback, or walking,—you have them round you—goddesses of the chase. Upon my honour, I think that that 'hunting 'swell' about whom there was some scandal, you know,

'Canibus preda fit ipse suis,'

and that sort of thing, was not very far wrong in his little intrusion: Beauty on every side, and the Imperial Queen of Beauty towering over them all—indeed, 'Facile princeps.'

It is also very pleasant to see the Emperor, evidently recalling the days when he 'corked' with the 'Queens,' in those days of Davis, D'Orsay, Lord Pembroke's coach, &c., and 'ground' seriously over Leicestershire, scanning, with no idle or inexperienced glance, his pack, and running his eye over the shape and condition of the stud. Perhaps, with a sigh, he turns to the troubles of kingly life, and thinks once more of those happy days when, to use the words he only lately uttered, 'He was in England; in that England where I 'was so happy and so free!' Well! this meet is a glorious sight, and all lovers of sport and admirers of woodland scenery should go there once at least. I should just add, perhaps, that in my opinion, any one who does not love the 'Chase,' and cannot worship with a silent admiration the tranquil and varied beauty of winter woodlands, is no fitting reader for 'Baily'—is, in fact, no hero, no poet,—a duffer!

As I cantered lately up those glorious rides of Compiègne, I felt as keen for hunting as when I rode my first screw—he and I were of the same standing, ætat. 18, and they called him 'The Creeper.' When I jogged quietly home, up rides lighted by the setting sun, I felt that small modicum of poetry which, according to Mr. Whyte Melville, is the share of every man who loves to grind over a country, effervesce. As for the actual sport, perhaps it is better not to say too much. 'What's sport to you is death to us,' said the frogs to the boys. I fancy a gallop up a grass ride would be nearly death to our rising (and falling) generation, who love twenty minutes over grass, and an impossible fence every three seconds. Still, I say of the woodland gallop what the highwayman said of Hounslow Heath, 'A canter by moonlight, you dog,' (this to the parson) 'it was delicious!'

The form of hunting is mediæval. You don't draw for your deer—this, perhaps, in a covert of 30,000 acres would be impossible; you spot him by a sporting tout,

'So early in the morning,
Before the break of day.'

Then you 'attack' him with a couple of hounds; when they have roused him, and are getting steadily on his line, comes another instance of the knowledge of the Roman poet—

'Sic vos, non vobis.'

Just as the two working couple have settled down to the line, two great men, with horns twisted round them like the serpents in that group of 'Laocoon' (which Pliny says was carved out of one block of stone) which we love to look at in the 'Uffizzi' of Florence, begin to play up, and then suddenly comes a canine avalanche, and whole 'bunches' of hounds are loosed on the scent.

Then you gallop for hours through grass rides which cannot be

surpassed. One element of hunting is wanting—there is ‘the devil a fence,’ as our ‘lepping brothers’ in Ireland would have it; and I confess that, personally, I would as soon hunt a rabbit in a hutch as a fox without fencing.

At every corner is a man with a horn, on which he—

‘Merrily sounds his roundelay;’

having, [no doubt, good reasons for so doing, though ‘what those reasons are is thoroughly ‘Greek’ to the humble and less demonstrative fox-hunter.

I confess you get glorious gallops; and to see the late Duc de Morny’s trainer sending along a thoroughbred just fresh from training is a sight! How the ‘Dutchman’ blood can sail away when it gets a chance over the flat! Even the hounds—a good lot got from the best English kennels—could not give the son of our old ‘Flyer’ too much to do.

The ‘riding’ at this ‘wicked hunt,’ as they would call it, bedad, in Ireland, is certainly more curious than pleasing. When I saw heavy military riders with the most reckless seats, loose reins, and long spurs, which worked, I fancy, often without the knowledge of their wearers, I thought of Mr. Gamble, his horses, their condition, and then I wept! The take of a stag here is a sight not usual to English eyes. When the pack brings the quarry to bay a whip gets off his horse, loads a small rifle, and proceeds to ‘pot’ the wretched stag. It is, of course, a fragment of barbarity. They would have done the same in the celebrated ‘run’ in the ‘Lady of the Lake,’ if that run had been followed by a ‘take;’ but we know that then the noble animal

‘In the deep Trosachs’ wildest nook
His solitary refuge took;
There, while close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head:
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rove through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again;’

and so there was no kill and no *cureé*. I come to that next. Reader of ‘Baily,’ have you ever seen a *curée*? Do you know what it is? Answer—‘No.’ Well, then, my young friend, I will try to tell you.

At Compiègne is a palace which occupies three sides of a great square, the fourth side being the grand entrance. There is a large courtyard, to which, on happy hunting nights (*i. e.*, when there has been a kill) the public is admitted at eight o’clock. The public, availing itself of that kind permission, enters at eight o’clock precisely, and there it finds a pack of hounds baying the moon, if there is a moon (for even Imperial Government cannot command the constant attendance of the chaste Diana). A line of torchbearers and soldiers keeps an avenue open, at the end of which is the balcony of honour, and beneath that balcony are the *spolia opima* of the deer deceased. I mean no pun. I hope I am above joking

on a subject so serious as the chase. At a given signal the great windows of the palace open, and the Emperor, the Empress, and their suite come on to the balcony; and then the hounds are loosed, and after having been twice or thrice head back and baffled, are permitted to 'worry' the offal of their hunted deer. Torches are gleaming—bayonets glistening—the 'horn of the hunter' is heard in the courtyard—Merryman and Marksman quarrel over a tit-bit—ladies in balconies exclaim, 'It is fine, but it is savage!'—the crowds roar aloud with a vulgar delight—the men who, perhaps against their will, have 'followed the chase,' and, perchance, may have lost that mysterious particle 'leather,' wish it was all over, and that they might retire to easy chairs and rest. Then the lights go out—the people away—and all is over. But as the sporting reader of 'Baily' smokes his cigar in the 'special' (run especially, too, for him) to Paris, he will confess that the 'game was worth the candle'—that, while remembering to have seen thousands of 'meets' more purely sporting, and hundreds of 'kills' more natural, he has never seen a grander spectacle than the run from 'Puits-du-Roi' and the *curée* by torchlight in the courtyard of the Imperial Palace of Compiègne. As to the last, I will merely say with Scott—

'So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.'

Lord bless me! how Walter Scott would have loved Imperial hunting, and how he would have sung it!

Yet but a few weeks, and we shall have another spectacle, about which I even now must write a few lines.

The French army of occupation—head-quarters Champ de Mars—has received a 'G. O.'—'*Arma cedunt togæ.*' The army corps of Paris will retreat and fall back on Chalons. The ground before occupied by Mars will be given over to General Improvement. So on the very spot where six months ago stolid sergeants told unlicked recruits to be 'As you were,—when I say as you were, then I 'means as you *was*! Number one is a caution;' and so on—only translated into the language of France—will be the 'trysting 'place' of all that is famous in art, science, arms, beauty, skill, and fatal utility in the civilized world.

It is early to bore you with the 'Great Exhibition of All Nations' to be held in Paris in April, 1867, yet it seems to me that you had better know something about it. To tell you the truth, I have but a small opinion of the actual knowledge of the respectable readers of our green magazine—I say of their *knowledge*, not of their intellect or capacity. No, I have knocked passably about the world, and at present I have found nobody so capable as that reckless section of society which in London I believe is called 'fast.' If they would only try, what could they not do? What intellects I have seen over-trained, what capabilities tried too high; but then they were generally trials with 'gentlemen-riders.'

Well! well! I am old, and have been young; and what sorrow

and grief I have witnessed; and all for nothing! A brief, fretful strutting on a tottering stage! I seldom moralize, and should not do so now, but facts are stronger than words; and when I see each day good fellows and bright intellects going down in the absurd tournament of 'six thousand to four thousand,' and that put down in an 'arena' (you call it 'the Ring') in which they must be eventually defeated, I feel inclined to pause and weep. When they get back on the right course, too, how straight they run! But I am wandering.

The Exhibition which opens in April, 1867, will cause Paris to be a very amusing city to those who can visit it with plenty of circular or other straight-running notes. 'Otherwise not,' as they used to say in the Eton Latin Grammar, to which, in common with my fellows, I am obliged for my knowledge of the Latin poets.

I shall tell you a deal more about it—the Exhibition of 1867, not the Eton Latin Grammar—in February and March; but still, without intruding on you, I think I may just hint that if you are determined to be present at this tournament of science, you might as well take your rooms now. John Arthur, in the Rue Castiglione, for instance, would lodge you to-day at a price. I fear to ask the price that lodgings will 'rule' (that, I believe, is the right expression) next March—but this is no business of mine. I hope you will all come and pay very dearly, then you are sure to enjoy yourselves. I hear that certain swells—we will only initialize them, and so indicate Monsieur (observe I translate them into French for the better mystification of the outer public) T—— de H—— and the Compte de H—— (in this I merely follow French precedents)—are coming over for the 'Exposure,' with what the Irish would call a deal of horses. I believe they will have to lodge themselves in the Grand Stand of the Bois de Boulogne, and stable their steeds in that shed in which we used to see Gladiateur every alternate Sunday.

It is a curious fact that America has perfectly asserted her own in Paris. The grand hôtels are evidently of American origin; they look American—sound American. The dinners are bolted and the doors closed; hurry is in every one's mouth, and comfort has 'reckless fled,' while conscience has 'sighed farewell.' Departed, too, never to return, I expect. These great hôtels have become perfectly American. You start at an English accent as you used formerly at that of Saigon or Timbuctoo. America has 'annexed' the Grand Hôtel and the Louvre (I make my compliments to them on their conquests), and the defeated Britishers have to fall back on the Bristol and the Mirabeau. I am credibly informed, even by doctors who have attended them, that the sufferers have endured the change without any evident damage to their constitution.

You will want carriages and horses in Paris, you 'tearing swells' who have promised to come and see us, shedding, of course, a mild (very!) lustre on us by your London splendour. Then why not bring them with you, and so let us have an international exhibition of 'turns-out' to make up this great 'World's Show.' It

would be as useful as any other display, mind you. Why should not France learn how to get leaders and wheelers properly put together, and then see a workman handle them? In the interest of Europe, then (and you should see what 'driving' means here! I don't care, I am insured!), I ask the Four-in-hand Club, or whatever the heroes of the B. D. C. call themselves, to come over to Paris *en masse* for the Grand Prix and Pigeon Match, 'witch the world 'with noble' coachmanship, and instil an idea of driving into the pig-heads which, covered with oilskin hats, not only upset themselves, but are the causes of upsets in others. Excuse the paraphrase.

But I must give you a little more advice. This is no place for amusement. Am I not appointed Instructor at Long Range to 'Baily?' *Apropos*, there was a quarrel once in a court presided over by Essex magistrates, one of whom as my godfather, was, as I was instructed, answerable for my sins. Good old boy! I don't think they grieved him much. 'Help yourself, Jack' he used to say, 'that won't hurt you, and then we will see what I promised to do 'for you.' (Did deuced little, though!) Well, then, godfather on the bench, a little deaf—'I came here for justice, sir,' exclaims irate and defeated suitor. 'Wrong court—wrong court, my good man,' says the chairman; 'we give nothing of that sort here.' Lord bless you, he was deaf, and then he wrote so badly—port wine in the hand, you know—a dire disease. I must just tell a story. Once he sent the clerk of the court to the banker's for two 'blank drafts,' and he came back and deposited—deposed is a better word—two 'black draughts,' which he had got at Acre's, the chemist's.

I was kindly going to give you some more good advice about the coming inevitable visit to the Great Show of 1st April, 1867, but, on consideration, I will keep my counsel for a later, and, perhaps, final paper—so shall you not all entirely forget what I have written. I think there is one spectacle I have omitted from my catalogue of things to see and how best to see them. I do not think I have spoken of things military. In the first place, then, if you like a pretty sight, pick out a nice bright morning and go down to the Court of Honour at the Tuileries at eleven o'clock, and assist at the general guard mounting. Bands are playing, eagles glittering—the line, the 'Hundred Guards,' and the cavalry are paraded together, and the effect is brilliant. You may then go over the bridge and breakfast at the Café d'Orsay, and you will not be far wrong.

Certain days in the season the Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial inspect the army of Paris by divisions in those court yards. This is really a grand sight, but you must go early, and, like the old lady at the coronation, 'get a good place in the gutter,' for 'the public enters not,' and there is no respect for persons.

The grand reviews take place, now that 'arms have yielded to 'the toga,' and the Palais d'Industrie occupies the Champs de Mars, on the race-course, and the way to see the 'march past,' or *défilé*, is to go down early and take a good place in the grand stand; there you see what you shall see. What you will see, will be to my taste:

20,000, 30,000, 50,000, of the finest soldiers in Europe. It is worth going there, too, if only to see the horses ridden by the Emperor and Empress. Rockingham, the Emperor's favourite charger, will really stand still, without even winking an eye, while 50,000 men, with all their bands, and shouts of 'Vive L'Empereur,' defile past the saluting point. If you are very hot on soldiering, you should go in the autumn to Chalons—the Aldershot of France. Go by the early train of the Strasbourg (Baden) line, and go direct to the camp; by no means be persuaded to stop at Chalons (town), which, though really within a few miles from the camp, is practically quite out of reach, and I can assure you that a day passed in Chalons will be a very 21st of June, or longest day in the chronicle of your life.

When you have done your soldiering, I advise you to go and do your champagne cellars at Rheims, where there, too, are other things to see, and Epernay. You can literally walk through miles upon miles of cellars containing acres upon acres of 'dry and sweet,' in every state, age, and condition. I should say that these two towns consume all the champagne grapes grown in the district. Now London and Paris would take all the wine made there during the year, and use it up quite soberly. Whence, then, comes all the fine and dry old sparkling which is consumed at St. Petersburg and in America alone, let alone the rest of the world? I pause for a reply. If I got a true one, I think champagne would go out of fashion for a time. Getting back to Paris, I can now promise your readers the new Grand French Opera, with a new (and noisy) opera of Verdi for the coming season. The way the works proceed is wonderful to those who do not know that the Grand Hôtel was built in eleven months. This will make about two dozen theatres, besides singing-gardens, circles, &c., &c., so their evenings will be fully occupied.

We know that pleasure is very hard work, and I have no doubt that six weeks in Paris, in 1867, will be little less wearing to the constitution than six on the 'mill.' The right thing will be to find out how to repose one's self, and not over-labour in the pursuit of art and science. You must have some other occupation or amusement—something, in fact, on which to rely and rest. I will illustrate my meaning by an example taken from very every-day life. Once upon a time, as they say in the dear old story books, a man entered a great hotel—we will call it Short's: he, the enterer, was rather of the 'loud' order, such as waiters—who are naturally great judges of character (from appearance)—do not generally like. He produced a large note, and asked for change, having only to pay for two of those really large glasses of sherry which Charles—the Charles of those days—delighted to serve to old and tried customers. Waiter took the note, saw that it was good, and so changed it. 'Waiter,' said the customer, 'take my advice, and whenever a big note like that is tendered to you, be very chary of changing it; you've nothing to rely on, and it will be easier for you in the end.' 'Which kindly I thank you, my Lord Duke' (bitter satire from

Charles, who knew the Peerage like his bill of fare). 'You're very good, you are; and now I'll give you a bit of advice. Whenever you're put in the treadmill, you get next to the wall; you'll have something to rely on, and it will be much easier for *you* in the end!' Something to 'rely on,' then, we shall all want when we are condemned to the Great Exhibition. To the English, to be sure, there are many things—riding in the Bois, and studying the endeavours of Young France to—

'Witch the world with noble horsemanship;'

walking in ditto, and scanning the last new thing in 'cocotterie;' tennis (there is a good club and court, as I have told you before), cricket, pigeon-shooting, as much and as often as they like, and at least one day's racing a week close to the Bois. So we shall not perish under a weight of perpetual high art; but what the natives and continentalists in general will do I hardly like to say. Too much pudding—it takes a deuce of a lot though!—will, we are told, choke a dog, and too much æsthetic matter will stave off even the longest and fairest-haired German professor who ever drank beer, ate butterbrod, and smoked a meerschäum. Sporting readers must not leave Paris without seeing that 'Paris Tattersall's,' which the author of 'A Month in the Forests of France' (a capital book if the writer had only recorded more about the forests and less about himself) tells us it cost him so much time and temper to reach. They will see there one of the last transplantations from England—and it thrives. Every Thursday, and, in the season, every Thursday and Saturday, you will see good horses—especially hacks and harness horses—sold for good prices; they can also study the appearance of Young France as it goes on horsey business. At present they are, like all imitators, overdoing their models. Their clothes are so tight that they must be put on and taken off by boot-hooks and boot-jacks, while their hats are so small that they are not worth taking off at all. The visitor to Tattersall's will also see the residence of the Duke of Brunswick, whom your elder readers will remember as the Duke of Brunswick who, some twenty-five years ago, used to frequent London society, used to wear rouge, diamond waistcoat buttons, live in Day and Martin's house, in the New Road, by the end of Harley Street, and drive five or six different carriages, drawn by strawberry and cream-coloured horses up and down the Park (then 'the Park' was between Oxford Street and Piccadilly) on a Sunday afternoon. He is just the same now, only his hair is darker and thicker. His horses are as cream, his carriages as strawberry-coloured, and, indeed, everything that is his seems stationary. H.R.H. is robbed of precious stones at intervals by disreputable footmen. Such is his life. I have spoken of other hôtels which should be visited in Paris, but I have omitted one just purchased by the Government, which must not be passed over. It is the Hôtel Carnavalet, in the Marais, near that Place Royale of which I have already given a faint description. The history of this house is so

curious that to describe it I shall borrow the words of one who knew Paris, as he knew the history of Old France, better than the writer of this paper.

'This "holy spot" formerly belonged to the religious order of St. Catherine, which did not, however, prevent the courtesans of that day from selecting it as their residence. At this very corner dwelt, in the time of Charles VI., that beautiful Jewess, whose charms had enslaved the heart of his brother, the Duke of Orleans; and at her door was perpetrated the barbarous murder of the Connétable de Clisson, which is so curiously related in the memoirs of that time. Two doors from there, and two centuries later, in the time of Henry II., lived the celebrated courtesan, La Romaine, kept by Charles de Loraine, Duc de Guise, Cardinal Archbishop, the most eloquent as well as the most debauched man of his age. He, too, on quitting his mistress late at night, narrowly escaped the fate of Clisson, in this deserted and dangerous street; he was attacked by ruffians, robbed, and severely wounded, regaining with difficulty his magnificent Hôtel de Cluny, where his guard of three hundred halberdiers were anxiously awaiting his arrival. At that time the celebrated Jean Ganjon was occupied in carving the designs on the frontage of the Hôtel Carnavalet. Close by, in the Rue des Minimes (Quartier St. Antoine), is the cloister of the Capucines, entitled by themselves, as a sign of humility, "Minimé"—the least of all. This cloister, formerly so celebrated for its high mass, the constant resort of all the nobility, and of the magistracy, where all the pride and splendour of the age were congregated, is become a barrack. A Garde Municipale may now be seen loitering and smoking on that spot where Madame de Sévigné formerly knelt and prayed for the welfare of her daughter. All around is profanation. Turn the angle of the next street, and the carvings of Jean Ganjon meet your eye. Over the gate is a shield in a mutilated state, which, doubtless, once represented the arms of the House of Sévigné, and the four crosses of the Rabutins, of which the Count de Bussy speaks with so much pride and exultation. Lions, bucklers, and images of Victory are seen in long bas-reliefs on each side of the architrave, to which had since been added, by the artists in the time of Louis XIV., the rocailles and passages which characterized the sculpture of that era. The court is spacious, and the house, of considerable size, is ornamented in the same style, with the figures of Jean Ganjon; but that which was the residence of such distinguished society in those days is now a Maison de Pension for the University. Within all has disappeared; the gilding, the panels, the paintings, the sculptures, are no more to be seen. There is still the great staircase, but robbed of its Gothic balustrades, and only leading to a suite of cold-looking dormitories, whitewashed with chalk, which has effaced every record of the past.

'After having passed through this dreary suite of monkish cells, which have obliterated every vestige of salons or noble apartments,

there is still a little cabinet near the anteroom worthy of notice, as giving some slight idea of its former owners. It is a small square cabinet, with two double windows in good preservation, with their heavy iron balconies curiously wrought in the good old style which marks a whole epoch. The paintings, the cornices, and the panels are gone, but a little marble chimneypiece still remains, of undeniable date, near which you might imagine that Madame de Sévigné has sat in a winter's evening to write to Madame de Grignan. From one of these windows you have a view of the spacious garden of the Hôtel Lamoignon, with its mutilated statues, Arabian vases, and wrecks of cascades. Thus from the window of a house built in the time of Henry II. you may leisurely examine the details of a hôtel built in the reign of Francis I. The second window looks into the garden of the Hôtel Carnavalet. It is now a playing ground, dedicated to the tops and skipping-ropes of the scholars. Two great sycamore trees still remain, planted, as you are told, by Madame de Sévigné. From thence is a little back door into the street, by which the Baron de Sévigné often returned stealthily at night to his mother's house, after his usual visits to the Rue des Tournelles. Frequently, perhaps, has the gay and libertine Gendarme Dauphin, heated with play and the suppers at the house of Ninon de l'Enclos, stealing home at a late hour in the morning, with pale cheek and disordered dress, stumbled on the grave and serious President de Lamoignon, riding on his mule to open the early court at the Tribunal de Justice.'

And now I think I have bored you sufficiently about 'old hôtels,' and that business. But after all, if you come now to see old Paris, and I confess that I do, you must pick up little crumbs of it as you can. How Paris is changed, even since your younger readers, men who still hold their own on the moors or in a quick forty minutes across Northamptonshire, used to 'run over for a few days during 'the frost.' Some of them will remember when the 'right thing to 'do' was to dine at the 'Hôtel des Princes,' where, for a time, the *table d'hôte* was considered the *ne plus ultra* of Paris living, served *à la Russe*, a new idea then, and all the splendour of the 'scenery' and 'decorations' which are afforded by fine rooms, gilded cornices, flowers, and lights.

Where is the Hôtel des Princes now? Like the princes of that day, gone and disappeared from the streets of Paris. In its stead reigns 'Peter's American Tavern. Live Turtle—Painter's fashion!' whatever that may mean!

They will remember, too, the pleasant bay window of the Café de Paris, which 'gave' on the Boulevard, and so you could dine well and examine Paris life as you ate your *vol-au-vent*. Where is the Café de Paris gone? Echo answers (and, mind you, it's very kind of Echo, who is usually syllabic, if not taciturn), 'Well, you 'see, the Café de Paris—and, mind you, it was one of the best places 'in my time—stood there, just before you come to the Café Tortoni, 'but was pulled down for improvement, and the space is now

‘tenanted by the Arab merchant who sells Algerine curiosities ‘imported from Birmingham!’ We thank Echo, who is now silent, and pass on, thinking of the days and the places which are passed away!

It is time that I also thought of passing away for a month, or else, perhaps, my long paper may have that effect on your kind readers which an excess of pudding (according to the proverb to which I have above alluded) has on that domestic and faithful animal the bow-wow.

MR. JAMES MASON.

NEVER within modern recollection has there been so disastrous a year to all classes of society as the fast expiring one of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-six. For the Agriculturists have been martyrs to the Rinderpest, Commercial Men to the Panic, and the Sporting World have likewise experienced their share of calamities, which have followed each other with a degree of rapidity such as we have scarcely ever known in one previous year—Strathmore, Chesterfield, John White, Osbaldeston, Jem Mason, and Charles Davis, all, as it were, representative men of different ages and spheres, having passed away, with little probability of finding successors to their fame. To the majority of these ‘GIANTS’ justice has already been rendered in our pages, but Jem Mason is deserving of what the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar constantly aimed at, viz., a Gazette of his own; and feeling certain its publication will be awaited with the same degree of interest as a military one after a royal marriage, we issue it, and trust its contents will give equal satisfaction to the document with which we have assimilated it. Few men in modern times have been so popular in all parts of the country as Jem, for he was cheered in the Shires as in the neighbourhood of Cockaigne, and his favouritism grew with his strength and increased with his years, and culminated only at his death. Other writers, more gifted than ourselves, having dealt with him in a chronological point of view, it will be our task to vary his sayings with his doings, and to point out the most salient points of his character. From his being in London so much, and his family associations, Jem Mason was generally believed to be, like the Squire, a Cockney, and the metropolis of the world might be well as proud of one as the other; but he in reality ‘was dropped’ in a peculiar sporting shire, and were it not for causing a reflection on his parents, whose respectability and worth can be vouched for by many veteran hunting men who are still alive, we should be inclined to say he first saw the light in a loose box, from the delight he took in their tenants.

Hailing from Stilton, and an establishment wherein were collected one of the finest collection of hunters to be found in the provinces, and to which the Leicestershire and Northamptonshire squires

wended their way for their remounts, the boy was reared, as it were, among hunters as much as an Arab with his flocks, and consequently he had none of that fear in handling them which might be expected and pardoned in lads of more advanced years. Moreover, his good looks, mild but larkish disposition, and slender frame, caused him to become not only a household pet, but a favourite with the customers of his father, who truly predicted for him the celebrity as a horseman which he subsequently enjoyed. Being the third son of Mr. Mason, he was kept more at home than his elder brothers Newcombe and Tom, and he was educated at Huntingdon Grammar School, where that other magnificent horseman, Frank Butler, was inducted into a knowledge of syntax and prosody; but Jem was so useful to his father that he was removed, at an earlier period than was desirable, to assist in the business of the yard. It would seem as if he was destined all his life to be associated with celebrities of one kind or the other, for as a child he commenced his hunting career on a wonderful pony, who was so clever a jumper that Sir Richard Sutton never rested until he got him on purpose to educate his sons upon, and upon this animal the present owner of Lord Lyon took his first fence, and it is singular the pony in question should have carried such a succession of fine horsemen as Jem and the present family of Sutton. On losing his first love Jem was promoted to a species of galloway, on whom he rode through a very long run, frightening his family very much by not returning home until nine o'clock at night, having missed his father, who, by the tiring of his horse, was unable to finish the run. The first horse he was ever put upon was a chesnut that ran near leader in the York Express, and from the way he carried him he was very soon introduced to other bars. Mr. Mason shortly after falling into difficulties, through his coaching speculations, removed his establishment to Woodhall, Pinner, which adjoined the Dove House Farm, where the late Mr. Tilbury had a collection of two hundred hunters, which he used to job all over the country; and when Jem went up, in order to save his father the coach hire, he rode his pony the whole way, doing the distance, eighty miles, in a day. He had not been long at Pinner before Mr. Tilbury had his eye upon him, and engaged him as rough rider, and he used to school six or eight horses per diem. He also hunted with the neighbouring stag-hounds, and it was with Mr. De Burgh's pack he first saw Bill Bean, and was lost in admiration of his horsemanship. He was likewise very often with the Old Berkeley and Harvey Combe, with whom he was a great favourite, and latterly rode that gentleman's thoroughbred horses. The Hertfordshire, when they were kept by Mr. Sebright, and hunted by Bob Oldacre, he never missed when they came within his reach, and it was with them his steeple-chase capabilities were first discovered; for Lord Frederick Beauclerk, seeing him out one day, declared to his friends, 'that boy picks his ground out better than any of them;' and having in his stable a horse called The Poet, who was third in the St. Leger, and a tremendous puller, he

got him to ride him hunting several times, and at the end of the season he entered him in the St. Albans steeple-chase in the name of Mr. Brand, the present Lord Dacre.

In those days twelve stone was the standard weight, and Jem being under eight, he had to carry three stone dead weight. Having made friends with some young Harrovians, who have stuck to him ever since, they regularly fitted him out with whip, spurs, and other paraphernalia. The brute refused the first fence, but eventually won in a canter, the spectators being not a little amused by seeing the jacket he rode in was made for him when a little boy. He next rode Prospero for Mr. Tilbury at Aylesbury, and, although a tremendous jumper, he was such a roarer that people could scarcely believe in his getting him fourth, which he did to Vivian in the year when they all swam the river. We then find him winning on Spicey for Captain Fairlie at Hatfield, and shortly afterwards on Wing in a steeple-chase that had been got up from Finchley to Barnet, riding his animal in without a bridle in his mouth. Between the acts he accompanied Mr. Tilbury to Brixworth, and while hunting with the Pychley he rode a horse called Terror, who was subsequently purchased by Count Batthyany, at a mill-dam; and although he got in, he managed to scramble out on the other side, and saw the fox killed alone a few fields further on. This feat very nearly cost him his life, as a cold settled on his lungs, and, but for the kindness of Captain Phillimore, a Hertfordshire Sportsman, who sent him to Brighton, his career would have been cut short; and even then it might have been truthfully described 'as being too short 'for friendship, not for fame.' When next he appeared he gave a notable illustration, as we shall show, of his desire to go straight, irrespective of ulterior consequences. Having an engagement to ride in the second race at Dartford, Mr. Bryan, who had a couple of horses to run in the first one, put Jem up on The Flyer to make up the number for the public money to be added, he declaring to win with his own horse Red Deer. As it happened, the finish was left to the pair, and after a terrific race, Jem, who did not care a fig for declarations or remonstrances, beat his employer, who in vain tried to disqualify his horse, because all his own money was on Red Deer. Shortly after this he gave a very clever exhibition of his skill in making a hunter which was much talked of at the time, and increased his notoriety with Masters of Hounds. His triumph occurred in this way. 'Old Till' had given a long figure for a horse that it appeared almost impossible to convert into a hunter, as he gave Jem in schooling eight or ten falls per diem. But with unshaken nerves Jem still kept on at him, and one day, for some act of disobedience of orders, he sent him at a bran new gate, of which he broke every single bar. Jem was unhurt, but the horse lay groaning, and from that hour ceased to make any mistake, and became a splendid fencer—so much so that when Mr. De Burgh's hounds met at Stanmore a fortnight afterwards, and all London was out, they ran to Poll Hill, and Jem beat everybody by

fields. On the road home Lord Ward went up, and offered him three hundred guineas for the horse, which he would have taken for him; but Lord Chesterfield had had the first run of 'Old Till,' from seeing Jem on him before, and bought him of the old gentleman, who knew nothing of this performance, for a hundred and twenty. And for many a month afterwards the circumstance preyed on the mind of the vendor, who was perpetually chaffed about it by his friends. We have already spoken of the larking habits of our hero; and as at this time the London and Birmingham Railway was being made across the Dove House Farm he had plenty of scope for indulging them in converting the rails which were put down by the Company into leaping-bars for his horses, to the great loss and annoyance of the contractors. Hitherto we have made no mention of the name of Lottery, with whom Jem's fame culminated, because some two years back his 'Life and Times' appeared in an article expressly devoted to them. We will therefore only say now that never did horse and rider understand each other better; and their confidence was reciprocal. This was particularly manifested at Stratford-on-Avon, when he rode him against Decider, Railroad, and several others; for when the riders were walking over the ground, which they were then compelled to do, they came to an awful bullfinch, and a locked gate, 5 feet 6 inches, with a hard, newly-stoned road leading up to it. Upon being asked by one of his friends what he was going to do, and whether he was going to have the bullfinch or the gate, he replied, 'I'll be hanged if I am going to scratch my face, for I am going to the Opera to-night; so I'll go at the gate at forty mile an hour; and I'll defy any man in England to follow me.' It is almost needless to say he kept his word, and Lottery, as if cognizant of Jem's engagement with his future wife, jumped it like a Shrewsbury hurdle; and Jem, being piloted in his way to the brook by old George Dockeray, who with a white handkerchief 'officered' him where to take it, won very cleverly, and got home in time for Her Majesty's Theatre, where in his evening toilette he might have been taken for a Guardsman returned from dining with the Premier. The connection with Lottery led to the assisting of Jem's marriage with Miss Elsmore, and his retirement from Mr. Tilbury's service. Of steeple-chasers of his own manufacture, Wing, belonging to Captain Fairlie, was one of the earliest, because before the latter had jobbed him of 'Till' he had been an articulated pupil of Jem's, and derived his name from the village of Wing, where a noted deer was taken after an extraordinary run. For Jerry, who was both a big jumper and a terrific puller, he did a great deal, as he knew him so well. With Gaylad he did great things, and in one race on him he displayed the goodness of his nerve by riding him for over two miles with the stirrup-iron up his leg; and so entangled was he with it that when he came in to weigh it was with the greatest difficulty he could be got out of the saddle. One of his 'best bits,' as the actors would call it, was his performance on this horse in his great match with Croxby, which

was over four miles of the Harrow country, and created a great sensation. No less than four times during the race both horses were reduced to a walk, and when they got to the last fence neither had a jump left in them. The friends of both then began pulling down the fence for them, and Jack Darby bodily shoved Gaylad into the winning field; and Jem managed to hold him up, and walk him in, greatly to the chagrin of William M'Donough, who was on Croxby. That he was always ready to assist a friend in distress is well known; and the good turn he gave Tom Oliver is so pleasing an illustration of it that we cannot refrain from giving it publicity. Having received from Tom 'a private and confidential communication that he was not only in "Short Street," but entertaining 'the Sheriff of the County,' and all he possessed between earth and sky was Trust-me-not, who had been the cause of this financial pressure, he asked him to buy him of him, so that he might get rid of his unwelcome visitors. 'Don't you sell your horse,' was the reply, 'but send him to me, and I will win you a race;' and the advice was accompanied by a fiver for the railway fare. The added money brought Trust-me-not to Harlesden Green, where he was entered for a small steeple-chase, for which Jem paid the stake. The horse came on the ground with a terrific bit, which, the instant his rider saw, he removed, and substituted a double-rein snaffle, which Tom protested would never hold him. But he was told to mind his own business, and wait and see his horse win, which he did very cleverly; and Tom, in his delight and gratitude for having had a hundred put into his 'kick,' as he termed it, took an oath 'that he 'would fight for Jem up to his knees in blood!'—a recognition of value received which we do not often witness in this world. And so much did Jem appreciate the compliment that he rode and won for Tom several times afterwards, taking a tremendous jump with Trust-me-not at St. Albans, and breaking his leg on him at Derby, where he was ridden over, and confined so long to his bed he could not ride Miss Mowbray in the Liverpool Steeple-chase. But in Mr. Goodman he found an excellent substitute.

No man rode fairer in a steeple-chase, and rarely, if ever, was there an objection for crossing preferred against him; but all his contemporaries had a wholesome dread of him, and when Barker and Oliver were in the brook at Aylesbury, the former exclaimed to the latter, 'Duck your head, Tom, for Jemmy's a coming!' In Paris, where Jem accompanied his first pupil, Lord Strathmore, to win the First Grand National Steeple-chase there, he was a great lion, and his coming to the rescue, and winning with St. Leger, when his Lordship was out of the hunt, on The Switcher, was a fine piece of riding, and might well be regarded as a national victory. One of his greatest treats was his annual trip at Christmas to Oxford, when he was the guest of Mr. Charles Symmonds, and was enabled to get a few gallops with Lord Macclesfield, of whom he was a great admirer. And nothing his Lordship liked better than to see him leading over the water ferry. One day Jem had a harmless but

very dirty fall, and when he had picked himself up, his best hat knocked into a pancake, and his shirt front and whiskers full of mud, Charley Symmonds thus addressed him: 'I don't know, sir, whether you are accustomed to hunting, but you ought to sit more 'back.' Mr. Drake and Sir Algernon Peyton nearly tumbled off their horses from laughing, as did every one who heard the admonition, which was administered with the gravity of a bishop.

Of that inner room in Holywell Street, where he spent his evenings, what reminiscences could we not give but for our limited liability as to space, for Jem was wont to vow it was always worth two pounds an hour, when some good youngsters were there. Then it was that runs were gone over again, and the walls increased in height with the number of the glasses, and far exceeded those of Braddlegrove, and Jem, who was always appealed to by the young patricians whether he had not seen them take this or that big jump, got out by always protesting he was a little lower down, or on the upper side, which prevented him. Then his host would say to him (aside), 'Talk of your Leicestershire riders, if you'll only wait for a couple of more glasses you'll hear of one or two 'in this room "who'll take a rail and two streams out of a rabbit "warren."' And in harmless chaff of this description, the nights, which partook more of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' than any other entertainments we can call to mind, wore away, and we can call upon many a young nobleman who was there in *statu pupillari* to verify our statement.

His first essay in business was in conjunction with his brother Tom in Oxford Street. On his second marriage this partnership was dissolved, and he carried on the horse-dealing business in Mount Street and at Hendon, for which he was so eminently suited. At least, such was the opinion of old Tom Smart, of Cricklade, for after Lottery had won the Liverpool, John Elmore and Jem went down to him, and being in full feather, had a strong deal, buying ten of the toppers; and the old man, being asked whether Jem really knew anything about a hunter, replied, 'D——n it, he knows the very 'best thing about them, that is, whether they can go or not, which 'is everything in the trade.'

On his second marriage with Miss Seckham, of Oxford, a lady who contributed in every way to his happiness and comfort, he gave up riding in public, but, at the earnest request of Lord Strathmore, he consented to steer Abd el Kader for him in his match with The Clown. This was the last time he was seen with cap and jacket, and, had not his horse been got at by the lad who looked after him, he would have cut a much better figure in the race, in which he was stopped, and walked in after he had gone about a mile.

Of late years he had acted as pilot in the hunting field to the Hon. Mrs. Augustus Villiers, which he did with consummate tact. Her confidence in him was unbounded; and it was a sight for sore eyes to see them sailing together over a country, no timber, brook, or other clean jump being too big for them.

His good nature in assisting other sportsmen in difficulties in the course of a run was proverbial; and on one occasion a hero of 'the Six Hundred,' who knows the Vale of Balaclava as well as that of Belvoir, was particularly indebted to him, and preserved from drowning, earning from Yorkshire agriculturists a debt of gratitude which we fear will never be repaid. The feat of hooking up the lost stirrup-iron with his hunting whip for a grappling iron was only equalled by the similar feat of the Atlantic cable.

In treating of him as an artistic horseman, we may say Jem combined a firm, elegant seat, with fine hands, good eye to a country, quick decision, and great judgment in picking his ground. But it was in putting his horse at a fence that he chiefly excelled other men, always bringing him to his jump at the right place, and in his right stride. He was unrivalled in getting horses over water. Now of his fine hand on a horse we give an instance or two, merely to show we have not overrated him as a horse rider. At one time Mr. Samuel Baker had a large stud of horses at Aylesbury, and he gave Jem a mount upon a low, well-bred chesnut horse named Willesden. The deer was uncartered at Golby's Farm, crossed the Aylesbury and Winslow road, along the meadows below Weedon, over the doubles of Hulcot, and the Rowsham Brook, under Wingrave and Mentmore, to Cheddington. Willesden went over this strong line without putting a foot wrong, and the easy manner in which he galloped away from Captain Anderson, upon Discount, just out of training, so captivated Mr. Joseph Anderson that he gave 500 guineas for him for his own riding. Mr. Anderson soon discovered that Willesden did not suit him, and the horse again changed owners. Several good riders tried their hands upon him, but the horse was a dangerous brute, and ran away with them all, generally finishing by running through and falling at some fence. One well known, hard-riding owner, upon getting up from a heavy fall, offered Willesden for sale for half a crown. At length Jem Mason took him in a swap, at a merely nominal sum, and brought him out again with the Baron's staghounds. He fell in with the run of the season, from Wing to Castlethorp, in one hour and forty minutes. Jem, on Willesden, was never caught throughout, although Tom Ball, Zach. Boxall, and a good field were behind him. Jem hunted the horse the rest of the season with Lord Southampton's foxhounds, and sold him for 300*l.* to run in the Grand Military, but Willesden broke down in training.

Upon the breaking up of a hard frost, Jem went out, upon a young horse, with Mr. Hall's (the Neasdon) harriers. The ditches were still full of snow, and every one else who attempted to ride to hounds came to grief, but Mason went throughout the day without a fall or even a scramble. We have also seen Jem change nags with that fine horseman, William Philpot, and go well upon both horses, neither of which the other could ride.

After his health had been restored he took to hunting again, and rode as brilliantly as ever, but on returning home he would

be so fatigued as to be scarcely able to sit his horse. At last his weakness became such as to compel him to take to his bed, from which he never rose again; and the doctors disagreed very much as to the nature of his complaint, the opinions being divided as to whether it was cancer in the throat or natural consumption. Still he suffered such agonies that, to give him relief, an opening was made in his throat, and a silver pipe inserted, through which his food, consisting of every rare delicacy that his wealthy and powerful friends could supply him with, was conveyed; but very little could he keep on his stomach, and even his staunchest allies could not bear to witness the severity of his sufferings. And, although they knew it was a wrong wish to form, still, if some friendly bullet had laid him low, they could not in their hearts have regretted it. As soon as it was evident that his end was at hand, and he had run his course, his friend, the Rev. Mr. Murray Symmonds, the hard-working and much respected curate of Kennington, whom as a boy he had taken out hunting at Oxford, called on him, and, by his constant visitations, prepared him for the great change which awaited him, and, at peace with all mankind, the finest natural horseman that England ever saw took his last leap into Eternity with as much calmness and confidence, and we say it with no irreverent spirit, as if he was pursuing his ordinary occupations in his earthly career. If he has not left behind him a fortune, he has bequeathed to his friends an unsullied character, and a bright example for others similarly circumstanced. And he has shown he was enabled to conquer the prejudice of 'low birth and iron fortune' by the simple knowledge of his own position, which was never spoiled by either public or private flatteries. Kensal Green received his remains, which were accompanied to their last resting-place by his brothers, his attached friend Mr. Poole, and his medical attendant, and it will be many a year, if ever, that we shall look on his like again, for he stood alone in his peculiar line. *Requiescat in pace.* He has succeeded in his business by his brother, Newcombe Mason, of Hendon and the Old Barrack Stables, Knightsbridge.

REFLECTIONS OF THE RACING SEASON, 1866.

THE chroniclers of Turf events in days of yore must have enjoyed a most pleasing time of it. To record the achievements of honourable and straightforward sportsmen must ever be a felicitous occupation, and he whose lot it was to epitomize the doings of a season when Becher or Osbaldeston rode cross-country races, or men of the Sir Tatton Sykes or Derby stamp contested for honour alone upon the flat, must have esteemed his mission a labour of love. It was formerly the exception to note a Turf robbery, and the perpetrator was generally some commoner, whom a lucky hit had made the owner of racehorses, and who felt himself completely out of his element in the society of those so immeasurably his superiors;

but in the present day the racing community is made up of broken-down tradesmen, legs of every grade and degree, and smashed-up swells of all descriptions. The whilom keeper of a gambling-house, or the uneducated son of a country boor, who a few years since speculated but his paltry half-crown, now enters in his book the names of men whose ancestors placed Norman William on Harold's throne, and rivals royalty in the splendour of his establishment and the Lucullus-like sumptuousness of his table. From such mixed society vice must ever exude, and villany pollute the once fair fame of the 'national pastime;' and such a state of things must uselessly be deplored, for it is needless to expect any Hercules to arise and cleanse the Augean stable of the Turf of its impurities, when those who ought to set an example participate in the nefarious acts.

'A man can do as he likes with his own,' is the excuse made by those who at the eleventh hour withdraw their horses from a race for which the public have backed them for loads of money; and such might be the case if the institution of the Turf could remain intact without the contributions of the public. But how long could it? Soon, indeed, the edifice would crumble and fall, although supported by noble Corinthian pillars. The weaker animals would first be devoured; the lions would then wage a war of extermination, until, like the famed Kilkenny cats, nought but their tails would be left; or, even as but one duck existed, after eating by degrees his eleven companions, one solitary owner would remain, to quack at the extinction of his former compeers.

Our object in briefly alluding to a few events of the season, which has now drawn to a close, is principally to draw attention to acts palpable and glaring, which, in our opinion, no true and straightforward sportsman would indulge in. We shall pursue the noisome task fearlessly and unflinchingly, albeit some deeds of a questionable nature may be mentioned, which many writers would allow to remain in obscurity, protected by the ægis of noble names.

Lincoln is undeserving of comment, save for the *furor* to get on that bad horse Copenhagen, about whom as little as 3 to 1 was taken, and for the most unjustifiable manner in which Mephistopheles was kept in until the last moment, and then scratched, when he had been the first horse backed and persistently supported by the public. And, glancing at the Windsor Open Steeple-Chase, we find that Mr. Yates was wise in his generation to refund the amount of the Berkshire Stakes, otherwise he would not have been permitted to achieve the flukey victory. That it is absurd to contend against legitimate authority was thus rendered apparent; and the owner of Bristles, when he set the Committee of the Grand National Steeple-Chase at defiance, and said that their printed decision was but so much 'waste paper,' showed himself grievously deficient in judgment and ignorant of racing law; and, with nothing else of moment to beguile our pen, we plunge *in medias res*, and venture a few observations relative to the 'Cross-country Derby.' That the Liverpool Grand National should in no degree lose its

notorious characteristics, L'Africain, the sensation animal of last season, was this year emulated in suspicious doings by a horse the property of a young German gentleman luxuriating in the euphonious name of the Baron von Grootven; and most assuredly the Shakespearean dictum, relative to a rose being as grateful to the nostrils if known by any other name, was here at fault, for the Baron's patronymic throughout the affair certainly smelt very fishy. Mr. Riddell, who appears to have a *penchant* for unfortunate transactions, was concerned with the illustrious foreigner in this *mistaken* business, which consisted in getting long prices about the horse, when most people imagined he was lame, and would not run. A deal of correspondence took place between the gentlemen connected with the affair, but it was involved in such ambiguity, and was clothed in so many contradictory statements, that it would have required a Philadelphian lawyer to unweave the skein; although the deep suspicion attached to it will ever rankle in the public mind. Strange it is, that horses in foreign interests, whether engaged in cross-country events or upon the flat, are invariably infected by the taint of scandal; and frequently, we regret to add, not unjustly. The race assumed quite an international aspect from the rivalry of French and English cattle, not forgetting the Anglo-German mistake; and we regret to chronicle the fact that it was won by an animal whose antecedent running in the neighbourhood of London gave not the smallest prospect of there being a Grand National in him. It would seem that the sins of the bipeds were visited upon the unoffending quadrupeds, for both L'Africain and Salamander now sleep in their dishonoured graves.

The Northampton Meeting proved one of great interest, and produced some excellent racing, 'The bookmaker's friend,' the everlasting Mail Train, reigning favourite for the Stakes; but being compelled to strike his colours to John Davis, who, with an impost of 9st., cantered in at his leisure from a very tolerable field, affording an argument on behalf of the descendants of Voltigeur. The beautiful daughter of Stockwell and The Gem cut down a brilliant field in the Trial Stakes, running away from old 'Sac' and The Duke over their own distance, and also placed Her Majesty's 100 Guineas in the coffers of Mr. Graham; whilst the Whittlebury proved the good thing it looked for Mr. Pitt, after a close set-to with the Baron's sister to Hippolyta. Three events, including the rich Earl Spencer's Plate, fell to the 'all rose' of Mr. Chaplin; and The Rake, in vanquishing an excellent lot in the Althorp Park Stakes, established his right to support for the great Epsom event, although it is the belief of many that Wild Dayrell's stock do not train on. Altogether it was a most successful meeting; and it is pleasant to record the fact that it passed off without giving birth to any transaction which it would have been our duty to condemn, if we except the *prodigality* of ill-temper evinced by Mr. Jemmy Grimshaw—an ebullition which, however, met a proper reward in his speedy dismissal from the service of the Marquis.

April, with its fickle smiles and tears, inaugurates a month's good racing, and the sporting world, now fully awake, enter with spirit into the thrilling enjoyment; and, with Newmarket and Epsom to the fore, 'great expectations' of success are shared by all. Steeple-chasing is in the ascendant, and Mr. Shurward, to qualify his horses to run at Croydon, hands over the disputed Autumnal Cup and Stakes to Messrs. Weatherby; thus, like Mr. Yates, being compelled to submit to the decision of the Grand National Committee. The Surrey Open Steeple-Chase falls to the astute Mr. Brayley, with Ibex; and at Crewkerne the Grand National Hunt Steeple-Chase is secured by Mr. Studd (owner of the well-known Salamander), by the aid of Shangarry. The Newmarket Handicap was but a shadow of its former self, and was won by the half-bred Eakring from Pearl Diver; and the Meeting presents but few features of interest, if we except the *début* of the peerless sister of Lord Lyon, who won the Beacon Stakes in a manner that foreshadowed her future fame. The horse of 'questionable age,' Gladiateur, as a matter of course walked over for the Derby Trial and Claret Stakes, and having no further opportunity to abstract money from John Bull's pocket at present, sets off to France, to perform upon our neighbours over the water. Delight was unquestionably the sensation horse of the Epsom Spring Meeting, and fully confirmed the reports of wonderful trials said to have taken place; whilst he successfully landed the heaps of money piled upon him for the City and Suburban; and, no doubt, had he had not broken down so badly at Chester, his chance for the Derby would have been second alone to Lord Lyon. Treasure Trove won the Metropolitan with great ease from Lucifer and Sandal; but a doubt can scarcely exist that, had not the favourite's chance been extinguished by running out of the course, the race would have fallen to the half-bred daughter of Skirmisher; and Cellina, by beating Verulam in the Two-Year Old Stakes, added fresh lustre to the fame of Achievement, as the beautiful daughter of Stockwell and Paradigm ran completely away from the latter in the Beacon Stakes at Newmarket Craven.

Although illumined by the presence of the Prince of Wales, the gathering to view the contest upon the far-famed Rowley Mile was neither so numerous or demonstrative as on many former occasions; and perhaps the hopeless condition of Student, and the certainty that, bar accident, Lord Lyon must win, was the principal cause. Mr. Merry was highly to be lauded for sending his horse, for it must merely have been to satisfy bets as to his starting that impelled him to do so, and a single glance could assure the most credulous that he had not a 1000 to 1 chance. With Rustic, Redan, and others omitted in the entry, there was no feature of interest observable in the race; and as Cistance, on account of his accident at Epsom, was deprived of the mount, the favourite, with Thomas up, won unextended, and with ridiculous ease. Cellina showed in rare form, giving weight to Hermit and Marksman, and winning the 200 Sovs. Sweepstakes; and The Duke, by achieving three victories,

increased his own reputation and added grist to the mill of Lord Hastings. Hippias ran away with the Newmarket Two-Year Old Plate of 200 sovs.; and Breadalbane, like The Duke, showed admirable mile form. Repulse, by carrying off the 1000 Guineas, made the King of Sires the happy parent of the winners in the great races of the Meeting, at which his stock were greatly in the ascendant.

The quaint old cathedral town, with its fair Cestrians, affords a most pleasing change from the turmoil of Newmarket; but upon this occasion the atmosphere must have been so tainted by the number of unburied 'corpses,' that the olfactory senses doubtless sustained little benefit from the otherwise pure air. To enumerate all the animals kept in until the last drop of the lactary fluid was extracted would entail too much space; suffice it to say that a dozen were struck out on the Tuesday night, most of which had been backed by the over-confiding public. The Danebury Stable met with the first serious reverse of the season in the defeat of Redcap for the Cup, although, as some amends, the Marquis pulled off some five events during the Meeting. The Rescue won the Mostyn Stakes for two-year olds; and Mr. Chaplin's Bertie just landed the Dee after a sharp tussle with Monitress. All interest was of course centred in the race for the Cup, and Redcap furnished the sensation horse, with John Day protesting that it was 10 to 1 on him. The race will long be remembered for the unfortunate casualties attending it, some four or five coming to grief, among which was the Suburban winner, who broke down badly when his rider evidently held the winning card. Dalby repeated his victory of last year, and with 7st. 7lb. it was no wonder, for the weight was less than even his owner anticipated. At Ascot Spring Meeting, which, despite the miserable weather, was honoured by the presence of our race-loving Prince, we find the flying Achievement again victorious on her second appearance, carrying off the Stand Plate from the Parmesan colt and Friponnier, whilst the field also included Marksman. The Duke de Brabant Stakes was contested for by a small and bad lot, and was won by the moderate Pintail from Hollyfox; whilst Seville, after a sharp set-to, defeated The Rescue by a head for the First Spring Biennial. The Sunninghill Stakes brought out a field of eighteen, and was won by the Baron's clipping filly Hippias, which, with Achievement, may be considered the best of their year; and The Corsair, in beating the good John Davis and Sydmon-ton, furnished the last object of interest at the Meeting.

Bath, renowned for the picturesque beauty of the scenery amidst which the course is situated, ranks anything but meanly among the meetings of the Spring, as it is invariably patronized by the owners of good cattle. It was here last year that Rustic and Student made their first appearance in the Weston Stakes, when both had to lower their colours to the speedy Vespasian. Sensational movements relative to the Derby are generally rife at this gathering, and the rush made by Blue Riband to the front ranks was merely in

accordance with general practice. The Hermit, although his previous running had been indifferent, won the Fifteenth Biennial Stakes in the hollowest manner from Cellina, a performance which established his claim as a competitor for the Derby. This colt was purchased by Mr. Chaplin from Mr. Blenkiron for 1000 guineas, and is sure to see a short price for the Blue Riband. Lecturer foreshadowed his Cesarewitch fame by beating a tidy field in the County Members' Plate; and the Beaufort Cup, for which Cambuscan was vanquished last year by the 'beautiful' Ely, fell to the lot of Elland, who beat a first-rate field, including Dalby, Breadalbane, and others. Friponnier carried off the Weston Stakes from Lord Stamford's dark colt Arundel; and Mr. Pryor's chesnut also won the Badminton. Whalebone, who, it may be remembered, ran second to Young Monarque in the Champagne Stakes at the Bibury Club Meeting, proved the hero of the Somersetshire, beating, however, a very moderate field.

At York we find that Windham gallops away from Cathedral (last year's winner), Fitzroy and Regalia being also among the beaten lot; and the Zetland Stakes for two-year olds was borne off by Honestish, own brother to Honesty, of evil repute; whilst the Flying Dutchman's Handicap is won by Caithness.

One of our most finished and accomplished Turf writers has enunciated the opinion that the glorious Southern Derby Day is inferior to that of the Northern Leger. Truly, if uproarious and boisterous enthusiasm, and tornados of commingled yells from stentorian lungs, combined with swaying masses of huge gesticulating men, prove any superiority, we will willingly accord the palm to canny Yorkshire; but, when viewing the other side of the picture, we note the more subdued and polished, though by no means the less fervid excitement which pervades all classes, from peer to peasant, on our famed downs,—when our eye wanders over the clusters of patrician beauties and high-born men which grace the scene,—we are fain to confess that there is as much difference between the races as there is between the climate of North and South—the one stern, rude, and rugged, the other pleasing, refined, and polished. The Craven Stakes, usually considered of interest, as being contested for by the trial horses of the Derby favourites, fell an easy prey to The Duke, who won pulling double from Lord Glasgow, Rapid Rhone's dam colt, and Rococo; and it was doubtless with feelings of pleasure that the backers of Lord Lyon again saw Custance in the pigskin, as they were thus assured of the favourite having the advantage of his artistic skill on the following day. The Rous Stakes, after a most determined struggle between Ostreger and Tourmalin, was secured by the latter; whilst the invincible sister to Lord Lyon walked away with the Woodcote, with The Hermit second and D'Estournel nowhere; thus 'throwing the backers of Mr. Sutton's Derby favourite into convulsions of delight. The pens of every Turf writer having been worn to the stump in descriptions of the Derby Day and its attendant incidences, it would simply be absurd

on our part to inflict a page of used-up matter upon the readers of 'Baily.' That the head victory of the 'Lord' was not a bloodless one, his flanks, furrowed by the steel, duly attested; and it is quite certain that if, as some say, 'Cussy' was unable to use his whip, he made ample amends by the vigour he displayed with his heel; whilst the fact of Savernake and Rustic running second and third redounded vastly to the glory of their better, Stockwell. As a lot of Derby horses they were miserably bad; and, in our opinion, it was not that the son of Paradigm was so good a horse, but that the others were so bad, that secured him the victory. On the 'off' day Mr. Chaplin's Problem won the Two-Year Old Stakes of 10 sovs., and The Duke trotted away from The Clown for the Epsom Cup. The weather, as if in honour of the beauteous fair ones who assembled upon the day of the 'Ladies' race,' was glowing and sunny, and the field lacked not quantity, although the quality was somewhat deficient. Repulse had all along been supported by the public for her One Thousand conquest, but at the very last moment she was withdrawn, without any reason being vouchsafed to alleviate the sorrows of her despondent backers, to whom such a procedure was doubly annoying, as the subsequent running proved, that fit, and well, she could not have lost. The winner turned up in Tormentor, who beat Mr. Merry's Mirella for second, and the stable companion of the whilom favourite for the third place. The Derby and Oaks Stakes were won by Mr. Hodgman's Vigorous; and the Surrey Foal Stakes fell to the 'blue roan,' Strathconan. It was a highly successful Meeting, and the only blot upon it was the ungenerous conduct of the noble owner of Repulse in withdrawing the mare, and not condescending to afford one word of explanation to the thousands who had backed her.

Fresh from the thrilling excitement of Epsom Downs, we are in no mood to tempt the dreary atmosphere of Cottonopolis; and as the racing possessed no items of importance, we at once repair to Ascot the royal, where good sport, glorious weather, and a brilliant assemblage are sure to welcome the votary of the Turf. Before we offer a few remarks relative to this Meeting, it may be as well to observe that the Grand Prize of Paris was carried off by Ceylon; and as The Primate secured the 400*l.* for second, and Mazeppa 200*l.* for third place, 'Perfide Albion' thus sacked the lot. England and France are now quits for this rich stake, each having won twice. A truly magnificent day's racing at Ascot was inaugurated by 'our Williams' Out-and-Outer, with 20 to 1 against, winning the Trial Stakes from a good field, including Archimedes and Mr. Pitt; and the Maiden Plate of 100 sovs., for two-year olds, was remarkable for the advent of The Palmer, Sir Joseph Hawley's Derby champion, who ran away from a field of twenty-seven, including some good ones, and won with great ease. Hippia, by her victory in the Queen's Stand Plate, made herself equal to the best of her year, for a brilliant lot were behind her, including The Duke, old 'Sac,' Ostreger, Marksman, &c. War disposed of a bad company

in the Stakes; and the event *par excellence* of the day was the meeting of Lord Lyon and Rustic in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, when the 'lout,' amid a scene of the greatest excitement, bowled over his Lordship by half a length. The policy of running Lord Lyon must ever be questioned, but we opine that Mr. Sutton, in his anxiety to parade the horse before the Prince and Princess, brought him out, although it was, doubtless, against his trainer's judgment and wish. Elland beat that good horse The Duke for the Gold Vase, and The Hermit re-established his fame, somewhat tarnished, by securing the Ninth Biennial Stakes from Dragon, the dark French horse, and a good field. Hippias was again successful in the Fernhill Stakes; and the Royal Hunt Cup was won by Attaché, whose owner thought so little of his chance that he offered to strike him out for a consideration. Achievement added another to her long list of successes by pulling off the Fourteenth Triennial Stakes; and Rustic followed up his luck by winning the Eighth Biennial. Although 'the Count' condescended for once to run Gladiateur for something honorary, and allowed him to go for the Ascot Cup, the exhibition he made of his two opponents threw an air of ridicule over the entire affair. Achievement, by cantering away from her eleven opponents in the New Stakes, stamped herself as a perfect wonder. On the concluding day the only items of interest were the twofold success of Robin Hood (the Baron's), and the triumph of Strafford in the Alexandra Plate—for which he ran second last year to Fille de l'Air—over Mr. Sutton's highly-famed Elland.

Paying the 'tribute of a sigh' to that straightforward sportsman, Lord Chesterfield, we just glance at Windsor, to note that The Two-Year Old Plate of 50 sovs. was won by Mr. Chaplin's Satyr, a colt by Marsyas, which he purchased from Mr. Blenkiron for 650 guineas, whilst the Handicap fell to that whilom Derby favourite, Jupiter, who defeated Ackworth. At Cockney Hampton The Claremont Stakes is won by Huntsman, who defeats Pirate Chief, the favourite, and The Surrey and Middlesex falls to Dulcimer, who upset Black Prince and Buckfoot. The Cup is run away with by Tormentor, who, with 6 to 4 on her, wins by a hundred yards. We regret that it is our unpleasant duty again to revive the name of the notorious L'Africain, who, conjointly with Mr. R. Riddell, is mixed up with a most suspicious transaction at La Marche. Count Douville accused Mr. Riddell of pulling that animal, and the latter resented the accusation by performing upon the Count à la Tom Sayers. A regular *melée* ensued, and though the brothers Riddell, like the Corsican brethren, stuck to each other, they were ignominiously turned out of the ring. That amiable butcher, M. Vaillant, is also prevented by the Society of Steeple Chases in France from training, riding, or running any horse at this meeting, for fictitiously representing a horse as Cæsar when it proved to be Grantstown. This also was ridden by Mr. Riddell, who, if possessing any feeling of honour, must shrink from all connection with the notorious dealer in 'carcasses.' Continuing our remarks, we find that Viridis,

a daughter of Marsyas, increases the *prestige* of Mr. Blenkiron's establishment by winning the Champagne Stakes for two-year olds at the Bibury Club, and her owner, Mr. Starkey, also carries off a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. with Kingsley, beating a very good field, among whom were Repulse, Mr. Pitt, Actæa, and others; whilst Hermit increases his winning score by giving a neck beating to Vauban for the Eighth Stockbridge Biennial. In the County Stakes at Stockbridge, Marksman secures the victory through the tender riding of Challoner, who, knowing his evil temper, watched him narrowly; and in the Mottisfont the French Count bowls over Pericles and a decent field with Néméa, whilst the Cup is won by the uncertain Marksman. The Troy Stakes falls a prey to the gallant Hermit, beating Julius and Lady Hester, and amongst others behind him were Vauban and the Duke of Hamilton's dark Ailesbury. The Liverpool Meeting possessed few items of interest, and the Cup, sadly fallen from its high estate, was won by Terror, beating Pintail and Vespasian.

The Meeting at Newcastle certainly eclipsed all others for the unblushing and disreputable robberies perpetrated upon the public by the owners of the animals engaged in the Northumberland Plate. Although nearly a score of horses had been in the betting, the event proved that not more than three or four were ever really meant. Every drain of milk, every shilling of the public money, was extracted before Harry Brailsford, Caithness, Dolan, Brown Bread, Honesty (?), *cum multis aliis*, had the pen drawn through their names; and how the owners can possibly reconcile such nefarious doings and atrocious turpitude with common decency, we are at a loss to conceive. A costermonger who runs his 'moke' for a gallon of ale, in the Green Lanes on a Sunday morning, would scruple to desecrate Whitechapel by actions so dirty; and no wonder is it that flat racing, like steeple-chasing, is becoming the pursuit of sharpers and blacklegs. Deeply do we regret to chronicle that Mr. T. Masterman's Honesty won the North Derby, especially as he defeated Pedant, the property of that honourable and true sportsman Lord Zetland, and also pulled off the Newcastle Handicap. The starters for the 'Plate' dwindled down to seven, and Rococo, in the hands of that admirable jockey, Cameron, won as he liked from the Primate and Red Earl, and these were probably all that tried in the race.

The July Meeting at head-quarters was divested of much interest, as the great race on the first day, and also the Chesterfield, were looked upon as certainties for the flying Sister to Lord Lyon, who accordingly won the former easily from D'Estournel, and the latter from the Baron's great filly, Hippia. The Handicap Sweepstakes for two-year olds fell to Musa, a chesnut daughter of Oxford's, and La Méchante beat a large and good field in the Handicap Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. The Exeter Stakes was notable for the *début* of Golden Bloom, who was backed for large sums; but the Danebury stable carried off the good thing with Lady Hester, who also beat Ailesbury and The Dragon.

Goodwood, the beautiful and fair garden of England, next claims a more than passing notice, for we regret that the taint of roping and robbery which was so manifest at Newcastle pervaded in as great a degree this 'glorious' meeting. On the first day, in the ever popular Stewards' Cup, Mrs. Stratton and Gretna were made first favourites, and backed for 'mints' of money by all classes; but lo! when the numbers went up they were absentees, and their honourable owners did not even take the trouble to strike them out. Again Lord Westmorland's luck was in the ascendant, for, having had such a bad day over the Stewards' Cup, he was obliged to send for Rama from Findon; and as no train could bring him in time, he came by the road, and so may be said to have literally 'walked in' for the Stakes. In accordance with his Lordship's Turf policy, he kept the good thing entirely to himself, and thereby won a stoater. Many people rail against William Day and his *coups*, but he made no secret of his chance with The Special, and told all his friends he thought it a good thing, and worth their standing. Then we have another of the French Count's evil tricks in the affair of Gladiateur for the Cup. Backed by every one who ever laid a wager, 5 to 4 were laid on him to heaps of money at Nottingham and other meetings, and the most astute and knowing people thought he would go, and go to win; and all the time a few confidential emissaries were quietly taking the odds and working the Gallic oracle, and we are assured that 1000*l.* was got in one bet. We simply say that these practices are as disgraceful to the perpetrators as they are insulting and injurious to the racing public.

Again does the fair daughter of Paradigm add to her *achievements* by beating Lady Hester and Golden Bloom in the Lavant Stakes, although for the first time she may be said to have been fairly extended; and the French show well in the Stewards' Cup, by running first with Sultan and third with Plutus, XI splitting the pair. The Drawing-Room Stakes fell to the wretched Auguste, and the Findon to Fripponier, with Bismark and Trocadero finishing in front of the favourite, Marksman. The latter, however, had his revenge in the Molecomb, wherein he defeated the Prussian statesman, Bismark, Pericles, and others, and there can be no doubt that he is a good horse, although his temper is bad. The Stakes, as already intimated, fell to the notorious Rama, cutting down The Special and La Fortune easily, and the Cup proved a canter for The Duke, who won as he liked from the Baron's Tourmalin and Old Moulsey. The wretched-tempered brute, Broomielaw, won the Chesterfield Cup, in which Ostreger, with 9st. 11lb., ran a good horse, and finished second, and of the twenty runners for the Nursery, Cannon Ball first caught the judge's eye. The eccentric Lord Glasgow, with a display of temper rather undignified, ordered his jockey (Johnny Osborne) to send in his cap and jacket, as the Scottish Earl fancied he got off badly in the Ham Stakes, and it is merely a question whether eccentricity is not bordering upon imbecility. At Brighton, Knight of the Garter showed a spice of his quality by running away with the Railway Stakes, which

was thought a certainty for Fripponnier, and the Italian brigand, Ninco Nanca, won the Stakes. The Nursery was won by Seville, and The Duke trotted in for the Cup, with Janitor, Tourmalin, and Tormentor a quarter of a mile astern. The Railway Nursery at Lewes brought out a good field, and was won by Julius, showing pretensions to Derby form, and the Goodwood Stakes winner brought off the Stakes; whilst D'Estournel's performance, in beating The Duke and Ostreger in the County Cup, carried him to the front ranks in the Derby quotations. At Stockton the Cleveland Stakes was won by the Derby colt Plaudit, and Harry Brailsford secured the Handicap; and whilst we regret that the Harry Fowler Stakes fell to Honesty, we are pleased to say that he was bowled over by Westwick for the Great Northern Leger. At York The Corporal opened the ball by winning the Zetland Stakes in a brilliant manner, which speaks a good word for Rataplan as a sire. The stable companion of Plaudit, Rose, appropriated the Convivial, and the Yorkshire Oaks was won by Lady Fane. The Ebor Handicap brought out a miserable field, and the 10lb. penalty putting out Harry Brailsford's chance, Westwick defeated Gomera and Scamander cleverly. The Great Yorkshire Stakes, renowned for surprises, witnessed the defeat of Rustic by the moderate 'roan' Strathconan, but doubtless the victory was a very flukey one.

Warwick, which usually furnishes some sensational movements relative to the Leger favourites, passed over without anything of importance to record; and with no interesting features in the racing to speak of, we hasten to offer a few comments on the great September meeting at Doncaster, possessing the greatest interest from the antagonism of Savernake and Lord Lyon. The public voice and money were, nevertheless, most favourably disposed towards the latter, whilst multitudes continued to award support to Rustic. The Duke of Beaufort must certainly have been ill-advised to keep his horse in until an hour or so of the race, for it gave rise to a clamour which his numerous friends heard with regret, for they had no answer to make to it. But we are glad to have the opportunity to contradict the statement so current at the time that the Marquis of Hastings had unmercifully peppered the horse, whereas, in reality, he had only two bets about him: one of these was a bet of 1400 to 100 against Rustic, which Mr. Marshall chaffed him into laying at Warwick, and the other a hundred on Strathconan against him for places, when it was undecided about his starting. And the late hour at night when this transaction took place may be looked upon as an excuse for it. Following in the wake of Rustic, we have Salpinctes, Nu, Harry Brailsford, and others which the public had freely supported for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, scratched at the eleventh hour—a proceeding quite in accordance, however, with their respective owners' tactics. Again does the mutable Scottish Earl display the eccentricity for which he is renowned, and change his trainer for about the fortieth time. One of his unnamed colts, we believe, had given way in training, and his lordship, in discharging Godding, with that elegance of diction for

which he is eminently notorious, advised him to pay a visit to Hades, and see if he could break down his Satanic Majesty. In the Glasgow Stakes, Grand Cross, by beating Friponnier, puts his Derby backers on good terms with themselves; and the wonderful Achievement scores her ninth win, in the Champagne—for which, it may be remembered, her brother, the 'Lyon,' ran a dead-heat with Redan last year. The Great Yorkshire Handicap fell to Caithness, the Filly Stakes to Problem, and the Doncaster Plate to Troublesome. The Sweepstakes of 10 sovs., with 200 added, produced a brilliant struggle between Star of India, Moleskin, and Knight of the Garter, the former getting home by a head; and, as previously intimated, Artesian won the Scarborough from Repulse. Any comment upon the St. Leger would be superfluous, after the acres of paper which have been exhausted in describing its incidents, and it will suffice to observe that a brilliant and exciting finish ended in favour of Lord Lyon by a head, thus rivalling the glorious deeds of West Australian and Gladiateur, and showering imperishable renown upon the great Stockwell. Newmarket First October witnesses more dishonourable actions on the part of owners, as Coup d'Etat and Master Richard, both early favourites for the Great Eastern, were never sent to the post; and, although the former was scratched, the noble owner of the latter allowed the public to remain in ignorance of his intentions until the board went up without his number—a most unjustifiable and unsportsmanlike act, which John Day excused by saying he had no authority for starting him. The daughter of Paradigm walks away with the Hopeful, and her brother canters home for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes with the greatest ease; whilst his old antagonist bowled over Leybourne and Strathconan in the Eighteenth Triennial; and the successes of Knight of the Garter consolidated the position of his stable companion, Hermit, as a Derby favourite.

Space not permitting more than a glance at Northampton and Bedford, we approach the Cesarewitch, upon which it is our mission to offer a few observations, and regret that they will not be altogether complimentary to the owners of various horses engaged therein. Although tactics most shifty have hung over various races during the season, the proceedings relative to the Cesarewitch certainly out-Herod all; and with Thalia, Zenobia, and others, the chief event of the Meeting assumed the characteristics of a huge swindle. Mr. Brayley, by scratching Pearl Diver at the last moment, proclaimed in what school he had taken his finishing lessons. Mr. Fred Swindells made no secret of his great chance with Proserpine; and the performance of Lecturer placed him upon an equality with the best of his year; whilst Lothario proved previous running to be correct. The defeat of Achievement, while it showed the excellence of Plaudit and The Rake, made it very apparent that wear and tear must eventually tell upon the best; and Mr. Blenkiron must have experienced a happy moment as he led the last-named in, after his grand conquest in the race instituted by himself.

Borrowing the seven-league boots of old, we stride to the New-market Houghton Meeting, and conclude our remarks upon the season's racing with the Cambridgeshire, which this year was not only remarkable for the 'ups and downs' experienced by certain animals, but from the fact that Lord Westmorland had again the good fortune to run second for the second time; and if we express a little satisfaction at Thalia not being proclaimed the winner, it is due to the disgust we feel at the manner in which the fair Muse had been worked, not only for this race, but also for the Cesarewitch. The running of Actæa proves that the Duke of York must have had a great chance for both races; whilst Master Richard was handicapped nicely, and over his favourite bit of ground would have secured a place, had not the inexorable pen been drawn through his name at the last moment, his owner following out the tactics pursued in the Great Eastern. The French division cut up badly, and it is probable that 'safe uns' were abundant in this race, as in the Cesarewitch.

It is, indeed, delightful to record the success of Mr. Thellusson, whose straightforward conduct as an English gentleman affords a marked contrast to the patrician owners whose titles and names are hardly guarantees for the straight running of their horses; and we bring this notice to an end by observing that a good although unfortunate mare placed the last great handicap to the credit of one who is a true sportsman—a *rara avis* in these degenerate days.

Barely released from contemplating the very questionable doings in the Cambridgeshire, and scarcely recovered from the protracted desire to indulge our risible faculties at beholding one of the joint owners of Nu getting the better of his *confrère* in the Handicap Plate, we are compelled to advert to one of the most glaring and unblushing instances of 'pulling' that ever desecrated a cross-county tourney, or defiled a contest upon the flat. A gentleman (?) rider in the Great Western Selling Plate at Ealing, lacking the professional dexterity and knowledge requisite to make a good show of a race, bungled in such a clumsy manner in allowing an animal dead beaten to finish in front of him, that upon his return to weigh in he was received with a most fitting, though perchance unwelcome ovation of mud, and his bespattered condition denoted the opinion of the populace relative to the dirty transaction. Called before Mr. Carew, one of the stewards, he was suspended from riding again that day, and instructed to answer for his conduct before the Grand National Committee; and it is most pleasing to find that the gentlemen of which it is composed signified their reprobation of the 'do' by debarring Mr. Drax from ever again performing in the pigskin—a *mull* in which he never expected to find himself, but certainly most suitable to the case. At the same meeting we find that a professional jockey was also cautioned for riding suspiciously, whilst the most unpractised eye could detect several 'stiff uns' which figured in the various races. Surely some stringent punishment might be found to meet these disgraceful scenes, that such notorious offenders, together with

those at whose instigation they act, might incur something more severe than the contempt and indignation of all true sportsmen.

With perhaps one exception—and if we mistake not, that was in 1859, when Maid of Derwent won—the Liverpool Autumn Cup presented features of deeper interest, and furnished a greater betting race than has ever been known, some twenty animals having figured in the returns, and been more or less backed. The Special to win, and Actæa for a situation, held the pride of place; and although the former was for a short period unsteady, it was apparent that no *pepper* was meant by the bookmakers, and he recovered his position with due *celerity*, leaving off second favourite at 11 to 2. All the prominent favourites cut up badly. Chepstow, who, with his stable companion Caithness had been up and down in the market like the magic donkeys in the Strand, tumbled all over the course like a deep-laden collier in a cross sea, and the Special, emulating his brother ‘the Mail’ in a bygone Cesarewitch, ran off the track, and so lacked the requisite steam to finish. The weight—as all sound judges must have imagined—stopped Actæa, and the grand old Moulsey running as game as a pebble, and coming with a rush, nearly landed the popular Bateman stripes. The question of one dissentient voice was heard when the crimson jacket of the ‘Surrey Squire’ first passed the post, and Mr. Heathcote’s judgment in purchasing Beeswing from Mr. Saxon at Warwick speaks for itself, whilst his successes at Shrewsbury are also subjects for congratulation. It is most pleasing to chronicle the fact that the race was exempt from the barefaced robberies which characterized the two great Autumn Handicaps, and fell to a straightforward and honourable man. The Sefton Steeple Chase—in which Mr. Salamander Studd had a horse engaged—furnished a most exciting race, the finish between George Stevens and Mr. Thomas being truly exciting, but after a severely punishing struggle the latter secured the victory by a neck.

It was our happy lot last autumn to include Savernaké, then known as the Bribery colt, in a lot of four which we selected to furnish the Derby winner in the pages of ‘Baily;’ and, although defeated by a short head, we will again woo the fickle goddess by expressing our belief that the Blue Riband of 1867 will be won either by Plaudit, Usurper, Uncas, or one of the French candidates—Enchanteur or Imperator—the former for choice.

THE BEAR-SLAYER.

THE Romans, who knew a thing or two, had but one name for courage, *virtus*, whilst philosophers of modern times puzzle themselves and their disciples as to the difference between moral courage, physical courage, and the brute courage of insensibility to fear. Muscular christianity is secretly envied by the most straightlaced of the ‘sects,’ and the face of the most sour elder lightens up when he reads of how Christian gave that last deadly thrust to Apollyon, which made him ‘spread his dragon’s wings and sped him away.’

The Quakers, probably, are not sorry to hear the tale repeated of the 'friend' who in one of our old wars was 'pressed' and sent to sea, but who, when there, would put his hand to nothing, neither for threats or punishment, but who, when the vessel was in action, and when the boarders of the enemy began to climb over the side of the Quaker's ship, did a man's service in hurling the invaders back, with the advice to 'keep to thine own ship, friend.'

Bull dogs and game cocks who possess the real article never trouble themselves to argue about the quality any more than did Joe Bates, the hero of my story.

Joe was born 'a trifle west of sunset,' as he was fond of telling his fellow citizens, when business or pleasure brought him on to the Atlantic seaboard, and he wished to impress upon his listeners that he was *no settlement* but a western man.

At home Joe found various occupations to employ his time: in the spring he split clap-boards, rived shingles, ploughed, &c., and through the summer and autumn he picked cotton, harvested, hunted deer and turkeys till the winter set in, when he turned his attention to school teaching, a profession which was of more benefit to himself than his pupils, as in teaching them he taught himself, so that in the end he was able to manage a simple rule of three sum without much difficulty, and made such an advance in reading that only the big words troubled him, and these surrendered at discretion after he had spelt them over once or twice.

In the backwoods it was customary for the school-teacher to board one week at a time with the parents of his pupils, and when he had taken them all in rotation he began again with the next father of a family whose turn it was to receive him, teacher and scholars meeting at a shanty in the woods, which had been put up by the settlers in as central a position as possible, though very often the children had to walk three or four miles to reach the schoolhouse.

Handy as Joe Bates was in the spring, summer, or autumn, when employed on the farms or in killing game, no sooner did he put on his suit of black 'store clothes' than he ceased to do anything but teach, fancying, we suppose, that chopping wood, drawing water, or even hunting, were beneath the dignity of the profession he had temporarily assumed, and this circumstance very nearly cost him his life, as when passing from his lodgings to the schoolhouse, he never by any chance carried his rifle.

Two little cur dogs, however, were generally his companions: these in the autumn he used for turkey hunting, as they had been trained to flush and 'tree' these birds, and they occasionally helped him to secure a crippled deer by trailing their master up to it, when, as was often the case, the very small bullet he used failed to make the deer bleed much, so that without his 'fyses,' as little dogs are called in the Far South-West, Joe would have had some difficulty in retrieving his game.

Carrying a small long-handled hatchet or tomahawk with which his pupils cut the fuel to feed the schoolhouse stove with, and followed by his fyses, his short corn-cob pipe glowing between his teeth, Joe

used to start cheerily on his way to the shanty after breakfast, with a piece of meat and bread in his pocket to serve for dinner, and then, the duties of the afternoon over, he as gaily started home again.

For three winters he had been the teacher at the little backwoods school of Skunksville, where he had become a favourite with all the settlers and their children, and he passed from his various lodging-houses to the shanty every morning, and had returned at night without having at any time met with an adventure of any kind.

An encounter, brought on by himself, however, was about to break the monotony of his daily life.

One bitter cold evening, as Joe Bates returned to his lodging, he noticed the dull leaden sky which usually prognosticates a snow-storm; and as he warmed his hands at the fire, whilst Nip and Tuck, his two fyses, stretched themselves out before the blazing logs, he told his host that he fancied there would be 'a tidy snowstorm afore mornning, the clouds look uncommon black; it's so cold, too; and there's a feeling of snow like in the look of everything.'

His host assented, the good wife bestirred herself, and supper soon smoked on the table, and this soon disposed them to take little heed of what the weather might be without the house, as all within was snug enough.

The signs of the weather had not misled Joe Bates, for when he looked out of his window the next morning, the snow lay two feet deep upon the ground.

After breakfast he whistled his dogs, and taking his hatchet in his hand, set out on his way to the schoolhouse through the forest.

He had gone about a mile and a half when he noticed the snow in front of him had been broken by some animal, and, on closer inspection, he found the 'sign' had been made by a bear; and his knowledge of woodcraft told him it was made by a she bear, and one that was not in the very best condition.

'It's a case of lock-out all night or else a premature confinement,' said Joe to himself, as he looked at the tracks. 'No bear,' he continued, 'could be in good order and take such strides as that; if it was fat, the hind feet would fill the tracks of the fore ones, and it's an old she, because the paws are narrow; besides, no old he bear would be lunatic enough to face this weather, I am sure. No; it's some old lady that's got cubs too early or else too late, and that's something new, I guess, to me.'

Joe looked up at the sun so as to judge whether he had time enough to follow up the tracks a little way and see which way the bear had gone; and finding himself rather early, and perhaps thinking that if he was half an hour late it would not matter very much, as the boys would get the stove lit and the room warm, he turned out of his course, and followed by Nip and Tuck, set out on the trail of the bear.

The trail led him towards the bank of a creek which Joe knew very well, as he had often in the summer waited to kill a fat buck when he came in to drink at the little stream, and fancying that

amongst its steep rocky banks the bear had formed her den, he pressed on in the hope of, as he expressed himself, 'treeing' her.

The tracks led directly up to the top of the farther bank, and Joe Bates had no difficulty in crossing the little rivulet, as the tiny stream was congealed by the frost; and following the 'sign' he found a large opening amongst some fallen trees, which led directly into the bank of the creek; and though Joe had been frequently hunting in this neighbourhood, the fallen trees, the brambles, and other rubbish had effectually concealed this cavern, so that had he not had the tracks in the snow to guide him, he might have hunted there for half a century without discovering it.

The entrance was large enough to admit a man by stooping, and seemed to lead, with but a very slight incline, far back into the bank, and the tracks which led in showed that the bear was still there, as no 'sign' led out again.

At this sight Joe's hunter-spirit was aroused; prudence and scholastic dignity were utterly routed, and drawing his hatchet, he was about to enter the mouth of the cavern, when he was anticipated by the fierce rush of his two dogs, Nip and Tuck.

The sharp yelps of the dogs in the den were soon accompanied by a dull, growling noise, and presently, with a tremendous roar, the bear made a rush at the dogs, who, tempering their valour with that valuable virtue, discretion, rushed out before her.

Satisfied, seemingly, with having put her enemies to the rout, the bear returned to the back of the cave without having come quite to the entrance, where Joe stood with his hatchet ready raised to brain the bear.

'At her again, Nip!—hie, Tuck!—at her again, good boys!' shouted Joe; and nothing loath, the two dogs again charged into the cave.

This time they had not so long to wait for the bear to tumble them out; for thoroughly roused and enraged she came right at them, and would even have chased them a little distance, had not Joe's hatchet descended as she came out of the den; but, unfortunately, in his hurry he struck too far forward, and merely sliced the bear through the bone between the eyes and the nose, which, though it disabled her from doing quite as much biting, did not prevent her being able to do what Joe afterwards called 'some tall scratching' and hugging.'

On receiving this unexpected blow, the bear thought no more about the dogs, and turned her attentions to her biped foe.

Stepping back to give more force to his blow, Joe unfortunately caught his heels against a fallen tree, and fell over it, backwards; and before he could pick himself up the bear was upon him.

Failing in her efforts to worry him—her upper jaw being useless from Joe's blow—she tried to hug him; but as he had not lost his presence of mind, Joe kept himself close to the log that had tripped him up, and thus prevented the bear's efforts to encircle him with her fore arms.

‘Here, Tuck! Here, Nip!’ shouted Joe. ‘Seize her, good dogs!’

And the fyses gallantly came to their master’s assistance, Nip beginning to chew one of her houghs, whilst Tuck fastened on a tender spot inside the thigh.

Taken so unexpectedly in the rear, the bear turned to chastise these new assailants, and poor Joe, not much the worse as to his skin, but sadly soiled and torn as to his store-clothes, sprang to his feet; but before he could pick up his hatchet, the foe, freed from the dogs, closed with him again.

Again Nip and Tuck rushed to the rescue, but failed to draw her off their master till his shoulders had been well scored with her claws.

By this time Joe was as savage as the bear; and utterly careless of all consequences he rushed at her, and after two or three ineffectual chops at her head, he at last succeeded in splitting open her skull.

Most people would have been satisfied with this exploit, but Joe Bates was made—as he often used to observe afterwards—‘on a ‘patent principle,’ and he determined to enter the cave, and if there were any cubs there bring them out alive or dead.

Taking a little breathing time, and removing his black coat, now quite spoilt, Joe prepared to enter the cavern; and hatchet in hand he went in.

Feeling his way, for going from the light of day into such darkness he could see nothing until he reached the end and turned himself towards the light, and then only when his eyes began to get a little accustomed to the place. But he could see nothing; and he whistled for his dogs, who, conscious that they had been ‘some pumpkins in a ‘bar fight,’ were proudly waiting by the dead bear.

As soon as Nip and Tuck heard their master’s summons, however, they left their prize and hastened to their master, and presently both rushed into a corner, and in a few moments the whining of some infant bears could be heard.

Calling back the dogs, and remembering at the nick of time some matches he carried for his pipe, Joe lit one, and its light disclosed two young cubs nestled on some grass and fur in a corner of the cave.

Spite of sundry scratches and slight bites they were secured, and before long Joe was at his school-house with his prize; and considering the occasion sufficient to justify a holiday, he dismissed the boys, telling them they might go and see the bear; and then he started home to get his wounds dressed and get assistance to get the dead bear home.

The cubs were taken care of till they became ten or eleven months old, when, as they became savage and troublesome, they were killed and eaten.

After this exploit, Joe Bates always went by the name of the Bear-slayer, as, though scores of bears had been killed by the settlers, no one had ever killed one single-handed with a hatchet, and that a she bear with young cubs.

A DIRGE

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. CHARLES DAVIS, LATE HUNTSMAN TO
HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.*

'Warriors must die. The valiant must fall in their day, and be no more known on their hills. But remember, my son, to place this sword, this bow, the horn of my deer, within that dark and narrow house, whose mark is one grey stone.'—
OSSIAN.

FROM Sunninghill a wail of woe
Is pealing o'er the vale below ;
And, far and wide, the muffled bell
Proclaims the *mort* with solemn knell :
Ah ! many a manly heart is wrung
By tidings of that iron tongue !
And Father Thames rolls sadly on,
Feeling a dear old friend is gone ;
As drooping willows stoop to hide
Their sorrows in his silent tide.

But, hunter, stay ! thy grief restrain !
See, hither turns the mourning train :
The Royal Huntsman, once so dear,
'Tis his, alas ! that pall-clad bier.
Gently they tread the hallow'd way
Bearing his corse to kindred clay ;
And give, what thousands claim in vain,
Their honest tears like floods of rain.

Ah ! never more shall forest hear
The echoes of his thrilling cheer ;
Nor foremost, as he led the van,
More like a centaur than a man,
Shall brook and bull-finch rise in vain
'To stop him as he swept the plain,
With eagle eye and manly grace,
A pilot in the storm of chase.

Farewell, old friend ! and though we mourn
Thy body to the cold earth borne,
We joy to know thy spirit bold
Is fettered by no earthly mould—
That better mounted thou wilt be
Winging thy way to a fair countrie ;
That though thy horn is silent here,
A livelier horn will greet thy ear :
'Tis but a check that gives the pain ;
'Thou'rt 'gone to ground' to live again !

RING OUZEL.

* Comus, presented to him by his field-pupil, the Prince of Wales, was his last favourite hunter ; and, when Mr. Davis found that he and the little bay were becoming infirm together, he left injunctions that, at his death, the horse should be shot, and his ears buried with him in his own grave.

CRICKET.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AVERAGES FOR 1866.

‘Urge the flying ball.’—GRAY.

TALKING of cricket in the month of December appears at first sight somewhat *mal-apropos*, and suggests the manners and customs of our antipodean brethren, who are at this time preparing for the most important matches of their season and hemisphere. Nevertheless our *tyrocinium*, or ‘review of ‘schools,’ though necessarily postponed till beyond the fall of the leaf, is more likely to engage a cricketer’s attention during the long winter evenings, when ‘Baily’ is a welcome guest, than during the height of the cricketing season, when the attention to matches just past is eclipsed by the interest felt in those immediately to follow. Such food for reflection as the following statistics may supply to our friends, old and young, we once more offer, with an apology for the irregularity with which the various data are introduced. The fault is none of ours; it arises from the comparative indifference with which scorekeeping is regarded at some of our great schools; and we would once more, for the *n*th time, appeal to future captains to obtain and preserve full particulars of their great matches, by means of the excellent scoring-sheets now in such general use among the great clubs of our land.

To begin, then, with the Eton Eleven, who won four, and drew one, out of the ten matches they played: their average per innings was about 145, being less than that of the three past years, 1865 having shown 170 runs per innings. The subjoined list of batsmen includes twelve names, as Mr. Alexander, the future Captain, was prevented through illness from doing himself justice in many of the matches played at Eton, and was an absentee from Lord’s for the same cause. Their hitting powers against loose bowling and fielding were exemplified in the Winchester Match, which they won ‘anyhow;’ but a far different fate awaited them when opposed to the straight bowling of Messrs. Money and Co., in the Harrow Eleven. As was the case last year, they appeared paralysed by the slows, whether delivered by Mr. Drake, at Eton, or by the above-named gentleman at Lord’s; and it appears to us that this is the vital point to which their attention should be turned ere they can hope for success against Harrow. Of their fielding generally we may speak in high terms. Messrs Lubbock, Walrond, and Thornton are, at their several posts in the field, very far superior to what we expect in a school eleven. The last-named gentleman has only himself to thank if he fails to rival the deeds of a Mitchell or Lyttelton. His hitting powers are undeniable, and his eye all that can be wished to intimidate the steadiest bowler; but he must be content to learn a safe as well as a slashing game. Mr. Barrington, who has left, has much improved in his batting. His best innings, played at Eton, was a treat to witness; but his bowling requires steadiness, which will no doubt follow with increasing years. Mr. Gilliat, though quite ‘amiss’ at Lord’s, did himself great credit by his bowling there, though there is room for improvement in his style of batting. Annexed is the average list of the Eleven, exclusive, however, of the Winchester match, the full report of which has gone astray.

THE BATTING AVERAGES OF THE ETON ELEVEN.

	Total No. of Runs.	Innings.	Greatest Score.	Times not out.	Average.
E. Lubbock	204	12	50	1	17
W. B. Barrington	234	15	79	2	15·9
C. R. Alexander	184	8	54	—	23
C. I. Thornton	330	11	50	4	30
H. Gilliat	112	11	28	—	10·2
W. H. Walrond	85	12	15	1	7·1
H. M. Walter	108	8	37*	4	13·4
J. C. Reibey	127	13	25	—	9·10
W. C. Higgins	2	1	2	1	2
T. W. Foley, K.S.	101	7	49	1	14·3
R. R. N. Ferguson	38	11	13	1	3·5
Hon. T. W. H. Pelham	127	13	30	2	9·10

* Signifies 'not out.'

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wides.	No Balls.	Wickets.
E. Lubbock	560	176	56	1	—	25
W. B. Barrington	568	186	48	9	—	10
C. I. Thornton	316	105	37	17	—	6
H. Gilliat	436	136	51	4	—	5
H. M. Walter	347	137	22	2	—	9
W. C. Higgins	178	81	10	1	—	3
R. R. N. Ferguson	592	226	62	5	—	16
Hon. T. W. H. Pelham	390	229	18	—	—	17

Facile princeps of the Winchester Eleven was Mr. Howell, who has increased his average of 19, in 1865, to the extraordinary figure of over 50 in 1866; and we only regret that the meagre returns from this school do not even inform us of the number of innings played from which the said average results. However, as we are aware that Mr. Howell was absent through illness from many of the matches, we must accept *cum grano* the above excellent performance. Whether, however, at the wicket or in the field, this gentleman, who has left Winchester, will be a welcome addition to any university or county town. Mr. Haygarth, an improved bat, exhibits an average of 28 against 11 of 1865; and Mr. Douglas, the best field in the school, makes a like stride from 11 last year to 30 this season. The general bowling and fielding is capable of great improvement, especially the former department; but as eight of the next eleven will be new hands, we shall doubtless next year see an infusion of fresh blood, which will strengthen the team, of which Mr. C. B. Philips, an excellent wicket-keeper, will be captain.

AVERAGE OF THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN (1866).

	Average Runs.	Over.		Average Runs.	Over.
L. S. Rowell	50	1	F. B. Harvey . . .	14	9
F. Haygarth	28	11	E. Armitage . . .	13	—
S. K. Douglas . . .	30	—	W. H. Ley	3	4
C. B. Philips	9	2	A. G. Hastings . .	17	7
G. Hall	16	7	J. M. Evetts . . .	9	5
C. Moberly	16	2			

Turning next to Harrow, we are puzzled at which name to commence amongst eleven of the most even players that we can remember as constituting a public school team. With the exception of two of the bowlers, they all average double figures, and we do not forget that at Lord's a similar result was attained by ten out of the eleven. Mr. Stow, the captain, will prove a valuable batsman to his university, even should they discover among their ranks a better wicket-keeper. Mr. Hadow's was the sensation innings, when at Harrow he scored 181 not out, keeping his antagonists in the field throughout the day; but he was at other times wanting in batting style, and less to be depended on than others in the team. Mr. Money averages 20, and got 31 wickets for an average of under 8 runs per wicket—a great performance this, for an underhand slow bowler. Mr. Cobden is a bowler of great promise. In pace and straightness we cannot recall his equal in a public school since Mr. Teape did such service for Eton in their last winning match at Lord's. The one point in the eleven open to criticism was their fielding, which was not on a par with some former years, either at Harrow or in the Eton match, and we commend this feature of the game to Mr. Money's attention, who—an admirable field himself—will do well to instil its importance into his eleven of 1867.

HARROW SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES (1866).

	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Greatest Score.	Total Runs scored.	Average per Innings.
F. C. Cobden	11	1	29	88	8
R. Digby	16	3	38	173	10·13
J. H. Gibbon	14	3	43	162	11·8
W. H. Hadow	14	2	181*	361	25·11
T. Hartley	15	2	49	193	12·13
E. Matthews	12	2	10	56	4·8
W. B. Money	14	2	64	284	20·4
H. H. Montgomery	15	1	59	222	14·12
J. H. Ponsonby	9	1	67*	155	17·2
C. J. Smith	16	1	43	261	16·5
M. H. Stow	12	3	50	200	16·8

* Not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Total Balls bowled.	Total Runs made from.	Wide Balls.	Wickets.	Average Runs per Wicket.
F. C. Cobden	1048	322	10	37	8·26
J. H. Gibbon	216	65	—	7	9·2
T. Hartley	641	244	10	18	13·10
E. Matthews	976	349	—	34	10·9
W. B. Money	785	246	—	31	7·29
C. J. Smith	348	134	10	7	19·1

From Rugby our returns are not so copious as last year, and do not contain the bowling averages. In batting, Mr. Crowdy, a new member of the Eleven, obtains the Ledger average of over 32, while his services at point also demand acknowledgment. Mr. Gore, a left-handed batsman, has increased his average from 11, in 1865, to 30, and Mr. Pauncefote, the captain, from 15 to 24. Nor should we omit mention of Mr. Göschen, an excellent wicket-keeper, who made many large scores early in the year, and averages over 20 per innings.

BATTING AVERAGE OF THE RUGBY ELEVEN.

	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in a Match.	Most in an Innings.	Average per Innings.	Over.	Times not out.	Least in a Match.
B. Pauncefote . . .	18	26	628	93	93	24	4	3	—
L. W. Novelli . . .	18	23	295	66	63	12	19	3	—
F. A. Gore . . .	18	26	780	141	75	30	—	3	1
F. W. Batson . . .	18	28	534	78	58	19	2	1	2
W. E. Göschén . . .	15	22	455	87	75	20	15	1	—
G. D. Baker . . .	16	21	278	56	42	13	3	4	—
J. G. Crowdy . . .	16	19	620	150	91	32	12	5	—
A. Godley . . .	15	19	226	45	42	11	17	2	—
Hon. C. H. Vivian . .	11	9	61	30	28	6	7	5	—
E. K. Browne . . .	13	19	182	40	39	9	11	—	—
W. F. Thompson . .	17	17	212	79	57	12	8	3	—

Of the Cheltenham Eleven, Mr. F. Baker bears the palm with an average of over 38. It is not often that a left-handed bat combines the steadiness of genuine cricket with the aptitude for hard hitting which seems implanted by nature in left-handed players. Mr. Baker, however, besides three times scoring over 100 in an innings, has displayed this season a very fine defence, though we may caution him against attempting 'gallery coups' with the left hand in the field. Mr. Fidgate has improved from 19 to 29 since 1865. He is a hard hitter, but requires steadiness in his batting. Mr. Mellor has advanced his average from 13 to 20, and with practice is likely to attain excellence as a slow round-arm bowler.

CHELTENHAM BATTING AVERAGES.

	Total Runs.	Number of Innings.	Average.	Over.
F. Baker	895	23	38	21
C. Fidgate	589	20	29	9
L. C. Abbott	513	18	29	1
P. H. Mellor	455	22	20	15
P. Barrow	331	23	14	9
E. Brice	323	23	14	1
T. Bramwell	320	25	12	20
E. Studd	231	18	12	15
E. F. Cuppage	230	18	12	14
W. Humphreys	162	17	9	9
A. H. Hamilton	186	20	9	6

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Innings.	Balls per Wicket.	Runs per Wicket.	Average Wickets per Innings.	Over.
E. A. Brice	3385	1225	354	136	4	—	29	26	9	4	20
P. H. Mellor	2801	1383	160	119	9	—	28	22	10	4	7
E. Studd	1383	612	113	52	18	—	22	26	11	2	8
T. Bramwell	289	128	22	13	2	—	6	22	9	2	8
F. Baker	466	206	34	12	1	1	12	38	17	1	—
L. C. Abbott	784	316	80	17	11	—	17	46	18	1	—

From Westminster we have batting returns only. They show Mr. E. Oliver, the captain, to have made an average of 20, precisely the same figures as in 1865. His defence is very good; but he is deficient in hitting powers. Moreover he is a very useful field at short distances. Mr. F. Lucas has not increased his average since last year, requiring the defence necessary for long innings, though a hard hitter. Mr. Burton has more than doubled his average since 1865, and is a very fast bowler.

BATTING AVERAGE OF THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL ELEVEN.

	Matches.	Innings.	Not out.	Runs.	Most in a Match.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
E. Oliver	12	18	4	292	32* and 21*	54	20 $\frac{2}{3}$
F. Lucas	8	11	—	163	10 and 35	37	14 $\frac{2}{11}$
E. Burton	12	18	2	199	63*	63*	12 $\frac{7}{16}$
E. Bray	12	18	1	192	61 and 24	61	11 $\frac{1}{4}$
A. G. Lee	12	18	—	188	56 and 8	56	10 $\frac{2}{3}$
H. Curteis	12	18	2	141	35*	35*	8 $\frac{1}{8}$
C. E. Bickmore . .	12	18	2	133	6* and 38	38	8 $\frac{5}{16}$
F. A. Northcote . .	12	16	2	98	24	24	7
W. C. Davies . . .	12	19	4	85	10 and 16	16	5 $\frac{2}{3}$
G. J. Circuit . . .	7	10	1	44	1 and 11	11	4 $\frac{1}{10}$
G. W. Chapman . .	10	15	—	67	14	14	4 $\frac{7}{8}$

* Not out.

From the Charterhouse we have at this writing only received batting returns, showing Mr. Muir Mackenzie to have increased his average from 11 to 16. This gentleman also did good service in bowling throughout the season. The Ledger score is taken by Mr. C. E. Nepean, a new member of the Eleven, who averages over 17, and combines hard hitting with a strong defence.

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE ELEVEN.

	Average per Innings.		Average per Innings.
C. P. Scott	11 $\frac{1}{8}$	A. G. Mammatt	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. L. Boreham	14 $\frac{8}{13}$	O. G. Walford	6
M. M. Mackenzie	16 $\frac{2}{3}$	C. E. Nepean	17 $\frac{1}{4}$
R. W. Macan	15 $\frac{1}{7}$	H. E. Willmot	10 $\frac{1}{10}$
F. Dorling	11 $\frac{1}{10}$	O. H. Wade	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
H. Mackenzie	7 $\frac{1}{10}$		

Last but not least on our list comes Marlborough, foremost among whom stands Mr. A. T. Fortescue, who, from 18, in 1865, has reached to 35 in 1866. He is a first-rate school bat, with a good defence, but is weak in the field, and has fallen off in bowling. The captain, Mr. Monnington, keeps up his old average of 20, and will be invaluable as a long-stop in any team. Mr. B. Williams has increased his average to 31, principally by his slashing hitting, and he is equally good in the field,

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE MARLBOROUGH ELEVEN (1866).

	Number of Runs.	Number of Innings.	Number of Times not out.	Highest Score.	Average per Innings.
T. P. Monnington	629	31	1	81	20—20
A. T. Fortescue	673	22	3	92	35—18
B. H. M. Williams	607	21	2	109*	31—8
J. Bourdillon	517	29	—	77	17—24
E. E. Money	322	30	5	35	12—22
E. E. G. Bird	280	30	3	33	10—10
R. L. Head	516	26	1	118	20—16
E. H. Moeran	86	17	4	24	6—8
W. H. Wyld	251	21	1	28	13—11
H. Hillyard	249	18	1	73	14—11
R. Leach	267	31	3	44	9—15

* Not out.

BOWLING ANALYSIS OF THE ELEVEN (1866).

	No. of Balls	Number of Wides.	Number of balls bowled.	Number of runs made.	No. of Maiden Overs.	Number of Wickets.	Average runs per wicket.	Average Wickets per innings.
A. T. Fortescue	—	15	1434	627	119	46	13—29	2—4
J. Bourdillon	—	10	1048	512	83	35	14—22	1—16
E. E. G. Bird	—	—	3600	1805	190	111	16—29	3—18
E. H. Moeran	—	15	2471	1018	223	56	18—10	2—16
H. Hillyard	—	7	261	99	26	8	12—3	1—2

In conclusion, we may remark, that at the present moment we attach the greatest importance to the record of the Public Schools Matches, as affecting the interests of the cricketing world generally. At a time when certain causes (already alluded to in our pages) have brought about dissent and secession from the ranks of our leading professionals, it is at least a comfort to reflect that among the aristocracy of our land exists the true spirit of the game intact and unrepresed. That spirit is nursed at our public schools and matured at our universities; and may the day indeed be far distant which shall see any diminution of the interest which at present attaches to each and every one of our Public School Matches.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

My friends! you readers of that green monthly book which you confess to await with such great delight, are dreadfully exorbitant.

From what I hear, you expect your Paris contributor to be amusing twelve times per annum! Every month, as I am a respectable sinner!

My dear classical reader!—my friends (young friends once, 'Mais nous 'avons changé tout cela') of Harrow, Eton, Cambridge, Oxford, did you never hear from any confiding tutor that Apollo did not always keep his gun at full cock? If not, why not? Your tutor was Duffer maximus, and you are Duffer minor.

Now I put it to you fairly, have I not struggled to keep you floating in the stream of Paris life ever since last New Year's Day? I do not say succeeded, but only struggled to do so. And here you are at the beginning of the closing

month of the year, expecting me to be as young, and you as easily amused as you and I were when we wrote and read in the 'Baily' for January 1866.

I can't stand it for one. My hairdresser, a flatterer by nature and profession, has just whispered, 'A little whiter than we were, sir.'

My tailor says I think Monsieur must remeasure himself in 1867. The purveyor of those instruments of torture, yolept boots, hints at extended lasts, to which I say of course, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam,' and then agree to have just the least bit of kid let into that gouty instep. And you expect that I am still to go on dancing, excuse the metaphor, with the 'foolish' virgins.'

We are very dull at this season in Paris—accept the fact and don't read the paper. We shall be gay enough presently, however, and then, when you lose the allusions, and cannot trace whose married reputation was sullied, or whose maiden fame was libelled, won't you be sorry? *Credo di si.* But I will let you off, and go on to tell you what has happened in Paris during the month of November.

Racing is over, you know, except at certain small provincial meetings which scarcely concern your readers, whose knowledge of French geography would possibly be utterly confounded if they tried to find out where the 'courses' in question really were.;

Of steeple-chases we have had many; but really they are of so small mark that their result hardly matters here. When there is a good race, the Duke of Hamilton seems to have what they would call here a 'speciality' for being second. In a somewhat long experience I have never seen luck so dead against a duke.

Hunting has commenced—hunting, that is, as we hunt here—a sport which would make any well-cleaned pair of tops blush brown at being present. Hunting without fences! You might as well have hunting without hounds.

Yet if you like to see a splendid stud and a first-rate pack of hounds hunting in a woodland as fine as England can produce, only with rides like a race-course instead of those 'nasty places' which midland-county fox-hunters will remember in their best coverts, then, I say, go down and meet his Majesty's hounds at the Puits du Roi.

I need not tell you that it is hunting after a fashion; but then the fashion is very pretty.

At the meet the other day I saw the chesnut horse which the French Government bought (I fear on a Sunday) at the great London horse show. He was good enough for me.

I tell your readers to go and see the 'Staggers' of France, because there is really nothing like them; but if he wants to see sport, he should go and meet the Marquis de Laigle, who hunts the same forest three times a week with boar-hounds. Many of your readers are used up—it is the fashion, and I dare say they do their very best to be in the fashion; yet even to Sir Charles Coldstream a sensation was pleasant—a sensation in fact. And for that reason I advise Colonel the Honourable Used-Up, C.B., to leave off yawning, which is not becoming—to cease to declare that 'hounds never run,' and go and hunt a boar in the woods round the King's Well! 'Nothing in it!' the Colonel perhaps will say. He is right; there is nothing in the well, for it is dried up—just, in fact, like the brain-pan of the thing which our Colonel calls his head. I have stated the truth, which I believe should be in that well. Boar-hunting means sport—perhaps next month I will tell you details thereof.

Shooting grows gradually every day in France. The Emperor likes the sport, and likes to make a fair bag. Many readers of 'Baily' must remem-

ber how Prince Louis was wont to hold his own in Hertfordshire, and then go home and be the life of the pleasant party assembled at the house of your greatest living romance writer. As to actual slaughter, we are getting fast on to Norfolk—we slay by thousands.

I know, by the way, one shooting held by a British sportsman, on which there were no battues, but where you could kill 20 to 25 head of game per gun each day to one or two guns. I call that shooting, as, indeed, I call the shooter a true sportsman. But of course there is shooting and sporting, and I especially beg you to publish these returns of killed and wounded (we omit the missing) of three days of Imperial shooting. When they kill millions a-day with eight or ten needle-guns, then this document will be historical, and prove what duffers we all were.

FORÊT DE MARLY.—*Bulletin de tir du 3 Novembre, 1866.*

Noms de Tireurs.	Roe Deer.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Thomants.	Partridges.	Landralls.	Not classified.	Tot. par Tireur.
S. M. l'Empereur	8	1	14	99	—	2	5	129
S. M. l'Impératrice	—	—	5	21	—	—	—	26
S. A. Mar. le Prince Impérial	1	—	—	3	—	—	—	4
S. Exc. le Prince de la Moskowa	7	—	6	55	—	1	2	71
S. Exc. le Prince de Metternich	3	1	10	40	1	2	1	58
Mme. la Princesse de Metternich	2	1	6	30	—	—	—	39
M. le Marquis de Toulougeon	3	1	5	11	—	—	—	20
M. le Duc de la Force	—	1	3	35	—	1	—	40
M. le Marquis d'Havincourt	4	—	12	30	—	1	—	47
M. le Baron de Pierres	—	—	3	15	—	—	—	18
M. Davillier	6	—	2	33	—	—	—	41
M. le Marquis de Piennes	4	—	1	10	—	—	—	15
Totaux	38	5	67	382	1	7	8	508

FORÊT DE RAMBOUILLET.—*Bulletin du 9 Novembre, 1866.*

S. M. l'Empereur	4	—	93	140	96	—	—	333
S. Exc. M. Behic	7	—	40	87	7	—	—	141
S. Exc. le Prince de la Moskowa	7	—	104	91	14	—	—	216
S. Exc. le Mar. Duc de Magenta	4	—	22	46	—	—	—	72
S. Exc. le Maréchal Niel	5	—	29	51	3	—	—	88
M. le Baron Morio de l'Isle	6	—	20	54	3	—	—	83
M. le Général de Failly	2	—	8	11	—	—	—	21
M. le Baron Lejeune	—	—	8	19	1	—	1	29
M. le Marquis de Trévise	8	—	18	34	2	—	1	63
Totaux	43	—	342	533	126	—	2	1,046

FORÊT DE LAIGUE.—*Bulletin du 16 Novembre, 1866.*

S. Exc. le Prince de la Moskowa	5	1	21	11	—	—	—	39
M. le Baron de Pierres	2	—	19	11	—	—	—	32
M. le Marquis de Trévise	5	1	15	7	—	—	2	30
M. Piétry	1	—	16	3	—	—	—	20
M. de Lange	3	2	20	10	—	2	—	37
M. de Waru	5	3	29	5	—	—	—	42
M. de Casabianca	4	1	10	2	1	—	1	19
M. Jamin	3	1	13	2	2	—	—	21
M. de Marneia	3	2	7	8	1	1	—	22
M. le Baron Lejeune	3	—	6	2	5	—	—	16
Totaux	34	11	156	61	9	3	3	278

I conclude this brief notice of the actual existence of Paris, by saying that the Emperor, all new inventions notwithstanding, still shoots with muzzle-loaders, that he can shoot as quick as his subjects, and is a deal more keen.

The young Prince enters nicely to hounds. We have been rather bucolic and sportsmanlike this month—rather 'Sport' than 'Life' of Paris. Yet we beg you to excuse us.

'Be to our faults a little blind, and to our virtues ever kind,'

and next month, when the season has commenced, I'll give you Paris Life and Paris Sport enough to last you the thirty-one days.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—November Notings.

NOVEMBER, the favourite month of suicides, Guy Fawkes, Mr. Frail, Mr. Merry, and Mr. Topham, has caused as many disastrous wrecks in the Sporting World as on the Ocean Wave; and the number of owners that have put into Tattersall's, for repairs, is quite equal to that of the captains of ships in the western ports. And such will ever be the case, when racehorses are really, in Lord Derby's own language, turned into instruments of gambling. One of the great uses of racing, we are sententiously told, is the development and improvement of the breed of horses. And we should very much like to know how many who were present at Aintree, Shrewsbury, and Warwick were animated with that sentiment. Indeed, if we had put the question to them, they no doubt would have asked us what we took them for, and whether we conjectured 'they had a tile off;' or they might even have insulted the mother who bore us, by denominating us a fool. To participate in gambling as open as at Homburg, with the exception of horses being substituted for cards, was their errand into the Northern and Midland Counties; and going to shear, they returned shorn. Still perhaps the lessees are not to blame in catering to the public taste; for where poor men have horses, they will naturally try to make the most of them, as there is no institution yet established to give them gratuitous hay and corn during the recess, or rather the holidays. Of the morality of these November Meetings we will say nothing, because their character is so well known, that people, as it were, put on defensive armour before they go into the Ring; and even then it is very often an inefficient protection. And, in fact, the only royal road to winning seems to be underwriting Cameron's mounts, which can often be done at very remunerative prices. This lad's success this season has been wonderful, and it is to be hoped he will not be spoiled by it, and pay the same penalty as the jockey to whose position he has succeeded, not by any aristocratic influence, but by personal merit. For it seems Mr. McGeorge has had of late frequent complaints to make against him, which, he contends, are glossed over; so that he intends, for the future, to bind over the offenders against the discipline he has established at the post, to appear before the Stewards of the Jockey Club, instead of the local Stewards; which will no doubt have the desired effect of causing his authority to be respected. And the subject of our remarks is now, we believe, under recognizances to come up for judgment at Lincoln, next Spring. The sufferings endured by the unhappy pilgrims to Aintree have scarcely had their parallel in the annals of the Turf; for the place itself although no doubt a charming resort for a plover, and affording an eligible site for the building of

the nest of a lapwing, or other such rare bird as Mr. Tegetmair or Mr. Buckland would delight in, is not the most enjoyable locale to lay odds at, when the ground is furrow deep, and a general holiday seems to have been given to the wintry elements. Indeed, we are positively assured, that but for the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the handsomest both in and out of London, and where Mr. Toole was in strong force, making terrific running in each of his dramas, the Metalicians could not have prolonged their stay in the northern commercial metropolis. And wealthy as Liverpool is admitted to be, and opulent as her merchant princes are counted to be, we question if ever in its existence so much money and talent was ever to be seen in the front row of the stalls on each night of the races, when the Ring may be said to have bespoken the performances. It was intended, at one time, so we heard, to put up, Holcroft's favourite comedy of 'The Road to Ruin;' but an apprehension that the selection might be deemed personal, caused it to be withdrawn for entertainments of a more modern date, which, like the Shakspearian Performances on another and more open arena, went off well, and brought good profits. A handicap in which Mr. Graham did not figure conspicuously would indeed have been a rare novelty. And here again in the Cup, he was once more the hero of the hour, with his name and those of his horses in everybody's mouth. In our last we exhausted our logical powers in endeavouring to prove that the owner of Chepstow and Caithness was more an object of commiseration than censure. But after the exhibition in the Liverpool Cup, and the ringing of Chepstow for Caithness, we can no longer hold a brief for him, but must leave him to his fate, and his handicappers, in whose memories, he may rest assured, his name is deeply engraved. The Liverpool Cup is generally well filled; but on the present occasion, after it had been brought out and directed 'Epsom,' a stranger would have imagined its contents had consisted of Gladstone's claret, or African sherry, rather than the purest 'Beeswing,' which is 'The favourite Port' of Liverpool, and is likely to become almost as great a favourite at Epsom.

From Liverpool, the Ring had the route for Shrewsbury, where they could have had no idea of 'the number of good things' which Mr. Frail had in store for them, and which amply compensated them for not returning to their household hearths. Lord Frederick, and his equerries in waiting, improved the occasion by spending the intervening days in surveying the scenery of the vale of Llangollen, being told that November was the most desirable month for so doing; and after a minute inspection of its sylvan beauties, he fully concurred with the poet, who pronounced it as 'The Flower of North Wales.' And it is to be regretted the bard is not now in existence to feel the compliment that was paid to him by the concurrence in sentiment of so mighty a mind. Hitherto, our sketches of Shrewsbury have been nothing but depictions of a 'happy family,' under the head of One Chief, engaged in the highly profitable and innocent occupation of backing horses over five, four, and three-furlong courses. We have also made our readers familiar with the endeavours of Mr. Frail to make his visitors comfortable—even to the ordering of apartments, providing of dinners, and engagements of pews for those who spent their Sabbath within the sound of his church-going bell. And although these same courtesies and attentions were paid on this occasion, we are sorry, in the interests of truth, to state, that the Demon of Discord made his first appearance on the Shrewsbury stage, and not all the persuasive oratory of the lessee, which would bring a partridge off its nest, could banish him from the boards. According to report, the unlooked-for visitation broke out after the representa-

tion of 'Ulphus,' a drama, the scene of which was laid in Westmoreland, and in which the chief performer had too much cast upon him, so much so, that he complained to the manager, who in his turn, is reported to have said he was wholly opposed to clog dances being introduced into the piece in question. This naturally infuriated the chief performer in the drama, who, to the best of our knowledge, has never degraded himself to such a *métier*. And we should as soon have expected Charles Kean to dance a hornpipe in fetters, as for the personage in question to adopt clogs even in a deluge. One word brought on another, and according to report, one distinguished member of the Company will be absent next year from the Shrewsbury bills. Gambling (gambolling) with monkeys is no doubt very nice amusement at 'The Zoo' on a Sunday afternoon, but at Shrewsbury it is a very different affair, and likewise a very expensive one, as the Guards discovered to their costs, when they transmitted their accounts to Onslow Square for adjustment. Plunge after plunge they took in the sea of speculation, until the headers they sustained awoke them to a sense of consciousness they must suspend their operations or animation. A New (Nu) bit of Stiff that was not taken up by Mr. Clarke, as was anticipated, led to a debate of rather a personal character; but as parties who play at bowls must expect rubbers, there is no occasion for bystanders to interfere. Among the other financial operations during the week may be mentioned a great fall in Mexican stock, which was rather surprising, considering how rapid was its rise throughout the spring, summer, and autumn. In conclusion, we shall look, with some degree of curiosity, to the next November reunion, to discover whether the lessee has retained his old adherents, and got over the difficulties of his situation, which even his allies admit to be of no mean order. Warwick was but a small edition of Shrewsbury, for the Ring had poured in such a deadly fire on the ranks of the backers that their numbers were considerably reduced; and even then, when darkness put an end to the fighting, there was a considerable addition to the number of killed and wounded, who were safely removed from the field of battle. Next year, we understand, Mr. Merry's contract with the Gas Company, for the supply of lamps round the Course, and in the Stand, will be completed, so the sport shall not be cut short so early in the afternoon, and be limited to sixteen races a day. So, it will be seen, there is nothing like being *merry* and *wise* in this generation; and therefore we hope other Clerks of Courses, of the same calibre as Mr. Merry, will go and do likewise. And thus ended the season of 1866, one which will long live in story as being the most disastrous that backers have encountered for a great number of years. Except in the Derby and St. Leger, public running has been perpetually overthrown, and the only really great winners that can be enumerated are the Marquis of Hastings, the Earl of Westmorland, Mr. Sutton, Messrs. Pryor and Hawkesley, and Mr. Arthur Heathcote. The stables that have been in most force are John Day's and Joseph Dawson's; and the jockeys at the head of the poll are Fordham (112 winning mounts), Cameron (87), and Custance (67). Of the Gentleman Riders, Mr. Edwards is at the head of the tree, beating Mr. W. Bovill by one race, and Colonel Knox is a good third. The only engagements that are announced are those of Arthur Edwards, by the Duke of Hamilton, and Tom Aldcroft, by the Sheriff of Yorkshire; but we are afraid the latter will not put him up very often, and the absence of his name from the official list of the present year inculcates a moral we wish his comrades would reflect upon, now that their holidays have set in. For the starting we fain would say a word, and that in praise of it, as, for very many years, we have seen nothing like it; and the Admiral is fairly

entitled to the thanks of the racing community for the appointment of Mr. McGeorge, who, by firmness and discretion, and the absence of violence and prejudice, has crushed the mutinous spirit of his corps, and brought them into perfect efficiency. On the Derby we shall have a word to say next month, and, in the meantime, shall only commit ourselves by stating that we think D'Estournel is quite 'the cheese' of two-year olds, and will win it with 'plaudits,' while The Rake gathers in the place-money of those who back his 'progress' thus far.

And now we will turn from The Turf to The Chase, and then get on to The Road. Our hunting intelligence is not quite so voluminous as we could wish, nevertheless we are enabled to give as many returns as our neighbours. And we will first say, the month has come and gone, with all its recollections of blind ditches, and consequent croppers. The rinderpest has disappeared, and the clerical chaff of last year will not be repeated, when it once was, 'Why, Charlie, you had a *bye-day* last week!' (to some sporting divine), 'Yea, you know, there was a difficulty about the *meat*,' being the smart answer. The Cloth, to do them justice, are equally at home with a rasper or a rejoinder.

Melton is beginning to fill. Lord Wilton has arrived and looks fresh and well, and rides as nicely as ever. Sir Henry Hoare, the Hon. C. Vivian, Mr. Westley Richards, and F. Calthorpe, are there. The new Comptroller of Her Majesty's household (Lord Royston) has arrived, and goes as hard as ever. On the 24th inst., a fox was found at Melton Spinney, and raced down to the brook where we found the famous black-coated parson, Banks Wright, standing, who said to us, 'Take care, that is the place where I 'was nearly killed a few years ago.' Now telling a man this as he is riding at water, is nearly certain to bring him to grief, and so it did us; but getting out on the right side, we quickly regained our place. The Comptroller got over with a struggle, and so did Sir Henry and a few more; but the scent was bad. The Duke of Rutland was out again, and all were pleased to see him again in the saddle. Craven Lodge is deserted, and it is impossible to pass by that formerly hospitable mansion without experiencing a feeling of regret at the loss to Melton of one who was the prince of good fellows; so, with his friends, we wish he had stuck to his hunting-box instead of taking to the turf. The scent as yet has been miserable and sport bad; but there is plenty of time for improvement. Lord Hastings does the Quorn well, and is very keen, and the Duke of Hamilton, accompanied by his attendant, Mr. Fred. Wombwell, is going to stay with him. With the Burton Mr. Chaplin has been able to do very little, for they have been visited by storms one day and frost the next, and the hounds have rarely been able to run, and have only had one fairish day, when they literally walked their fox down. In the Far West, Lord Portsmouth has kept up his character for showing good sport, and rendering it necessary for the farmers to keep their nags fit to go if they mean seeing the hounds. For the last fortnight they have had a succession of good things, commencing with a capital hunting run of an hour and ten minutes, with blood at the finish—and but for the mists, rain, and fog, which came on, they would have drawn again. Three days after, they had another good hour and a quarter, from Hatherleigh Moor, with the same result. But on the 17th, his Lordship had one of the longest runs, without any chance of changing, that we ever saw. They found in Winkleigh Wood, and ran away to Hollocombe coverts, through the whole range, and over Winkleigh Moor, and round to Winkleigh Wood. Then they went again through it and away, leaving Brush-

ford Wood to the left, by Coleridge to Zeal, where a nasty check occurred, owing to the fox being coursed by some curs when hounds were close to him and running for him; then, after a long check, recovered him, and held on slowly to near Bow Station, across the Railway, and eventually lost him near Spreyton. The poor brute was too beat for a point and never stopped. Hounds held on slowly for two hours after this fatal check; and as they found their fox at 11.30 and lost him at 4.30 P.M., it speaks libraries for the big Pack. Again, on the 20th, his Lordship had a clipping gallop from Castle Hill, killing two dog foxes. With The Vale of Blackmoor, the sport has been above the average, but there has been very little scent. On the 26th inst., they met at Holnest Pound, on the estate of that good fox-preserver, Mr. W. S. E. Drax, when Lords Macclesfield and Poltimore, both M. F. H.'s, were out. Luckily for the prestige of the pack, they found at the far-famed Butterwick Cover, and ran to the late Master's place, Sherborne Park. Then they made their way through Honeycombe and Lewston Gorse, where, after a good hunting run, he was killed. Lord Colville has won his trial with The Queen's, and the farmers are so pleased with his desire to meet their wishes, as far as rests in his power, that they are disposed to go any lengths to serve him. The Curteis Testimonial from the East Sussex men has been well deserved, for Mr. Curteis has devoted himself to the elucidation of the noble science ever since 1849, and has raised the Southdown to a very high position among the Southern Packs; and as his wife has, during the whole time of his Mastership, warmly encouraged him in it, it was only fitting she should be the recipient of it; and, as it assumed the shape of her husband's equestrian portrait, with his favourite hounds, it could not have been more acceptable to her. When we add the picture was by Mr. Stephen Pearce, we have said enough to insure its being a speaking likeness.

The Hambledon have been totally out of luck the whole month, not having had a single good scenting day since they began the season, until Saturday, November 23rd, when they had the good fortune to have, perhaps, the finest run that was ever seen in Hampshire—at least, so says a sporting squire, who has hunted regularly in that country for twenty-five seasons, and who says he never saw its equal. The meet was at Marwell Hall, the coverts of which for two long dreary hours were closely drawn, without the sign of a fox; when at last they went to a small covert close to Twyford Village, where they found one of the most gallant, straight-necked foxes that ever ran; disdaining to wait a moment in the covert, he broke away at the north end in face of a field of 200 horsemen. The hounds were out of covert in quick time, and as they strided away, heads up and sterns down, it was evident that the Field would soon become very select. Racing along over the splendid enclosures by Twyford Park, he ran to Morestead, leaving the village on his left, over Hill Farm and over Old Down, as if pointing for Honeyman's Rows, which, instead of entering, he gallantly continued in the open across Honeyman's Farm and across Gander Down, on to the village of Beauworth. Leaving Bishop's Woods on the left, he made for Shortby brick kilns, running the outside of Horn's Wood, and pointing for Brookwood; but, bearing away a little to the left, he passed close by the village of Hinton Ampner: still keeping his head as straight as an arrow, he struggled gamely on over the park of General Coles, of Woodcots, where it was evident that his minutes were numbered unless he could reach the shelter of the friendly earths at Cheriton, then in sight four fields distant: it was now a race for time, and as this gallant fox jumped the last gate into the field close to Cheriton Wood, the leading

hound topped it with him at the same moment, and he yielded his brush at last, after perhaps one of the gamest and most gallant struggles that ever was recorded in the Hunting Annals of Hampshire. The distance from point to point fourteen miles, and the time was 1 hour and 25 minutes, the first 55 minutes being without a check. The line of beaten horsemen extended for miles, and horses without riders were all over the country, and there were some very bad falls; amongst others was General Cotton, who was knocked off whilst charging a fence and severely shaken; but he managed to get his horse, and got up in time to see the finish.

Very few of the Yorkshire packs have had sport. The Badsworth have been rather dull, for the veteran Master, Lord Hawke, has only just recovered from the ugly tumble he got down the Grand Stand staircase on the last day of Doncaster Races. He is, luckily, now horn in hand again, and, it is to be hoped, better sport will be the result. The Bramham Moor have no reason to complain, as they have had fair sport, and killed their foxes. Their best run was from Riffa, on the 2nd of November, when they had 45 minutes, and killed quite straight without a check. November 3rd was a rare day for hounds from the Wild Man. They killed their two first foxes after 25 and 30 minutes over the open, and finished their third fox after 43 minutes in cover. They also got a very fine hunting run from Hutton Thorns, on the 9th of November, and after two hours killed. We should not omit, either, two capital runs from the Cocked Hat and Whin, killing their fox, one day at Bickerton Bar, the other at Plompton. Captain Lane Fox is much missed in the field, having been so very unfortunate as to meet with a terrible fall on the road. His horse, becoming alarmed at the violence of the wind, as he was opening a gate, on his return from hunting, flew round, plunging badly; he was taken by surprise and thrown, pitching on his head in the road. He suffered much from concussion of the brain, but is going on well, and hopes to be in his place again soon after Christmas. The York and Ainstey have had a fair day or two, but have been out of luck. Sir Charles Slingsby had an ugly fall, and was off work for a week, but is to the front again. Much pleasure is felt by the older members of the Hunt at seeing Rudston Read, whose absence from the hunting-field for several years has always been regretted, at work again. Those who remember the days when Robert Gilbert neatly cut out the work from Asham Bog, followed by 'Billy 'Read,' going head first at everything, but sticking to the hounds in good hard style, are quite refreshed by the sight of his broad shoulders and honest mug. Alas! he is too heavy to gallop in dirt, but he can still force the running down the road. Mr. Harcourt Johnstone has had two or three very good runs, and caught his foxes. He is a real keen man, worthy of all praise.

Baron Rothschild has commenced well, and the Vale men are full of the brilliant run which a second stag gave them after two o'clock on the afternoon when they met at Mentmore and took at Buckland. The country they went over was far stiffer than that of many of the Steeple-chases they make such a fuss about. Baron Meyer, and his nephew, Mr. Nathaniel de Rothschild, were in front to the last. From Badminton, there are accounts of good sport, and Lord St. Laurence has proceeded there to partake of it. Rumour asserts, that Lord Fitzhardinge is going to put down the hereditary family pack at Berkeley Castle, for reasons which will readily suggest themselves, and to which it will do no good to allude; but we trust measures may be devised by which the sacrifice may be averted. Harry Ayris's accident is much and deservedly re-

gretted, and his successor will have a hard part to play to give equal satisfaction. Wales has lost a thorough good sportsman in Mr. G. L. Phillips, who died from the effects of his fall last year, and it bodes ill for the sporting of the Principality, that Mr. W. H. Powell should be disposing of his steeple-chasers ; so the glories of Carmarthen, and her famous jockey, have, in all probability, come to an end. The union of flat-racing and steeple-chasing, since our last publication, has been solemnized in Old Burlington Street, and the happy couple promise to go on smoothly together, under the able supervision of Mr. James Weatherby, who has undertaken the rôle of 'the friend of the family,' one of the favourite parts in his *répertoire*. Already the sentence on Mr. Drax has worked a cure in the Home Circuit ; and so sensitive are the jockeys become, that they cannot be induced 'to pull a lucifer match for their 'cigars,' much less an animal they are riding for a list keeper. Mr. Drax, we are bound to add, still contends he is innocent, and if he could have got his witnesses together, he would not have been condemned at Liverpool : and he has further made a declaration before a Magistrate, that he not only had no bets on the race, but was ignorant of the suspicious nature of the betting until he returned to scale. The decision of the Committee, we happen to know, was unanimous ; still, if he furnished documentary evidence sufficiently strong to obtain a new trial, we are satisfied the Committee will grant him one, for they can have no personal feeling in the case.

Having now done with The Turf and The Chase, we must turn for an instant to The Road, merely to state that the Brighton Coach next year will be horsed by about four gentlemen, as in olden days. The two new coaches will be built exactly alike, by Holland of Oxford Street, and will be worked by seven teams up and down each day ; and which arrangement, it is hoped, will give general satisfaction. Oxford and Cambridge have, it is said, caught the infection ; and if the supplies be voted, will join the movement, which it seems is spreading wider than is generally imagined. According to 'The Sporting Life,' Lord Glasgow is as severe upon his lawyers as on his jockeys ; for when he could not take away his caps and jackets and his horses, he removed his parchments from his solicitor at Richmond, because he let him be twice beaten in his action against the Rawcliffe Company, or rather for only procuring for him a wretched farthing as damages for the injury which Brother to Bird-on-the-Wing sustained on their premises.

Of the breeding world we shall have more to say in our next ; but it is not generally known that the Duke of Newcastle has made a most useful addition to the Clumber Stud in Wingrave, a great, fine, useful horse, and who is so much liked by those who have been to see him, as to have already a great number of mares put down to him.

A shooting-party, organized by some of the officers of Her Majesty's 17th Lancers, now stationed at Aldershot, leaves England for Algeria in the beginning of the present month. It will most probably comprise Mr. Henry Faulkner, a celebrated elephant shot, Mr. B. Faulkner of Her Majesty's 95th Regiment, Mr. Maunsel, Mr. Callender, and Mr. F. Crowe, all of whom are staunch sportsmen well known on the jungle-side. Proceeding *viâ* Paris and Marseilles, the party will disembark at Bône, and make Ain Mokra their headquarters, as it is within an easy distance of the forests of Jemmapes, Guelma, and La Calle, the scenes of many of the exploits of the late Jules Gérard, who met with so untimely a fate last year on the West Coast of Africa whilst on an exploring expedition. At this time of the year, lake Fidzara is alive with wild fowl, including swans and grebe, and on the borders, snipe and woodcock

are very abundant. Wild boars are very numerous in the adjacent forests, whilst lions, leopards, and lynxes are not unfrequently met with; and it is against this latter species of game that the party chiefly intend to direct their attention. As it consists of sportsmen of no common order, if they have fine weather and fair luck, the readers of 'Baily' may expect to hear of great doings, for—

'There's a chiel amang 'em taking notes,
And faith he'll prent them.'

'The Flying Scud' still continues its attractive career; and the author of 'Charlie Thornhill' has contrived, out of the materials placed at his disposal, to construct a *feuilleton* in 'The Glowworm,' in which the racing absurdities of the piece are corrected, while the interest of a pleasing story is maintained with vigour and effect, and without a too high colouring.

And now of things secular. The past month, though a dull one by rule, has yet been full of both incident and amusement, from the Princess Dagmar's marriage, to the loss of poor Mr. Wombwell's front teeth. Messrs. Du Barry evidently contemplate to succeed John Scott (whenever he may be gathered to his fathers), as they advertise 'The Pope' being made perfectly fit, through using their Patent Condiment; and it is certain Mexico will never properly start without the aid of Mr. McGeorge, whom the Jockey Club must spare at the most convenient opportunity. The last result of the Irish elections has been the return of the talented member for Wexford, who, in his own person, reads some of his countrymen a lesson; for if, like him, they had a little more head, and were less *fast* in their movements, it might be a great improvement, and justice would be done to Ireland without arrests and durance vile. It would not be fair to omit the union of Venice to Italy, which ceremony must have been a most gorgeous sight, equalling those fairy tales our childhood revelled in. Earl Russell assisted in these revelries, and, at one of the balls, they say, was making strong running, with the assistance of a fair daughter of Albion, which called forth from Victor Emmanuel the following remark: 'Quel mal veut-on que puissent faire ensemble la vieillesse et la vertu?' Which, being freely translated, may be rendered thus: 'If the jockey could not be got at, the Peer was perfectly safe.' Our American friends seem to have surmounted the great difficulty which separates Miss Nightingale from the lady whom they have sent over in a 'physiological dress with moral bearings.' We fear she will be hardly appreciated in England, where doctors of the other sex are only too numerous, and the contemptuous remark of 'Walker!' will escape us whenever her name is mentioned. The Reformers have had a dinner at Newmarket, which, if we are rightly informed, was not a very popular affair. 'Too bad for to try and disturb us when we *was* just getting quiet for the winter!' an inhabitant remarked. By-the-by, we wonder what Martin Starling would think if he were called for on the 3rd of December, when he thought of being in for a winter's lavender!

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James H. Rogers

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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. HARCOURT JOHNSTONE.

To the list of Yorkshire Master of Hounds, which have appeared in our pages, we now append the gentleman who for some time has hunted the Pickering Country with a success that has brought it into note, and given him a position which he is well able to support.

Mr. Johnstone is the eldest son of Sir John Johnstone, and was born in 1829, at the Palace of Bishopthorpe, where his grandfather, the Archbishop of York, resided. The son of a man, who, bordering on seventy years of age, manages to be with hounds four days a week, and the great-grandson of the celebrated Lord Vernon, the owner of Woodpecker, a famous horse of the last century, cannot but have been born a fox-hunter, and a sucking M.F.H. Mr. Johnstone was educated at Eton, and on leaving it entered the 2nd Life Guards in 1846, when they were commanded by Col. McDouall, who used to let the Cornets off the Riding School, if they pledged themselves to go hunting. And it is needless to add the obligation was invariably respected, until they one day got into trouble by the Inspector General of Cavalry complaining of their stirrups being too short; in this, experience has proved him to be wrong in practice.

Mr. Johnstone remained in the Regiment until 1850, when, on his marriage with the second daughter of Mr. Charles Mills, of Hillingdon Court, he quitted it; and, Cincinnatus like, turned his sword into a ploughshare, and settled in Yorkshire.

The Pickering country, in which Mr. Johnstone has commenced his career as a M.F.H., extends from the village of that name to Robin Hood's Bay, and from thence to Scarborough, and was formerly hunted by Mr. Richard Hill, who with his son, Mr. John Hill, presided over it for half a century. Their hounds, which boasted of a very stanch strain of blood, and for very many years before they were broken up showed wonderful sport, passed into the hands of the present Duke of Grafton, and added much to the strength of the Wakefield hounds. Consequently, Mr. Johnstone had to get together a fresh pack, which he formed

by buying the old and young drafts from the Bramham, Lord Middleton, Mr. Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Foljambe. These, by the aid of a very clever huntsman, Dick Christian, who was worthy of his name, and the recommendation he had from the Duke of Beaufort, managed, during the three years he was with them, to show the country excellent sport; and those hunting men who wintered at Scarborough were perfectly content with the gallops they enjoyed with them. Dick Christian also took honours as a breeder of hounds, and showed that Sebright's early lessons had not been lost on him, as he bred Caroline, by the Duke of Beaufort's Hotspur, out of Mr. Lane Fox's Constant, that took the second prize at the Doncaster Hound Show. The subscriptions falling short of expenditure, as, alas! is too often the case, Mr. Johnstone took to hunting the hounds himself, and in spite of his weight, in a most hilly and rough country, with large woodlands and deep valleys, he contrived to kill plenty of foxes, and gave satisfaction to the owners of coverts as well as the subscribers to the Hunt, who appreciate his gentlemanlike conduct in the field, as well as his keenness for sport. And although the Pickering is neither a large nor a fashionable country, more unanimity and good-fellowship exists in it than in those with greater pretensions, for the gentlemen and farmers know every hound that is out, and take a personal interest in all that concerns the well-being of the Hunt.

In all the duties of a country gentleman Mr. Johnstone takes an active part, and although a Liberal in politics, and a candidate for St. Stephen's, he is as great a hater of the Beales school as of vulpines and poachers.

TOWN AND MOOR.

A QUIET, quaint little town, shut in by hills and woods, straggling along one side of a deep valley, and watered by a brawling, head-strong mountain stream, tumbling over rocks, rippling across broad beds of shining pebbles, sailing quietly now and again between sandy banks, and here and there spreading out into a broad, deep, trout-holding pool. A town well nigh unequalled for its picturesque scenery, and rising in many respects above the level of country towns in general. Not, perhaps, quite reaching a Utopian standard of moral excellence, nor exempt altogether from the conventional failings of its race, such as a love of gentle gossip, and an undue curiosity and desire to sift closely matters which affect not its own interests; but on the whole an honest and amiable little town, containing much latent good-nature, much ability to sympathize with calamity, and desire to aid misfortune. A town with a turn for literature, and a leaning towards science, an inclination for the arts, and, above all, a great, a devouring passion for horse-racing.

How many men traverse the stony, uneven streets who are not, in a greater or less degree, interested in the Turf? Love for the

sport pervades every order of society. Chiefly does it affect those whose occupation entails a constant flow of visitors. The saddler, the druggist, the grocer, the gunsmith, are seldom without a *coterie* of gossips to lounge against their counters and talk horse when trade is a little slack. The bootmaker will take your measure, and as he does so will talk—and talk very sensibly too—about the blood of Slane and Melbourne, or assure you that from a good Touchstone mare, judiciously crossed, it is possible to derive an income the like of which many a man with half the knowledge of the universe at his fingers' ends may slave his soul away and never attain. However favourable an impression regular payments and an easy disposition have created in the mind of the local Poole or Walter Burrell, trust me, he will neglect your interests to serve those of an impatient jockey or trainer. Once it befell the writer to require a rough shooting coat. The need was imminent, and a neighbouring *Schneider* was intrusted with the manufacture, and bound himself by solemn vows that on the day appointed the garb should be ready. It is scarcely necessary to say that when the day arrived the garb was *not* ready. The indignant sportsman strode into the shop of the delinquent, and fiercely demanded what had prevented the fulfilment of contract. 'Sir,' was the reply—and the speaker evidently considered the excuse an unanswerable one—'a pair of breeches that 'are going to ride at Newcastle to-day!'

If by any astounding combination of circumstances you have some money to pay in to your banker; or supposing, as is, perhaps, more probable, that it is necessary to call upon him and explain that, owing to a slight misunderstanding, you shall not be able to do more at present than pay the interest on that little, &c., watch your neighbours at the counter. If it is the morning of a great race day, and the 'Daily News' lies within reach, be sure that the oldest and most respectable-looking of them will draw the sheet towards him, and, under pretence of consulting the City column, will hurriedly turn to 'Meteor's' article to see if he has another Fitzroland *coup* for his readers. Then the farmer at his elbow, with a sample of corn in his breast pocket, and a bundle of greasy notes between his teeth, will 'beg the paper after him' with a like object. The lawyer's clerk from over the way, and the linendraper's young man from round the corner take similar advantage of a visit to the bank counter; so that by eleven o'clock in the morning half the town is made acquainted with the prophet's selection. The reading-room, just after the arrival of the London papers, invariably affords similar sketches of character. Here, however, delay is dangerous, so the first man who can lay hold of 'Bell's Life' does so boldly, and without attempt at concealment, and peruses the 'Turf' portion slowly and relentlessly in the very faces of the bystanders, who, agonized with impatience, affect to be careless as to whose lot 'Nunquam dormio' shall next fall. The crowd which, on Derby or Leger afternoons, collects on the platform, or hangs about the doors of the railway-station, affords a rich treat to any one interested in the odd

humours and phrases of the Yorkshire folk. North countrymen are not given to extravagant expressions of joy or disappointment; neither are they so profuse in expletives as their brethren of the south. To this rule there are, nevertheless, occasional exceptions. Not even the hard swearing of the army of Flanders, rendered historical by the ingenious creator of Uncle Toby, could compare with the five minutes' burst which followed the receipt of the announcement that Zetland spots had gone down before Eglinton tartan in the great match at York.

And now arise pleasantly festive recollections—*noctes cœnæque*—gone, ah, me! never to return. All has passed off satisfactorily. From the clear soup to the last glass of Lafitte there has never been hitch or delay. Conversation has been fluent, agreeable, and, of necessity, to a degree horsey. All have contributed their quota to the general amusement. And yet, methinks, in the bosom of one friend, who has joined us after a long day with the Bedale or Hurworth, there lurks some weighty secret. He laughs, talks, jests with the rest, but still an indescribable air of consciousness induces each and all of the company to come to the conclusion that Nimrod knows something. Hints, however artfully contrived, tempt him not to divulge it. Potations, plenteous and powerful, loosen not his tongue on the one coveted point. Coffee is imbibed, and still our curiosity remains unsatisfied. A rubber; a second. He of the mystery holds marvellous cards, and plays them, too, like an artist. Fortune at last decrees him seven good trumps, with a strong hand in spades, and sweeping all before him, he lands a bumper for self and partner. A smile of satisfaction steals over his expressive face, he accepts the proffered draught of Islay and Seltzer (be sure the latter was supplied by old Dr. Warlock, of the Quayside), beams on the bystanders, clears his throat, and makes a clean breast. The run, it appears, was a capital one, and they killed some sixteen miles from home. Our friend had a long, lonely ride before him, and so accepted the proffered companionship of the famous Mr. Fieldfare, the book-maker, whose destination was within a short distance of his own. It may be that the Knight of the Pencil was in an unusually garrulous mood; perhaps he had an eye to some ulterior object, or haply, was actuated by pure good nature; in any case he was guilty of a very unusual indiscretion, and hinted to his attentive auditor that Windsor (the colt, you remember, who ran so well in the spring, and lost his form afterwards in such a mysterious way), was a dead certainty for the Chester Cup. Here is a marvellously straight tip! and Nimrod's comrades ought surely to be deeply gratified with the generous impulse that prompts him to impart the information. But mark the duplicity of man! No word of comment is made on the great secret just divulged. On the contrary, each one endeavours to assume an easy, *degagé* bearing, as if the thing had been thoroughly known to him for a month back, or was a matter of perfect indifference now that he did know it; and the veteran of the party, whose marvellous memory for things pertaining to the Turf is notorious,

affects, an hour or two later, to have forgotten the horse's name altogether, and asks Nimrod, carelessly, as he shuffles the cards, 'What do they call that colt you were talking about?' And notwithstanding all this shallow subterfuge, there is not one of the party but will write a concise note in the morning to his commissioner, in which the words Windsor and Chester Cup will figure very prominently.

When parents evince so decided an inclination for the sport of the greensward, is it to be wondered at that the arrows in their quiver should tread in the same footsteps? Oh, grammar-school of my youth, I greet you in fancy once again! Once again I gaze on your sloping slate roof, erst climbed in boyish bravado; your oddly-contrived cloisters, sacred to 'fives;' your resounding passages, so often the scene of pugilistic encounters, in which seconds, backers, and bystanders would take such burning interest that a free fight on the Bowery principle was the not unusual sequel to one of these passages of arms. But, although the rules of the P.R. were not adhered to with due strictness, not even the just Rhadamanthi of the Jockey Club themselves could have been more scrupulous as to the exact observance of law when racing was concerned. The current horse talk of the district was reproduced by boys attentive to the after-dinner conversation of their elders; and the school foot-races were conducted on a very different principle to those now in vogue. There was a regularly-constituted judge, and a handicapper, not frail but fair, with whose adjustment of start every one was satisfied. The record of those exciting encounters 'from the tree, round, and 'in,' is it not still preserved, written by that youthful reporter, who since then has made himself a name and a reputation amongst turf scribes? There is many a one of the competitors in those struggles at the old Yorkshire school whose eyes will brighten, and whose heart will throb as he recalls (should these lines meet his eye), the 'steady preparation' he underwent, and the trial spin he ran, and the gallant way in which he backed himself for countless marbles for the great event of 'the half.' Where are they all, those merry comrades? Alas! the light hearts of some have ceased to beat, and the once active limbs of many a dashing 'spurt' runner are stiff and cold. One, the fastest of them all, sobbed out his life beneath assassins' blades in the Indian mutiny; a second lies buried beneath the rolling waves that wash some rugged Atlantic shore; and another sank beneath disease—the cursed inheritance of his race—ere the bright genius that lurked within him had yet had time to lead him on to fame.

They are not all of them pleasant, those associations connected with the dear old training town; but what almost unalloyed happiness does not the mention of its famous moor suggest?

A visit to the training ground always repays the labour expended in climbing the steep ascent by which alone it can be reached. Still, there is a half-way house, whose hospitable door will surely be open to the wayfarer. And there, in the snug little parlour, whose walls

are hung round with sporting pictures—notable a vivid representation of the finishing struggle for the Derby of '48, Sim in the straw jacket, and Frank in the sable vest, both hard at work—we will partake of our friend the trainer's proffered refreshment. If our inclination lies that way, thirst shall be assuaged in Roederer of the best; but on this raw November day methinks the home-brewed ale—old, strong, and bright as a star—suggests more comfort. A Wensleydale cheese, ripe and rich as any Stilton, crisp brown bread, butter sweet and pure—fit luncheon for a Yorkshireman. And then the host will show us the gem of his picture cabinet, a beautifully-executed and spirited scene in the early days of an aristocratic Hampshire race meeting; and he will tell with pride of the tempting offers he has received to induce him to part with his treasure, and how he has ever remained proof against the voice of the charmers. Next comes a stroll round the yard, and a peep at the many cracks in the beautifully neat boxes; and can there be any greater treat to the racing enthusiast than such a sauntering pilgrimage? How pleasant to scan the points of these famous steeds undisturbed by a bellowing crowd, and without the excitement of a great event about to be decided to distract your mind from a careful survey of their beauties. We could linger for an hour by the side of that compact, short-legged colt, notwithstanding that he has so often disappointed us, and brought down on our devoted head such an avalanche of trouble and reproach. But the afternoon is shortening, and so let us accept the offer of a regalia of price, and, inhaling the pale blue smoke, only to return it through the nostrils with a gratified sigh, struggle manfully on until the top of the long ascent is at length attained.

Here stretches out the wild high moor, picturesque and beautiful in the autumn sunlight. There are but few trees in view, and these are worn and weather-beaten by the violence of many a winter storm. There are no hedges, and tall loosely-constructed stone walls take the place of those leafy barriers. If it were spring time, and we still retained the keen eyesight of our birds'-nesting days, there would be no need to go spoilless home; for when the sweet breath of May is in the air the curlew, long-billed and shy, broods sometimes over her four huge, oddly-shaped eggs in some snug corner. The bonny red grouse will flutter and scramble and scream as she leaves her treasure, gorgeous in their crimson or yellow hue, stained with umber and black. Where the heather grows thick and high you may find the pretty, artless nest of the linnet, with its fragile-shelled, delicately-spotted contents. The meadow-pipit seeks the shelter of a tuft of grass, and hard by it in some slight depression of the ground rears her tender young. Haply the vagabond cuckoo—exemplification of selfishness—seeks out the lowly habitation of the poor tit-lark, and then the unlucky builders of the house have quartered upon them an intruder as unwieldy, as greedy, and as uncourteous as a Prussian Landwehrmann, who will gradually take to himself the whole of the limited space, and gorge from morn to eve on the hardly-earned provision brought him by his infatuated

entertainers. Rarely, very rarely, a pair of merlins have married and settled here; and the district round about has been half depopulated of its small birds by these fierce little buccaneers of the fell. The sparrow-hawk and kestrel affect the moor but little. Occasionally the latter will beat over its outskirts and swoop down upon some straggling field-mouse, but she loves better to hide away her brown-tinged globes in some cranny of the crags not far distant; and the less lovable sparrow-hawk will seek out a deserted crow's or magpie's dwelling in the high fir plantation two miles away, and re-line it snugly against the time of her accouchement. There is a tradition—its authenticity cannot be vouched for—that some truant urchin, wandering into this said little forest of larches whilst yet the snow of February strewed the earth, discovered—wonder of wonders!—on a low branch the precious, the priceless nest of the cross-bill, a small flock of which curious birds had haunted the spot from time to time; but as the prize fell into unworthy hands—those of an unpopular collector—the subject is rarely mentioned by true oologists without a shrug of incredulity and contempt.

Miles away to the east lie the famous Hambleton hills, associated with the early history of many a Yorkshire flyer. To the right rises Penhill distinct and dark, and under its broad shadow one might in fancy trace the faint outline of moving steeds. From the days of Jack Spigot downwards that famous training-ground has seldom lacked some bright star of the greensward in whose well-doing half the racing world was interested. It was in its zenith when the tartan and yellow of the Scotch earl, worn by Tommy Lye, or Job Marson, or Cartwright, was victorious at race meetings north, south, east, and west: when The Potentate, Jamie Forest and St. Bennett, Bellona and Dr. Caius, were names of dread at Manchester or Liverpool, Goodwood or Worcester. Then came the bright deeds of Lightning, Inheritress, and Trueboy, the champions of the bonny blue and white stripes. The crimson and green cap of Mr. Johnstone, the white and red of the Belsay baronet, were borne to the front by Sir George and Rowena, Galanthus and Glossy. In one famous season, when people were full of the mighty deeds certain to be accomplished by young Van Tromp, when visions of a first Derby began to animate the hearts of the dwellers by Bolton and the strollers on Leyburn Shawl, Middleham Moor was in wonderful luck. First there was the unfortunate Fancy Boy winning the then rich Dee Stakes, and showing prominently in the list of Derby favourites. Second and third in the Chester Cup, the same stable recovered its losses at the great Lancashire meetings by the aid of Mr. Meiklam's flyers. Dolo does a brisk business by the Tyneside, where Sir Tatton, fresh from his Derby disaster, again comes to grief with poor Bill Scott. And when the August days are close at hand, 'The Liberator' effects such a *coup* in the Duke of Richmond's park as has seldom been equalled before or since. Jonathan Wild, Riley, Grimston, and Tommy of the white choker are in every one's mouth; whilst Poynton, Ellerdale, and Cranebrook will keep up the

prestige of the moor until the curtain drops on the Turf doings of 1846. Those were stirring times indeed; but folks were destined to be more startled still when there was no pause in the victories of the Dutchman, Elthiron, and Belus, and neighbouring Tuppill made itself a dreaded name with the French grey and crimson livery of Swinton.

From the very early days of Turf chronicles the ground on which we stand has been illustrious for the animals educated on its short-turfed gallops, and the fierce contests decided over its uneven race-course. Since Dainty Davie defeated Lord Byron's Osmar, more than a century since, the most celebrated names in the Calendar have been connected with its Gold Cup race, which at one period was not inferior in importance to any, save that run for at Doncaster. In its long line of victorious steeds we read of the famous Chatsworth, and Sylvio, more famous still; of the Prince of Wales's Tot; and of Agonistes, who carried off the prize when it was more valuable than it has ever since been. It was up this severe hill that the Riddell sideboard had earned for it so many of its glittering trophies; and here Dr. Syntax made one of his few mistakes, and Otho floored the old horse, and the odds of 6 to 4 betted on the Northumberland champion. Its home-trained coursers have often possessed rare merit; and, long after the old trainer-jockey and the Lambton horses had ceased to pace the length and breadth of the moor, the townspeople would stroll up on fine Sunday mornings to take stock of Fang, who never did anything to warrant such attention. In later days the representatives of the straw and crimson and white quarterings have taken their breathers there, although Executor, Meaux, and Psalmsinger could boast of nothing beyond handicap triumphs. It was for the last twenty years to show our training-ground at its best. In one season there was a grand chesnut two-year old with almost matchless speed doing such wonders in his spin from the grey stone that it was justly deemed at the time that the Derby was at his mercy. Although this was not to be, his friends could little have dreamt that the conqueror of their pet was lazily walking round a pasture scarce two miles away beyond the green wood where the rooks make such incessant music. Still less did the public or the Ring give credence to such an idea; and when in the following May Voltigeur galloped home first on the Surrey hill, and Mildew was nowhere, astonishment fell upon the whole land. Since that time Ascot and Doncaster and Chester Cups, Two Thousand and Champagne, Metropolitan and City and Suburban, have all fallen to the lot of the pets of our training-ground; and within the last few years a stable once scarcely known has waxed into such proportions as to threaten the long-asserted supremacy of the 'Wizard' and 'Dangerous Tom.' And, if all goes well, if no treacherous cough or subtle lameness step in to blast our cherished hopes, boldly let the prophecy be uttered that when, next May, Epsom downs are flooded with an excited multitude roaring like a tornado, when those agonizing furlongs

between the Corner and home are at length fairly covered, and, half breathless, men watch the hoisting of the fatal number, the electric spark will flash down to the old training-town the glad news that once again it has achieved the crowning glory of the Turf.

Slowly striding from hillock to hollow, passing the old bramble-lined quarry with a glance into its once holiday-haunted depth, let us pause and lose ourselves in a day-dream, as we stand by the rugged grey stone and muse on the traditions connected with that famous landmark. Our lingering presence will incommode no one, for the bleak plain is unblackened by any form but our own; we shall be witness to no mysterious 'rough-up,' spy upon no anxiously-awaited trial.

Wary as the trainer himself may be, however keen-eyed his assistants, and let the surrounding points of vantage be scanned and examined as keenly as they may, it is wonderful how frequently the result of a trial is seen and spread abroad. Some years ago a three-year-old was undergoing a preparation on a high northern training-ground. In his early days he had performed very moderately. He was not fashionably bred, and had died out of the memory of the public altogether. The colt was, however, so good that, if treated with any degree of leniency by the adjuster of weights, one or both of the great autumn handicaps at Newmarket were nearly certain to fall to his lot. Towards the close of the summer, it was determined that his merits should be severely tested; and very early one morning, before aught was astir on the moor, and with no discernible witnesses save owner and trainer, the colt was 'asked a question.' He answered it in a manner so unexpectedly clever that those interested in him hugged themselves at the bright prospect of gain which opened out before them. As their exultation was at boiling-pitch a ragged, dishevelled form rose above the crest of a neighbouring hollow, and approached the party. Consternation pictured on their faces, they gazed upon the unwelcome intruder. 'It's only Fond 'Jemmy,' exclaimed one of them, with a sigh of relief, as the poor, addle-pated creature, walking up to them, displayed a large basket of mushrooms, which he had collected in the neighbouring pastures. 'Jemmy,' he continued, in a seductive tone, 'Hast thou seen ought? 'We're nobbut giving t'horses a bit of a gallop.' 'Nay,' said Jemmy, carefully avoiding the speaker's eye, and staring fixedly into vacancy, 'Ah hevn't. Mebbe ye'll want a few misherums.' A glance was exchanged by the two principal conspirators, and Jemmy was directed to hand over his succulent burden then and there; and with a bright half-crown clasped tightly in his dusky fist, he moved hurriedly away towards the town. Luckless and mistaken liberality! Had the reward been confined to the shilling which usually repaid the mushroom-gatherer's exertions, all would have been well. Half-a-crown was too much for Jemmy to carry unbroached. An early visit to the Black Lion was the natural consequence. One three-penn'orth was consumed; a second; and when a third dram of unsweetened Nicholson had been despatched he grew talkative. It

chanced that one very acute member of the brotherhood of touts was taking his 'morning' in the same establishment; and, pricking up his ears at the disjointed sentences uttered by the weak-headed tippler, he soon extracted from him the secret of the trial at early dawn. Jemmy, it appeared, had seen the spin, and, notwithstanding his infirmity, retained sufficient Yorkshire cunning to deny the fact when first taxed with it on the moor. Now that his tongue was loosened he described with such accuracy to his tempter how the short-legged bay, who carried his head so low, had beaten the others to a stand-still, that the shrewd listener—himself a great believer in the prowess of 'Le Médecin'—putting this and that together, was able to place the information, within a few hours, at the disposal of his London employer. The latter quietly took advantage of it. Owing to an extraordinary and unprecedented blunder, the good thing did not come off. Had it done so, the disburser of the half-crown and his allies would have discovered that the amount which they had backed their colt to win was considerably less than the great stake for which he was stood by the metropolitan book-maker, who had acquired his information through the tipsy babbling of 'Fond Jemmy.'

The damp November air warns us that it is time to bend our steps homewards; and still it is hard to shake off the disposition to linger. Oh, joyous youthful days! Oh, hours misspent or wasted quite, and still so pleasant to recall. A thousand half-forgotten incidents crowd suddenly upon the recollection, and reproduce themselves with painful exactness. Those early, early days, when, held high up in strong arms, we obeyed the instruction to look earnestly at the most famous racehorse of the age, and were told to 'remember, when a man, that we had seen her.' How vividly it all comes back again!—the sun of September, brilliant, but slightly cool; the wind blowing gently, and ruffling our long curls; the dozen or so of bystanders clustering together, and gazing intently at the brown mare, as she trots past with the jockey in the white and blue jacket. Where are they all now? Alas! the old brown mare and her jockey and her trainer and her owner are all gone to their rest. The eyes that so eagerly obeyed the paternal behest would be of little use to-day, were it not for the aid of extra strong spectacles, and the flowing locks are plentifully sprinkled with grey.

And still, as we muse, the light fades out of the sky; the wind comes moaning across the bleak moorland from the sombre hills behind; the stiff, damp larches bend before the gust, and their branches rustle and creak with strangely dismal monotony. Save this witch-like music, and the faint fall of a distant stream, splashing cold and cheerless between its leaf-strewn banks, there is no sound to break the stillness. Grey stone, white posts, all the familiar landmarks, are hidden from the gaze. No light from cottage-window to lend even a little life to the dull waste; no voice of belated traveller or passing peasant to pierce the solemn gloom. We are alone with our reflections, as the swarthy autumn night comes down and broods over the wide training-grounds.

THE OLD OAK TABLE.

CHAPTER IV.

'A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again :
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
Egad ! he'd have shook, like an aspen, for fear.'

NINETY-NINE times out of a hundred a backward cast with fox-hounds is a cast in the wrong direction ; but, with a story, as with a hare, it is not only admissible, but necessary, in order to follow the one or the other successfully to the end ; and, with that preface, I will revert to the period of Stoford's early university days.

It was a cold, dark day in December, when four Oxford hacks, fine-drawn as bell-wire, and almost as tough, were leisurely walked to and fro past the Canterbury gate of Christ Church, saddled and bridled for their cover-work. The animals were all thorough-bred as Whalebone ; their skins shone like satin, and every rib in their bodies stood out as distinctly as the flutings of a Doric column. But it was really painful to observe the delicate, Agag-like fashion in which they felt their way over the hard, unyielding stones : had the street been paved with eggs, and they had been made to know its brittle character, they could not have touched it more tenderly.

Alas ! that cautious action, that feeling step is no fault of theirs ; it is the result of quick and hard road-work and rapid collision between hoof and stone. The feet and joints have been the chief sufferers ; the former, from fever, the latter, from exhaustion of the sinovial fluid—the oil that keeps the machine lubricated, and prevents friction of the bones.

Would the farmer who bred that lean-faced, ewe-necked chestnut, know him again, think you, in his present form ? The colt, whose three-year-old teeth he and the village blacksmith had so violently wrenched from their sockets ;* whose growth was his daily care, and to whose culture he had given far more time and attention than to that of his own children ? I trow not ; even his practised eye, Yorkshireman though he be, would be puzzled at the transformation. Yet it is only a year ago that he 'made him up' for Howden Show, crossed Booth Ferry at no little risk, and sold him for a round sum, as a rare four-year-old, gay as a kitten, and fat as a well-fed hog. The feeling gait and the hectic bloom tell the tale too truly ; the pace and beans have done it, and the young one has been over-marked.

But while I am thus moralizing, Stoford and his three friends, Watkin, Ormsby, and Owen, arrive simultaneously from different

* When the teeth bearing the three-year-old mark are thus extracted, Nature soon supplies the vacant sockets with a new set ; all of which falsely indicate the animal to be four years old. He is thus started from his nursery with a lie in his mouth ; the supposed year in his favour renders the horse more marketable, and secures a higher price for the respectable breeder. Well may it be said, 'Caveat emptor.'

points, booted and spurred for the chace. The Duke of Beaufort's hounds meet that day at Tar Wood, a cover of historic renown, and common to the Heythrop and old Berkshire countries—a fixture that neither of those men would miss so long as there was an oak standing on their paternal estates.

'We're at least twenty minutes late,' said Watkin, throwing his ponderous leg across the chestnut's ribs, and causing the girths of his saddle to gape by the pressure.

'Never mind that,' said Ormsby; 'we can easily make the time 'up on the road.'

'Go ahead, then,' replied the other, who, as he had been accustomed to a kennel from his infancy, and would have shared his last crust with a hound, wished to take a good look at the pack before they were thrown into cover.

They were soon off the stones; and then, ere ten minutes had elapsed, those four hacks were travelling over the turf that fringed the high road, like swallows o'er a new-shorn mead. The breeder of the chestnut, if he could only now see him, would be much more likely to recognize his former pet colt than under the circumstances before described. That even stride and liberty of action would probably remind him of the smooth goer he had himself once bred; and, quickly, other resemblances would arise to establish the recognition.

'No time for change,' said Watkin, tossing a half-crown to a gate-keeper, who, knowing his customers, had thrown open the gate, and was pretending to fumble in his pockets for the required amount.

'All right, your honour; drink your good health to-night, that's 'safe.' And the party swept forward, almost without slackening speed, and with no further detention, until they reached the cover-side.

The wind at the time was blowing keenly from the east; and Stoford, who was suffering from a severe cold, had taken the unusual precaution of wearing a great coat to cover—a circumstance that instantly attracted the attention of a man mounted on a pony, who, for one shilling each, undertook to carry those garments during the chace, and generally managed to be there or thereabouts at the end of every run.

'Take your coat, your honour?' said he, as he scuttled up to Stoford, with at least half-a-dozen Salisburys strapped up to the cantle of his saddle.

'Thank you; not yet, Bill; 'but there's your shilling, and take 'care to be near when the hounds find——'

'Oh yes, sir; and when they kill, too; but where that'll be, 'tisn't 'every one as knows. That's a secret I've paid for larning; and 'your honour shall know it too for the value of another bob.'

The cunning expression of Bill Lardner's eye at that moment would have done credit to the King of the Gipsies.

'Down wind, of course,' said Stoford, chucking another shilling into his open hand, and trotting off to join Watkin, who was busily and earnestly engaged in looking over the hounds.

‘Ay,’ shouted Bill, ‘and he’ll go for the Forest. I knows he ‘will ; mind that.’

Will Long, mounted on a flea-bitten grey that Mehemet Ali might have envied, was leisurely walking his hounds to and fro under the shelter of a quickset hedge ; and, according to Stoford’s description, a more perfect specimen of a huntsman was never seen at a cover-side. He had only lately succeeded the veteran Philip Payne, who, verging upon that period of life when labour and sorrow are pronounced to be the portion of man had retired from the field crowned with honour, as well as a silvery head, and the change had not been made a day before it was required.

Of Will Long’s tact with hounds I need only say a few words. The high character of the Beaufort hounds proved the ability with which he handled his forces, and led them to constant victory. His system, however, was in every respect similar to that of his predecessor, but with this advantage in his favour—he was always with his hounds. No matter what the pace might be, whether over the stone-wall hill-country or in the vale below, being a rare horseman, Will generally managed to keep his eye on the leading hounds ; and, in case of a check, he was there to help them. But his maxim was never to interfere with hounds until they had made their own natural cast ; then, if that failed, he took them by the head, and quietly made his cast—a manœuvre in which he was pre-eminently successful, from the quickness of his decision and a judgment that was rarely wrong.

The qualifications required in a man who commands in the hunting or battle-field are analogous in many respects ; and if Will Long had been a conscript in the French army, he would certainly have wielded the baton said to be borne in the knapsack of every French soldier.

If there was one point more than another that distinguished the Beaufort hounds at this period, it was the perseverance they exhibited in carrying a cheerless scent over the cold, greasy fallows of the Oxfordshire hills—a quality attributable partly to Payne’s judgment in breeding his hounds, and partly to the let-’em-alone style in which he hunted them for so many years.

How different the system from that adopted by a later artist in the Heythrop country, the renowned Jem Hills !—his speciality consisting in the rapidity with which he lifted hounds, and clapped them on the back of his flying game. In its results it undoubtedly was a brilliant and successful mode of pursuing the fox in a bad scenting country ; but a more likely one to ruin the self-dependence of a hound can scarcely be conceived. Still, Jem was a great general in his way ; and if, in the triumphs he won, his strategies differed from those of other successful leaders, the result was pretty much the same : he showed sport, and killed his foxes with a dash that would not be denied.

But to return to Will Long. That the kind, courteous bearing of the fine old Duke should have influenced the manner of his servants

was only to be expected; and inasmuch as Long, previous to his promotion, served for a period of seventeen years as whipper-in under Philip Payne, the example of his noble master was not thrown away upon him: on the contrary, he was not only civil and obliging to every one, but, even in the case of some crazy, desperate, unruly Freshman, bent on over-riding his hounds, and spoiling the sport of all, he manifested a control of temper rarely witnessed in the hunting-field.

On the present occasion, observing the interest Watkin and Stoford took in the character of individual hounds, short as the time was, he proceeded to draw from the pack a few of his prime favourites—the grim leaders of the chace,—and to describe, in glowing speech, the merits for which they were severally distinguished. ‘Herald, ‘Hector, Waterloo, Vaulter, and Justice,’ said he, pointing with his whip, and pronouncing the first syllable of their names very distinctly. Instantly the long, sagacious, high-crowned heads of the five hounds appeared above the rest; and, pricking their ears, the lot stepped forward for inspection, like soldiers stepping from their ranks at the given word of their commander.

‘There, gentlemen,’ said he, ‘tisn’t for their looks only that I am ‘proud of ‘em; but I should like you to see the head they carry ‘when the scent serves; or, if need be, they can drop their heads ‘and pick along a cold line, like a pack of weasels. They’re bad to ‘beat, and awkward to follow, sometimes, I’ll assure ye, gentlemen.’

‘There can be no doubt of that,’ said Watkin, who was feasting his eyes on the wonderful combination of power and symmetry exhibited by these hounds.

To those who loved hunting for hunting’s sake, the Duke of Beaufort’s pack at that period was perfect; at the same time, many a brilliant day is on record when the hardest riders were fain to cry ‘Hold, enough;’ and compelled to witness the last act of the drama at a very respectful distance. Yet some of the blue-and-buff men of that country were first-class workmen in the saddle: none better in the whole world. And if the reeds of the fair Evenlode, like those of old, could only tell their secrets, they would whisper the familiar names of Lindo, Rawlinson, Codrington, Webb, Holloway, and Evans—Centauris who crossed that broad stream in their stride, and whom nothing could stop but the Styx itself. Alas! the grim Ferryman has earned his copper from all, save one, of those big hearts, and landed them, let us hope, in a better country.

Whatever the origin of the English foxhound may be, the general character of the Beaufort pack at this period would indicate that it at least had no affinity with the blood of Southern hounds. Not a black-and-tan, nor a blue-mottled hound could be seen in the Badminton kennels; the prevailing colours being lemon-pie, black and white, with tan cheeks, and badger-pie; the last being the favourite colour of the noble owner. The poet indeed may sing *nimum ne crede colori*, but every hound-breeder knows by experience that the colour of a cross will always reappear at intervals, and becomes a

tell-tale to the remotest generations. Take, for instance, a brindled greyhound—to what origin does he owe that colour, now so common to the race? Unquestionably, to Lord Orford's brindle bull-dog. The colour of the cross still comes out, although every other characteristic, except dash and courage, has been long since 'bred out' and obliterated from the greyhound family.

But not by colour only do I claim to separate the Badminton blood from either the Southern or Harrier race. Look at their handsome sterns feathered grandly to the point, not in the silky fashion of a setter, but with strong, hardy bristles, adding remarkably and most becomingly to the bold carriage of those hounds. Then the short eager chop of their tongues, how different from the prolonged notes of 'fleet Towler,' a hound that led the cry with so much harmony, and killed his game, more by the terror of his tongue than the pace of his heels. No, the affinity, if any, is remote indeed.

While Watkin and Stoford were thus engaged, lending all their ears to the hound-talk that flowed like honey from Will's lips, he suddenly looked up, and, pointing to a light pair-horse phaeton, said, 'By your leave, gentlemen, that's his Grace coming round the corner;' and, touching his cap to them, he instantly walked off the hounds in the direction of the Duke's hunter, at the far end of the field. This was the trysting place at which the Duke took a rapid survey of his pack, and gave Will his final orders for the day.

Then, as the hounds trotted off in the direction of the cover, a pleasant sight it was to see the affable and hearty manner with which the Duke greeted his friends, shaking some by the hand, bowing to others, and dropping kind words, as he went, to all; nor is it possible to overrate the respect and almost veneration with which the country regarded this good man, the sixth Duke of Beaufort. The description given of his ancestor in the days of James the Second might well be applied to him now. 'His household at Badminton was regulated after the fashion of an earlier generation. The fame of the kitchen, the cellar, the kennel, and the stables, was spread over all England. The gentry many miles round were proud of the magnificence of their great neighbour, and were at the same time charmed by his affability and good nature.'

The noble spirit, too, that animated his heart was lodged in a fit frame: he was above the common size of man, and his features, expressive of good sense, magnanimity, and great benevolence, were a fine illustration of that pure Norman race from which he and the gentlemen of England were proud to claim descent. 'Il est très 'bien nommé Beaufort,' said a Frenchman of him at court; 'parce-
'qu'il est fort beau.'

But, while I am thus giving a faint outline of his portrait, the hounds were quietly thrown into Tar Wood, on the down-wind side of the lower quarter. In less than five minutes a single hound, deep in the cover, threw his tongue once or twice with such emphasis, that the Duke turned round to Watkin, and said, 'That's Trojan, 'I think; and, if it is, the fox is afoot.'

The words had scarcely escaped his lips ere a crash followed that rocked the old wood to its centre, and sent the magpies and jays screeching into the adjoining fields. Stoford had barely time to tear off his great-coat and pitch it into the arms of Bill Lardner, who, like a jolly-boat, was hanging at his stern, when a view-halloo from a distant point warned him that the fox was gone.

'I told you so; he's off for the Forest; I knows he is,' shouted Billy, coolly dismounting to pick up the newly-lighted cigar cast away from Stoford's lips. 'That's right, give me that; you and 'your horse will smoke enough before I see you again.'

But Stoford heard him not: the din of war had commenced, and old Harlequin, one of Saddler's best horses, but a terrible puller for the first ten minutes, required all his attention; and any mistake at that moment would have been fatal for the day. Needless was that view-halloo to the pack; but the field, profiting by the signal, were just in time to catch the leading hounds as they broke cover and burst upon the plain. Trojan, like a Hector in war, was in front still; but five or six couple of hounds, flinging desperately for the lead, were soon abreast of him, and then the body of the pack filled in and steadied the work, as ballast steadies a ship in a gale at sea.

The emulation of foxhounds struggling for the lead is surpassed by nothing of the kind on earth—that of horses contending for the mastery in a race is but a tame strife compared to it; and now, with a fine scent and a flying fox, the intensity of the passion can only be likened to a sheet of flame rushing, like a hydra with many heads, through the dry withered grass of an American plain.

And now, as the hounds are dashing ahead by Coggs, Woodleighs, and Wilcot Cross, to the fair Evenlode, what of the 'field'—the hundred and twenty horsemen that met that morn at Tar-wood, and left it on such good terms with the pack? Alas! at least one half the number are scattered, like autumn leaves, over the face of the land; others, good men and true, but unable to live the pace, are coming steadily onwards, availing themselves of the broken gaps and splintered gates that mark the line of the chace; while a happy few alone are still able to keep their eye on the sport, and to live with the leading hounds.

'My horse loves water better than I do,' said Stoford, as he saw the willows of the Evenlode in close proximity, and the hounds making straight for the stream.

'That's lucky!' shouted Captain Evans, 'for that brook has no 'bottom, and has baptized more Oxford men than any parson in this 'country.'

'I've no wish to fathom it,' said Stoford, taking old Harlequin firmly by the head, and mending his pace as he approached the bank. The brave horse needed no rowel; the extra vice-like pressure of Stoford's knees was a signal too well known to be disregarded: he just pricked his ears forward, as if he were measuring the stream, and then swept over it like a swallow on a summer's eve.

Just below him, the Captain and Will Long, almost abreast, and

not a whip's length apart, landed together on the right side ; nor did Kellerman and the Duke of Chartres at Valmy lead their brigade in a more dashing style. Owen came next ; but his horse, already beaten by the burst, slithered headlong into the flood : four others followed suit, refusing even to rise at it. Of Owen nothing was visible for some seconds but his horse's heels ; and Stoford would have certainly stopped to lend him a hand if Will Long had not roared out, ' Come ' along, sir ; the gentleman will have plenty of comrades to help him. ' You won't see such a run as this every day.'

So good had the pace been, that up to this point the hounds had been throwing but little tongue. Now, however, the scent seemed to fail, either from the nature of the soil, or a change in the atmosphere, and Will Long's look became ominous. The hounds, however, dropped their heads patiently to the work, and as they entered the Forest the scent again improved.

At this moment, fortunately for Long, his second horse made its appearance ; and thus reinforced he was able to keep his eye or his ear on the leading hounds—an indispensable position for a huntsman in a woodland so extensive, and abounding with deer and other riot.

Foxes, on reaching a cover after a sharp burst, are apt to turn short in it ; but this fox went straight as an arrow from one end of Wychwood to the other, giving the field but a poor chance of recovering their lost ground. At Shipton Barrow, however, he bore away for the Windrush—a change in his tactics that happily let in some five or six of the stragglers, and Watkin among the number.

Up to this point the gallant fox had stood two hours and forty-five minutes before the pack, the first hour being as fast and as straight as any upon record ; but when he made that turn it was evident, by the old hounds dashing to the head, that his minutes were numbered. In those days it was customary for young men to ride for the brush, and Stoford, seeing the fox was sinking, had made up his mind to win the prize at any cost ; but, could he have lifted the veil of fate for one moment, and taken a peep at the future, he would have been more than reckless to have persevered in that fatal determination.

The hounds, now running in view, had crossed a strong ox-fence, over which Long, on his second horse, flew like a bird on wing ; but Stoford, miscalculating the width of the fence, checked old Harlequin in his stride, and brought him on his head into the opposite ditch. The horse then rolled heavily backwards, and crushing Stoford between the saddle and the bank, struggled desperately to recover himself and get upon his legs again. Stoford must have been killed inevitably if Watkin and the first Whip had not instantly come to his rescue. By their help the nervous old steed was held down, while a stranger, with great force, managed to extricate the rider from his perilous position. Being unable to stand, he was then laid gently on his back ; and, while Will Long was breaking up his fox within fifty yards of the spot, a council of war had assembled round Stoford to make arrangements for his farther safety and removal.

'Has any one a spoonful of brandy?' inquired the first Whip, not unaccustomed to similar scenes.

As none appeared to be forthcoming, Watkin suddenly remembered that he had seen Stoford fill his own flask at the breakfast-table that morning; but, on rifling his pockets, it was nowhere to be found.

'Beyond a doubt, it has been left in his great-coat pocket,' said Watkin, in despair.

'That's a bad job,' said the Whip; 'for, if Billy Lardner finds it, the gentleman is not likely to get either it or his great-coat before next hunting day.'

'That's unfortunate indeed,' said Watkin, observing that Stoford was shivering all over, and that, from the death-like pallor of his face, he might faint at any moment. But he was not long in determining what to do. Heated though he was by the chace, he at once pulled off his own scarlet coat, and with the tenderness of a woman's touch, he soon managed to encase Stoford in its voluminous folds.

A gate was then taken off its hinges, and on it Stoford was gently laid; while four gentlemen, divesting themselves of their coats, and laying them over his legs, bore him away to a house, the chimneys of which were seen smoking in the vale below.

'No Billy Lardner to-day,' said the Whip, as he joined Will Long. 'The young'un, as got the fall, left his brandy bottle in his great-coat; and if Billy winds it, and draws that cover, the gentlemen may whistle for their coats, that's certain.'

'Well, I hope not,' said the huntsman; 'I never knew him fail before; and, remember, Jim, what an out-and-out fox it has been. When we got to Shipton Barrow I began to think he'd take us all the way home to Badminton. It's many a day since I have seen a better man across country than that young gentleman; and I should grieve to hear he had come to serious trouble with our hounds.'

'Oh, he'll be all the colours of the rainbow for a day or two, perhaps; but he's got a good heart, and that goes a long way towards bringing a man right again.'

'That's true; but 'twas an awful purl, and I began to fear we should have two kills in the same field.'

The house to which Stoford was borne belonged to a gentleman called Lampern, who, having realized a considerable fortune by his profession as a country lawyer, had lately taken to the more genial occupation of horse-dealing—a business in which, as an amateur, he was said to be thoroughly at home.

One look at the party, as Mr. Lampern himself appeared at the front-door, was sufficient to satisfy his keen eye that the boon of hospitality was about to be claimed in favour of the sufferer on the gate; and, whilst Watkin was entering into a rapid explanation as to the severity of the accident and the immediate necessities entailed by it, the calculations that passed through Mr. Lampern's brain, in that brief interval, would have done credit to Machiavel.

'By all means,' said he, deliberately; 'bring in the gentleman. A spare room can be soon made ready for his accommodation.'

‘He is welcome to it, and to any service he may require under my roof.’

‘Thank you a thousand times,’ said Watkin. And he and the bearers, under the guidance of Mr. Lampern, proceeded at once to convey Stoford to the interior of the building. At the same time a messenger was despatched from the stables to bring back a doctor from Witney with all speed.

THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE.

Is the thoroughbred horse of the present day a descendant of the pure bred Arabian, or is he but the mongrel offspring of various breeds as some writers show him to be, and most people believe him to be?

This question I should like, if possible, to answer to my satisfaction; and if these few lines should provoke answer and inquiry I shall be glad, and still more satisfied should they lead to my proposal being carried out.

The state of the horse in this country at the time that the Darley Arabian was brought over, appears to me to have been very similar to the state of the inhabitants of England at the time of the Conquest; although nominally Saxon, for a long period northern blood had been dispersed throughout the land. Northmen from Norway and Denmark, the same race, had overrun many parts of England, and at the time of the Conquest the country was ready to receive a fresh infusion of the same blood from the Normans.

So was it with the horse. Arabians had been brought over in considerable numbers, and had already made a great change in the form of the native horse. Horses and mares described as Barbs and Turks had also been freely used up to the time of the Darley Arabian, whose son, Flying Childers, certainly astonished the natives of that period.

Afterwards appeared the Godolphin Arabian, and from a combination of the Darley Arabian's blood and a mare descended from the Godolphin Arabian another wonder arose in Eclipse.

Some time later, from the union of a son of Eclipse and a daughter of Herod, who was descended from a horse styled The Byerly Turk, came what has been considered the greatest success in breeding, namely, Waxy. It must be remembered that Herod, the sire of Maria, the dam of Waxy, inherited two direct strains of the Darley Arabian through his dam, Cypron. These strains through sire and dam meeting in Waxy, was, in my opinion, the cause of his being so great a success.

The Byerly Turk, Darley Arabian, and Godolphin Arabian seem to have eaten up, as it were, all the other Arabians and so-called Turks and Barbs, who, although they had prepared the way, had not been able entirely to overcome the common horse of the country. But if the Byerly Turk were a Turkish horse, and the

Godolphin Arabian, as he is sometimes represented, a Barb, and these different breeds from the Arabian, then is our thoroughbred horse but a mongrel after all. But this I do not believe. I think it more probable, and would wish to believe, as does Admiral Rous in his work on the racehorse, that the Byerly Turk was an Arabian, but was called a Turk, probably having been purchased in Turkey; but Arabians are the horses that are used in Turkey, and, besides, Turkey is in Asia as well as in Europe. I cannot bring myself to believe that Captain Byerly rode a Turkish pony as his charger, but that his horse was in truth an Arabian.

The Darley Arabian was, I believe, purchased at or near Aleppo. There can be but little doubt he was a pure-bred Arabian, but whether a Nedjed or an Anezeh is not known.

The reason, I presume, of the Godolphin being sometimes called a Barb, arose from his having been sent over to France from Africa as a present. But Arabians of the highest caste are procurable from Africa, and it is not likely that a common Barb would be sent as a present to the sovereign of France.

Barbs, properly speaking, are small, common horses of the coast of Barbary, and are similar to what in the East are called Gulf Arabs; small, hardy, useful, but common horses, procurable from the coast of the Persian Gulf, but totally different from the real Arabian; so if these three horses, which seem to have eaten up all others, were pure Arabians, our horse is indeed thoroughbred. But I am compelled to remember that we know very little of the antecedents of these horses. The 'Stud Book' contains their names, but can give us very little information respecting them.

It is also quite possible, and most probable, that many of the Royal mares and Barb mares were Arabians. Mares would be more easily obtained from Africa than from Syria and Arabia Proper. The managers of the royal stud would of course try and obtain the best, and not have been content with common Barbs.

I am aware it is often asserted that there are several breeds of Arabians, such as are called the Nedjed and the Anezeh. The horse is the same, but, belonging to different tribes, takes his name accordingly. Some will tell you the Nedjed is the only pure Arabian, and not to be obtained, others will stand by the Anezeh. I believe there to be no more difference between pure Arabians than exist in our blood-horses, some being bred, for instance, by the Rawcliffe Company in the north, and others by her Majesty at Hampton Court, in the south of England.

Again, the Anezeh are certainly not always in that district just north of the Nedjed country, but the tribe wanders at certain periods of the year far and wide, visits the banks of the Euphrates, and in the neighbourhood of Damascus is one of the favourite camping grounds of the Anezeh.

Abd-el-Kader, in speaking of Arabians, says, 'I have seen among the Anezeh horses of priceless value,' in his interesting letter to General Dumas. I do not think he mentions the Nedjed.

Palgrave, on the contrary, speaks with great enthusiasm of the Nedjed horses which he had seen in the stable of the Wahabite king (Central Arabia). Whether they were bred by the king, or only collected by or for him, I do not know. He says that they were the pick of the celebrated breed of Nedjed, the finest of all descriptions of Arab horses. They were chiefly of a clear grey or light chesnut (bay being a colour that never occurred), with occasionally white, black, and deep chesnut.

Probably these were the favourite colours of the Wahabite king, and no horses of any other colour were admitted into so exclusive a stable. But does he mean to infer that there are no bays or browns among the Arabians of Nedjed?

The Darley Arabian has been described as a bay horse, whose figure contained every point, without much show, that could be desired in a turf horse.

Again, Layard makes mention of the Shammar tribe, who were about him during the excavations at Nineveh, and speaks with the greatest admiration of some of their mares, and of one in particular, belonging to a sheikh, as one of the most beautiful creatures he had ever seen.

The Shammar tribe came, I believe, from the Nedjed country. When they left, they would also take their horses with them. The comparative excellence of their horses and those of the Anezeh could easily be ascertained, should any real difference exist. Sofuk, their sheikh, appears to have possessed a mare of matchless beauty. Her dam, Kubleh, was still more celebrated for her speed and powers of endurance, whose renown extended from the sources of the Khabour to the end of the Arabian promontory.

I do not mean to dispute that our thoroughbred horse (hoping and trying to believe that he is descended entirely from pure Arabian blood, the old stock, and any inferior crosses having been washed away entirely by the unequalled Arabian blood supposed to be derived from the three above-named horses) may not be superior in speed and endurance to any Arabian, but I do not think it has ever been satisfactorily proved.

We may remember, some few years ago, an English mare, not quite thoroughbred, was sent out to Egypt and ran a match against an Arab; I think the distance was eight miles. The mare won with ease; but a few months since, an English thoroughbred horse was unsuccessful in a ninety-mile match with an Arab in Egypt, owing to his falling lame behind when his rider says he had only a few miles to go, and felt he had the race well in hand: it was, however, no race, as the Arab did not bring home his proper weight by about five pounds; but allowing that the English thoroughbred horse is now superior to the Arabian, I am by no means sure that we have the best horse that can be produced; in other words, I feel sure the Arabian horse is capable of being brought to a higher state of excellence.

The thoroughbred horse has been forced upon us. A few spirited and farseeing men, from time to time, have been found to bring into this country the valuable Arabian blood; but how coldly and suspiciously has it always been looked upon. Few horses were bred from the Darley Arabian; the Godolphin was despised, and, but for an accident, his name would never have been handed down to posterity; and I think the same spirit is among us now: we do not want to have improvement; we are satisfied with thinking we have the best.

I am aware that occasionally a few Arab horses have been tried in this country as stallions, and without success. To that I have two answers. First, I must ask, has any care been taken in getting the best and purest bred Arabian? have the best mares been sent to them? and has the blood been persevered with? Secondly, it is not likely that the immediate produce of an Arabian and an English-bred mare could possibly compete, with any chance of success, with a first-class racer of the present day; but let a company be organized, or a plan set on foot, to send out trustworthy agents to Arabia proper, Syria, and Mesopotamia, to become thoroughly acquainted with the Arabian horse, ascertain if there be any real difference in the supposed breeds—as, for instance, between the Anezeh and Nedjed; find out the best, and select the choicest that can be purchased, no matter at what price, a few horses and several mares; then let these be bred from *alone, not mixed in any way with our present breed*, and I am convinced, in a few generations, the new breed of thoroughbreds would far surpass the present in speed, endurance, courage, nobleness, and beauty.

To me it seems obvious, that if our present breed has reached such a high state of excellence from the introduction of the three imported horses to the former impure stock of the country, far greater excellence would be obtained by breeding *alone*, as I have suggested, from horses and mares of the highest and purest Arabian blood; we should then start on no uncertain base, but should at once begin upon a reliable foundation. Then should we have a true *thoroughbred* horse. Then could I say, with Admiral Rous in his clever work 'The English Racehorse,' there would be nothing like an English racehorse, *alias* the pure Eastern exotic, whose pedigree may be traced for two thousand years, the true son of Arabia, without a drop of English blood in his veins. Early attention and good keep of the young stock would soon raise the standard from fourteen hands two or three inches, to fifteen hands two or three inches, or higher, if necessary.

Let us now review the rise and progress of the racehorse.

James I. bought an Arabian of Mr. Markham for 500*l.* (there had doubtless been some few Arabians brought over before—indeed we have heard that a certain Scotch monarch gave one or more Arabians to one of his Scottish churches some five hundred years before), and he would have some influence on the running horse of the period; and during the reign of Charles II., Admiral Rous tells

us, racehorses assumed an improved character, owing to the numerous importations of Arabian horses, Royal and Barbs mares. As I have said before, many of these latter may have been Arabian mares; and in 1710, the fact became evident that the old stock could not contend with the Arabians or Barbs or their immediate descendants; by this time the blood of Captain Byerley's horse had doubtless made itself felt. About this time, also, Mr. Darley's Arabian was brought over; and Flying Childers appeared in 1715—I expect an astonishing improvement upon anything that had been brought out; and from his brother was descended Eclipse, who was descended, on his dam's side, from the Godolphin Arabian, who appeared in 1724; Waxy, foaled in 1790, a grandson of Eclipse. Even if we allow the Byerley Turk, his dam's paternal ancestor, not to have been an Arabian, yet Waxy was a beautifully bred horse, almost, if not quite, pure Arabian, descended in the direct male line from the Darley Arabian, and inheriting two strains of his blood from Maria by Herod, his dam (Herod's dam, Cypron, having two strains of the Darley Arabian); and again, Maria's dam, Lisette, got by Snap, another descendant of the Darley Arabian, would give him another—in all four strains of that blood. The same blood seems to exist through Eclipse's other descendants, Mercury, Joe Andrews, and Benningborough, their dams, or the dams of their immediate descendants, having been got by Herod or his son, Highflyer, through which horses, on the dam's side, as before said, they get strains of the Darley Arabian.

The more this blood is stuck to by breeders, and the more it be perpetuated, the purer will the breed of horses become; and the more pure the better they will be, in my opinion. So even our present stock is, I think, capable of improvement; but the plan I have proposed, of importing horses and mares of the purest Arabian blood, and that bred from *alone*, would be far better.

There were two other imported horses, called the Wellesley Grey and Chesnut, Arabians; from the former was descended Lillias (an Oaks winner); but the want of continued success from this source is not to be wondered at, the 'Stud Book' styles them 'so-called Arabians,' but says they were evidently *not* Arabians. The former was a horse of good shape, with size and substance of an English hunter. They may have been horses from Dongola (Nubia), which are very different from pure Arabians, and it has been stated few of them are less than sixteen hands.

In this great and wealthy country, in this horse-loving England, the love of which we have inherited from our Norman ancestors, cannot funds be found to make the attempt of even surpassing our apparently unequalled horses?

THE HUNTING DOCTOR.

JOHN BROWN was a country doctor, but he was by no means resigned to his fate. He felt he was intended for better things. He felt like the round peg in the square hole, and declared there was some mistake. Nature must have designed a smoother fit. It was his firm conviction he had been changed at nurse—snatched from the cradle of some lordly inheritance to live by the maladies that others die of. ‘Am I to believe,’ he used to soliloquize, ‘that Providence would have tantalized me with all the tastes of a rich man and the crust of a poor one? If I am endowed with the keen zest of a sportsman, and taste for the beautiful in nature and in art, of course I was intended to “come of age” to something better than a mere fluctuating estate in mumps, measles, or scarlatina. How do I know but some base-born fellow, with my nurse for a mother, is at this moment popping at the woodcocks, or crying “Tally-ho!” in the coverts of my ancestral estate?’

But the John Brown aforesaid was not the man to be put down easily. If he could not have all—he would have all he could get, out of the fun of this world. ‘Never say die!’ was his cheering word to his patients, and he acted up to the maxim himself. He had not what they call success in life; he was too fond of joking—too light-hearted—too witty—too clever—and, what was worse, too much of a gentleman. ‘Confound them!’ he used to say, ‘to find fault with my merriment: why, it is a doctor’s place to keep people *alive* at all times and in all seasons.’ So he would tell you a story while he was setting your leg; and, if the story was a long one, some ill-natured people declared he would keep on setting your leg till the story was ended.

On one occasion John Brown was called off in a hurry to see the Rev. Jabez Soper, Independent minister of Ebenezer Chapel. The reverend gentleman had gone to Tavytown to audit the chapel accounts; and, although usually a sober and respectable man, he was accidentally overtaken for the first time in his life by a little drop of liquor. When John Brown came in, he heard Jabez, half-sobered, bemoaning his demoralized condition over and over again, in these words: ‘If I, Jabez Soper, were to be called to my great account, what *should* I say?’ This was too much for John Brown. The spirit of fun threw him at once off his guard, and he called out in answer to this hiccuping lamentation, ‘Say? Why, say you’d been to Tavytown Chapel—found all correct—had a glass on the strength of it—got overcome for the first time in your life. Mind you say that—and they won’t be hard upon you. But don’t try it on with any Methody lies. ‘T won’t do up there—sure to find you out.’

Next day Jabez remembered the doctor’s joke more than his own relapse, so he called in another medical man; and all the chapel

interest—a very unhealthy, dyspeptic fraternity—from that joke forth was lost to poor Brown.

This was all of a piece with the rest of John's life. If you cautioned him against his merry mood, he would say, 'I know I can't afford it—a proof I am not in the station for which, I say, I was born : it would then be the right thing in the right place. A man never rises in the world, balloon fashion, of his own levity. A man who lives in defiance of all the laws of *gravity* can't prosper. I ought to be dull to seem deep, and heavy to seem dignified. As it is, one half the parish is afraid of me, and the other half doesn't understand me.'

If there was one thing more than another that John Brown's soul did love, it was fox-hunting. He would buy a screw fit for nothing but to go across country, and put up with his tripping and stumbling all through the summer, and even walk instead of ride on his doctor's rounds, for the hope of hunting him in the winter—and, too often, only the *hope*. Brown was rarely seen at a meet. Dozens of times in the course of the season he would cram the morrow's visits into the day, rise early, put on the scarlet and the buckskins, and start from his door in all the ecstasies of anticipation—alas ! only to be stopped by some breathless messenger, and sent back to his surgery to kick off his tops and change his clothes with a sigh.

Never shall I forget one long-looked-for day, when there was a lawn meet and breakfast at Lord Hopeton's, and Brown was specially invited : for his lordship, knowing Brown's kindly nature, entered into his odd ways, and always sent for him when there was fun expected of any kind. But Brown couldn't come. Mr. Rogers, the stout grocer, had died of a dysentery five days before, and was to be buried the day of the meet. Still, as Lord Hopeton would not take 'No' for an answer, and John was the wrong man often to say 'No,' either to himself or others, John thought he would try what he could do. So, calling on Mrs. Rogers sympathetically, he dropped a hint that her beloved husband would not keep. But it was no go. Mrs. Rogers replied, with a spirit of her own, 'He must keep, and 'should keep !' and the melancholy *cortège* started just after the hour of my lord's breakfast—the funeral and the meet fixed both together. Well, we ran our fox to Harkam Bottom, where we lost him in the middle of as fine a run as a gentleman could desire. Yes, we lost him hopelessly, as we feared, when Lord Hopeton espied John Brown coming down the lane at the head of the funeral procession, with a face of agony in front, and black hat-band flapping down behind.

'I'll bet a hundred Brown has seen him, if any one has,' said his lordship ; 'but one can't go and ask him.' But at that moment we saw the poor fellow take off his hat. It was enough. Brown had come to where he had seen the fox cross. The hounds were set on, and all went well ; but, as I passed Brown, I saw under a hat-band such a face I shall never see again. If Sir J. Reynolds said you could only have one expression in one face at the same time, he should

have seen John Brown's, that's all. For here was depicted all in one, decent respect for the departed—fun irrepressible at the drollery of his situation—excitement at the chase—all mingled with unutterable woe.

His lordship was so annoyed at his disappointment, and felt so sorry for the doctor, whose 'heart was not in the coffin there with 'Cæsar,' that he fixed a meet at the Oaks in the following week, and Brown was to dine with him in the evening.

Up in the morning early was Brown, despatching eggs and coffee, and topping up with a glass of sherry, and carolling out with his cheery voice, 'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky,' spreading excitement through his whole household from the cookmaid upwards.

At half-past nine precisely he danced rather than walked towards the stable, where he met a boy on a ragged pony. Poor Brown's heart dropped like the quicksilver at the approach of a hurricane.

Doctor. What do you want, my boy?

Boy. Please, sir, mother says you be to come and see father.

Doctor (hopefully). And pray who is your father; and where does he live?

Boy. Robert Dommet, sir. Five miles off, at Canford—home by the pump.

Doctor (hopelessly). Go up to the stable for me, if you please, and tell Philip to put my old saddle on, and take off the breastplate. And tell your father I will come soon.

Brown did not stamp. No.—He did not swear. No.—He was past all that.—Brown walked quietly into his house, and said, gently, to the servant, 'Bring me down my everyday suit of clothes, if you 'please. I shall not hunt to-day.' Brown felt that he was a martyr, and he determined to bear his torture in his proper character.

Brown mounted his hunter quite quietly, like an old gentleman going out for an airing. He began to sing, in a Gregorian manner,

'Be still sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
My fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary.'

But the tune melted into that of the 'Southerly wind;' and he gave it up.

He overtook the errand-boy, and said, quietly, 'What is the 'matter with your father?'

Boy. Please, sir, he is ramping—mazed—distracted.

Brown felt really sorry for the poor man. He felt a sympathy for him. He was, as Carlyle says, 'in the divine depth of sorrow;' and he felt towards every man as towards a brother.

Having arrived at the house, he met the mother waiting for him.

Mother. Oh, sir! I'm glad you're come.

Doctor. I'm sorry to hear your husband is so ill.

Mother. He's in a wisht way, I assure you. There's no peace in

the house with 'un, sir. If he goes on much longer he'll drive me wild. I'm most as mazed as a sheep already.

Doctor. Is he so troublesome? I suppose he is in pain, and complains a good deal.

Mother. Hollows murder, sir; there aint no pleasing of him. I told Mrs. Larkin. I says—

Here Brown went upstairs.

Doctor. Well, Robert, I am very sorry to hear you are so ill. Now tell me something about yourself. How long have you been ill?

Robert. Why, a good bit.

Doctor. Well—well; but how long, now, is a good bit?

Robert. I've been bad some time.

Doctor. But can't you give me an idea as to the length of your illness?

Robert. I aint never to say well. 'Taint no good to tell.

And so the conversation between the patient doctor and the vexatious patient went on for a quarter of an hour, during which long period the doctor painfully elicited the fact that Robert Dommet 'had caught a chill, taty-digging—had a cough, mortal terrifying 'night-times—couldn't hardly blow—was tissicked up, and sweat 'streams, and felt as if dogs was gnawing him—couldn't move nor 'turn in bed, and had no stomach for his mate;'—he had, in fact, cold and rheumatism. So the doctor told him to remain in bed, to lie between blankets, and to send to him for some medicine.

Robert. Oh, if it be rheumatics I don't want no medicine for that. Doctors can't cure rheumatics. A table-spoonful of chimbley soot in half a pint of rosemary tay, fasting, is what I takes. I only wanted you to look upon me for a satisfaction.

Doctor (groaning). Is that *all* you have sent to me for?

Robert. Yes, sir. I didn't want you to come a-purpose; but I told the boy to say that if you was coming this way to-day or to-morrow—

Here Brown felt a lump rising in his throat, and, turning his head away, blew his nose violently. Then rising, and looking out of window for a minute or two, said, 'Good-bye!—good-bye!' and walking down stairs quickly, brushed past Mrs. Dommet, and was in a twinkling out in the street.

Patiently had the doctor gone through this trial. Sorrow had softened him. A man in sorrow, they say, is an angel. Brown did not smile once or crack one joke, but spoke gently and kindly to all.

On mounting his horse he took out his watch. He did not appear to be able to see the time very well, and then he looked up at the sky and watched the clouds passing over from the southward. At last he said to himself, 'And this was all I was summoned for!—'as a satisfaction! and to have my dearly-purchased professional 'skill weighed in the balance against a table-spoonful of "chimbley 'soot," and found wanting.'

'I'll tell you what, John Brown,' continued he, addressing him-

self, 'you have been taken down a little this time. Well! and no 'disgrace, I hope. It is a grand mental discipline, being a hunting 'doctor. It makes a man like the hero in a tract.'

Wearily and sadly Brown jogged homeward. It was the tenth time he had tried to meet the hounds that season and—missed them. He would give it up. He would try no more. Perhaps if he did not think of it so much, the love of the sport by degrees might leave him; as it was, he felt he did not care for it as he used to do. He must be getting older. He would find out some home amusement in which his children might share—something less exciting, which would not bring such a disappointment in case of failure. At all events, he did not care about it—not a bit. If he could not enjoy the sport with the same ease as other men, why, he would think no more of it. He was resigned. If he *must* be a drudge he *would* be a drudge. It was utter folly to attempt to combine the life of a country doctor with that of a country squire—insanity. He hoped he should never, never see a hound again; and—

'There they be!—there they be!—I zee 'um!—rinning. There 'they be! That's the squire on the grey 'os! Here, doctor, ride 'up the yeld, and you'll see 'em. Noa, they be coming this way. 'Dangee, the gate's a-locked! Ride over 'un. Well done, doctor, 'that's the sort. Stop! they've a-lost 'un. No—yes they 'ave! 'There goes the vox through thicky gate. Tally-ho!—tally-ho!'

'Hold your tongue, you fool! you'll call the hounds off their line. 'Stand still, for your life! The leading hound has got it,' said the doctor, as he galloped up the hill to a point where the huntsman could see him; and then, raising his hat, made a silent signal, which Tom Yorricks well understood.

In about an hour after this, seven miles off, three men in a field were leading their blown horses, with girths loosened. There were five couple of hounds lying down, rolling, or walking about, and there was blood upon their faces, like the murderers of Banquo. One man of the three wore neither boots nor breeches: he had no hunting-cap, or crap, or even hunting breastplate; moreover, he was so covered with dirt that it would have been hard to have guessed who he was, had not one said, 'Well, doctor, you may as well let 'me have that brush. My sister wants a dust-whisk for her boudoir.'

Doctor. Yes, your sister is a deuced pretty girl, and you aren't a bad sort; but for all that (saving her ladyship) I'd see you both — first.

After this day things went badly with Brown. He lost his most influential patient, the Dowager Lady Grundy, through being absent when sent for on the last occasion, and his practice fell off. 'There is a moral blindness among the dolts about here that I can't 'cure,' said he to me: 'they won't see my merits.' And so Brown became poor; he said, 'as all the best men have been, from the 'apostles down to me. Never mind, it is the *bricks* that go to the wall.'

But, after losing almost everything but his unconquerable good-

humour, a turn came in his fortunes by the death of a relative, and John Brown was again seen by the covert side, but from this time regularly, and on a screw no longer. He did not ride, however, as hard and as straight as he used to ride, but hung about the high grounds, and looked on a great deal; and when I rallied him upon this falling off, he answered, 'I'll tell you what, Jones, it is all very well for a worked-to-death doctor to risk his neck. If the worst happen, 'tis but a happy release—a certain change for the better; but for a man of property to do so would argue an insensibility to his blessings. I know when I am well off, and have no wish to travel.'

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

AND now that question is settled, at least as far as I can settle it. 'What's What' in the most dissipated metropolis in Europe is not a problem to be solved by the youngest student of life in that city which the late Lord Hertford was wont to call the University of the World. Entered on the boards of that college, you will see much that you can tell—much about which you must keep silence even from good, bad, or indifferent words. I am no moralist, no lecturer, and never had the faintest intention of showing up the occult vices of the metropolis of France. I write because of late years there seems to have grown up an evil habit—a disease—the 'cacoethes scribendi.' 'Tenet insanabile multos scribendi cacoethes,' said Juvenal. God bless him (that will do him no harm, the cheery old infidel) for a fine poet. With Juvenal, or Terence, even a day and night at the 'King's Arms' (pork pie and last year's port) was endurable. Well, the disease does prevail, and I have small doubt causes many of us to bore our friends a good deal. To be sure they need not read us. Friendship may make a man buy a book; but then, being led to the Reading brook, twenty writers can't make him drink; and a friendly sleep may take the paper-knife from his hand, and allow him, when awaking in the morning with the calm consciousness of an intention to have read the book, to write:—

'Sluggard's Hall, Beds,
'21 Dec., 186—.

'MY DEAR BORER,

'I never appreciated your character more than when I held in my hand your soothing work, "Early Dreams of One Worn Out." I fully enter into your feelings, and hope, if there is a second edition, you will allow me to ask you for a copy, as I put by for a sleepless night as others put by for a rainy day. When "stretched on the rack of an uneasy couch," or too easy couch, I shall read anything of yours, not only with pleasure, but with the hope that it will enable me to again subscribe myself

'Your overcome friend,
'SLEEPY HEAD.'

But I digress. Many people write now. I think, indeed, we write too much. I do not speak of the 'better brothers,' such men as Digby Grand, Esq., late of the Guards; of Charlie Thornhill, Esq. (that fool of the family); or of S. Sponge, Esq., whose writing I love, while condemning his morals—his conduct about 'Hercules,' indeed, was infamous; but we smaller fry, we are for ever writing and trespassing on the kindness of our friends' intellects. I have tried to explain Paris to the public—I have finished my efforts—and if I ever write again, may it be with a better pen than this (literally). We are told that six millions of visitors will look down on us here in Paris next year from the pyramid of the Exhibition. Six millions, as I am a sinner! Some millions of those will come from England and America, and can read the advice which I have thrust on them. Let them take it, if they like; and if they do not like it,

'Let them lump it,

'And barring that, take a short stick and stump it.'

Above all, however, let them buy, pay, and read (if they like, that is, as regards the latter).

Still, in a concluding paper, I must give yet more advice.

Don't you hate advice, my confidential reader? I do, nor one, and would never take it except under pressure. Moreover, you can get it everywhere. There is a saying in this very city, where now I am writing wearily for the very next 'Baily' (towards which I am, of course, in the position of that little boy to whom his grandmother said, 'Peter, love, you've three hands to-day.' 'Oh, grandma, you 'story!' And he held up his little hands. 'Yes, Peter, dear, I'm 'right. You have got a little behind-hand.')—There is a daily-used proverb, I say, which declares that there are three things never refused in Paris—advice, a light for a cigar, and a red ribbon. Still I must thrust in some more of mine. Reader, forgive if I bore you; and believe that I really mean as well as can be expected. Here goes, then. I will give you a table of maxims engraved on the walls of Paris by the exhausted peripatetics of the world.

'Don't come to Paris if you don't want.'

This is a golden rule too often broken, especially by Swelldom. If you expect everything in Paris to be exactly like everything in London, stop in London. Why expose yourself to nine hours of tight railway carriage, and an hour and a half of the outer misery of a steamboat, and that is better than the inner horror, if you know that you shall see everything on the banks of the Seine just as you left them on the banks of the Thames? According to the original proprietor of Goshambury racecourse, some philosopher once said that life and death were just the same. 'Then,' said somebody else, 'why don't you 'kill yourself?' 'Simply,' replied the lover of wisdom (and perhaps a little of himself), 'because there is no difference.' Lord Bacon would then, I am sure, have said as I do—If you do not expect the slightest change between the capitals of London and Paris, stay where you are. If you happen to have such a thing about you as a good temper, do not be above wearing it travelling; you will find it

comforting and useful, especially if it is not warm; as a peripatetic without one of these tempers—'admirable articles, adapted for travellers in any clime'—I may, perhaps, be allowed to say a word about them.

Aggravating is no word for the demons of travel. I include railway-touts, cabmen, porters, and the generic thief which springs up as we, weary, stupid, dusty, and desirous of bed, get to an end of our long journey. For my part I always lose the little temper with which I travel, as I hear the steamers go screaming into the station. I am prepared for the worst, and go into that station with no more a shred of temper than poor Henry Evereaton had of a coat to his stomach.

'Coat!' said he to his doctor; 'if we wear such invisible garments, I am sure I must have worn mine out years ago, and have been working in my waistcoat and shirt-sleeves ever since.' You ask—'Is my plan good?' Au contraire. The worst in the world. You lose your temper, and a loss of anything is bad. Then you gain the hatred and malice of all the people at the station, who rob you within an inch of your life, prejudice the cabmen against you, so that he charges you double fare, and hands you over, with an awful character, to the waiter, who first helps to lose your rug and travelling-cap, and then ends by combining with his fellows to make your life dear and miserable. No! Keep your temper, so shall you keep your property and your rug. So you shall have breakfast when you order it, dinner when you want it, and bills not till you ask for them, and then they will include not much more than ten per cent. more things than you have ordered.

Apropos, keep your temper, I say, but to promote that desirable end, make a bargain if staying for any length of time at any hotel, and if not, have your bill every day; they may hate you, but they can't cheat you.

If I were going to Paris for the Great Exposure of 1867, which I am not going to do, as for my sins I live in the City, I should take care and have all arranged pretty handy. I do not personally care to pay above fifty per cent. more than things are worth. Of course it is a silly feeling—when we part with money we benefit our neighbour—but then I don't seem to care about benefiting my neighbour (who keeps a warm-bath shop), and, like our old friend 'Posterity,' 'never did nothing for me.' No, I want to benefit myself first, and R. of B.—readers of 'Baily,' next—myself first, you will understand, like a mild Eclipse, and the others nowhere.

We shall have a rough time of it, mind you. Swell as you are, my genteel reader, you will have to pay through the nasal orifice. Of course you will not care—why should you? The wick is not burnt out yet—so 'Vogue la galère.'

We must end somewhere, and Paris as well as elsewhere, and then we go down with the respectable glory of having 'gone abroad 'to see the Exhibition.' But I moralize when I should amuse. Any fool can do the first if he is dull enough; and I should be sorry to take the other burthen on myself.

When I look back on what I have tried to do I shake in my shoes. I am very particular about my feet, wearing 8½ very neat, so that really I have not room for much stocking; but that is 'by the way,' like 'notes' of which you may read in the 'Daily Telegraph.' I say I am ashamed of myself, and should shake in my shoes, if my man would allow me to do so, when I think of the task which I have attempted. Moscow was a great affair—so was Sevastopol—so were several other things—especially my grandfather's plan of gilding the 'North Pole,' as a warning to captains of the Royal Navy; yet one or two of them failed. But greater still

'Than this, than these, than all,'

was my idea of telling English swells how they should come to see Paris. Let us pause an instant. We are always pausing for instants! Not many days have elapsed since six or seven travellers might have been seen wearing their weary way—that, I flatter myself, is neat—to the forest of Compiègne. 'By my halydome,' said the elder or more advanced party, 'I am very hungry.' 'I have hunger also,' suggested the witty correspondent of a great journal—(there were roars of laughter naturally, still I fear they laughed at the coming breakfast)—and we passed on. You don't see the point? Possible—we have not yet arrived there. We went and had our breakfast at the 'Cloche.' We had a good breakfast, in fact, the best that ready money (and they give no credit) can command; and ready money, I have found, like the general of a division, commands a good deal. But what were we all? Done—simply done!—as you all will be, if you are not careful—and really, my dear Swell, you know that afford it you can't. Do not be angry: 'Writing obliges,' as the old French proverb so tersely says. Done, I assure you. We had a good breakfast: coffee good, liqueurs *hors ligné*, but we were done. We paid for what we had. I expect you visitors to Paris in 1867 will have to do exactly the same.

Still, I say, buy 'Baily,' and come here. Come here you must—without 'What's What' you will not know what is. There's a mess again, is there not?

The fact is, dear children, you know no more of Paris than you do of that place where the gentleman wished he was a missionary bird of prey:

'Would I were a cassowary on the plains of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary, hat and coat and hymn-book too.'

You come like lambs to a social slaughter, and will be consumed next year without even mint-sauce! You are all utter duffers—let me say so. You get up and yawn when you are called, and from that moment your life lapses into the care of 'your own man.' When he has done seeing Paris, boys, likely he will let you get a glance, but not before.

Bah! Gentle youth, get up and help yourself. Energy, talent, pluck, you have it all, and nobody like you—so I say help yourself.

To the general public I have one word of advice. I hope they will accept it in the spirit in which it is given. I have tried to tell

you several things—I have strived to impart knowledge. Like my impudence, is it not?

I have said do so, and don't do so; I have said go there, and stay away from there; and finally, I end my long tale by saying, not 'Go, 'little book,' as a certain classical authority once said, but 'Go and 'buy this little book,' which 'What's What in Paris' especially dedicates to 'Who's Who in London.' May task is done—it was a pleasant one; and as the New Year sounds, I go to bed and to rest, without fear of publishers or devils—I mean printers' devils.

MY FIRST STEEPLE-CHASE.

BY AN IRREGULAR TROOPER.

THERE is not a more jolly station between the Himalaya and Cape Comorin than Secundrabad, or rather there was not in my day, for the episode I am about to relate occurred more than twenty years ago, and since then the country has undergone great changes for the worse. *Tempora mutantur*, I have only to look at my own dilapidated hulk to mark the ravages that time and the chances of war have effected, and I am painfully made aware that it would require a great stretch of the imagination to idealize the fact that the writer of these pages once rode seven stone eight, and is the same slim curly-headed youngster who, in those days, glamourised the heart of many a bearded veteran when he trod the Thespian boards, arrayed in the *corsage et jupons* that once belonged to a fascinating and piquante little *partie* who shall be nameless. Heigh ho!—

'Fair woman was made to bewitch,
A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,
A slave or a tyrant, a blessing, a curse,
Fair woman was made to be which!'

But to my story. Never were a merrier set of fellows assembled than met at the Hyderabad club to settle the preliminaries of Sky races, and discuss the prospects of the Deckan hunt, then one of the most celebrated meets in India.

Tiffin was over, and had been voted a complete success—how could it have been otherwise? for was not the roast ruled by the mighty Tatiah, aided by the inspirations of the greatest gastronome of his day, Riddell, of the Nizam's service, the benefactor of the whole Anglo-Indian race, for his famous work upon cookery in tropical climates? Rarely had such a gathering taken place, for crack sportsmen and hard riders had come together from all parts of India to attend the meet. First and foremost was Captain Garrow, of world-wide reputation as an elephant shot, and one of the best flat race riders in the presidency of 'the benighted'; then came Fane and Johnstone, the champions of the 'Qui hy' division and their followings, with Gordon, Anstruther, and a fair sprinkling of 'Ducks' from the far West. Then there was Malcolm, the Assistant Resident, Eric Sutherland, Davidson, Orr, and a host of

'the Nizam's Irregulars,' Nolan, who afterwards fell at Balaciarz, and some of the hardest riders of Lovel's hussars from Bangalore, Otter, Shortt, Chetewode, Glassbrooke, Madigan, and a host of 'The King's Own,' Bul-bul, Wylde, and a few other choice spirits from the Nagpore, Nebudda, and Sauger districts, and every mother's son in the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force who laid any claim to be considered 'a sportsman,' and their name was legion.

All had been satisfactorily arranged, donations had tumbled in, and subscriptions had swelled the coffers of the treasurer; even the ladies (bless them!) had not been behindhand, for they contributed a cup and a purse, and there was every prospect of a jolly gathering and plenty of sport. The meeting having broken up, many of the party sat down to cards—bragg, loo, and vingt-et-un being the order of the day. Others amused themselves with looking on, and studying the game of a celebrated whist quartette, in which William Palmer, the banker, and Colonel Buxey Bird (said to be the two best players in India) were engaged. The billiard-room, where 'chick'* pool was going on, formed another attraction, and there was a good deal of outside betting upon the result of each stroke. Gambling was not my forte, and there were too many 'knowing ones' about to make the game salubrious for a beginner, so I contented myself with watching their moves, cogitating upon the state of things in general, with a manilla in my mouth, and a glass of sherry and soda handy, when a peon entered, and to my surprise handed me a suspicious-looking little billet on highly-scented rose-coloured paper, with the address evidently in a lady's handwriting. Three chums looked queerly at me whilst I tried to decipher the motto on the seal, and an uncouth animal, a red-headed Scotch doctor, making a peculiarly significant motion, drew up the end of his neckcloth so as to bring the knot under his left ear, exclaimed, 'Noosed! by the piper 'that played before Moses.' A roar of laughter followed this remark, and I felt that every eye was upon me.

Receiving a love-letter is undoubtedly a sensation, and not an unpleasant one when the writer is young and pretty; but I fancy a fellow always feels awkward and nervous when his little game is found out, and I have seen the wildest dare-devil in the field, whose nerves no danger could shake, blush like a great school-girl whilst disclosing in confidence to his bachelor chums that he 'had put his 'foot in it,' and was about to be married. Gentle reader, imagine my feelings under the circumstances! When the roar had somewhat subsided, I opened the letter, and a glance at the contents showing me that my correspondent was of the male genus, I determined to have a bit of fun, and pretended to walk off in order to read the suspicious document on the quiet. This movement had the desired effect, and immediately I had half a dozen volunteers in case I might require a private secretary. 'Hould him up whilst he 'blushes,' cried one. 'Sure, I'll bet five gould mohrs he's not game 'to show us his letter,' roared the medico, as he prepared to bar my passage to the door. 'Done with you, Sawbones,' I exclaimed.

* A chick, or pagoda, is about seven shillings.

‘ There’s the letter, now down with your dust.’ ‘ Read it out, Pills ; read it out,’ was now the cry, and when the row had somewhat subsided, the following document was made public :—

‘ DEAR HAL,

‘ Clara has made me promise not to ride “ Moonlight ” in the Moul Allee steeple-chase ; and as I gave the Soucar Bunseedar a long figure for the horse on purpose for this race, and have invested no little coin upon him, I am quite at a nonplus. Will you ride for me ? The nag is in good condition, and, if he is not in one of his tempers, may do the trick. “ The Nina,” who is looking over my shoulder, says she will bet any amount of gloves upon you.

‘ Yours sincerely,

‘ FRED.’

After the letter had been read, I chaffed the doctor to no small extent, for he looked unhappy at the price he had to pay for the gratification of his curiosity, and then wrote to have the horse transferred to my stable, as I wished to train him myself.

After dinner we sat out in the open, and songs were the order of the evening. One of ‘ the Ducks ’ gave us ‘ The Land of the West ’ in very fair style, and as my stock of chants was rather limited, I extemporised the following :—

‘ THE LAND OF THE EAST.

AIR—Bonnie Dundee.

Oh ! the Land of the East is the land I love best,
It has charms far beyond any clime of the West ;
For the heavens there shine with an ever-bright blue,
And none of the girls catch a tint of the hue.

Chorus.—‘ I kiss girls in the East, and drink wine in the West,
Until I’m not sure which game I like best.—
They may say I’m a rake, but fill up my can,
For wine and fair women were both made for man.

In the Land of the East the maidens are kind,
My heart, if I have one, is there left behind,
But with which, or with whom, I’m sure I can’t tell,
For I’ve bask’d in the charms of many a belle.

Chorus.—‘ I kiss girls,’ &c.

Mahomet the prophet, tho’ no patron of mine,
Because he forbade us the use of good wine,
Allowed us four wives.—Pray don’t say he’s a beast,
The law still holds good in the Land of the East.

Chorus.—‘ I kiss girls,’ &c.

Now I, child of earth, don’t see any harm
To drink deeply of wine with a girl in each arm,
For I’m fond of the sex, and enjoy a carouse,
And old wine and young women are good for the blues.

Chorus.—‘ I kiss girls,’ &c.

We had a very jolly evening ; many a good song was sung, and many a witty yarn told ; and it was not until the first streaks of daylight were visible in the east that the party broke up, although some of the old and steady ones who valued a cool head sloped away quietly during the short hours.

Early the next morning Moonlight was brought into my stable. He was a high caste dark bay Arab, standing very little under fifteen hands, and had many good points evincing great power and endurance, but his temper had been soured by ill-treatment, and my friend bought him at one-fifth of his value on account of his vicious tendencies. In fact, he had been turned out of a celebrated racing stable because George Smith the jockey had declared him to be dangerous, and would have nothing to do with him, and his character had become so notorious that Fred's intended had forbidden him ever to mount him again. Not being under petticoat government, I resolved to try his metal at once, and ordered him to be saddled and led to the horse artillery parade-ground, a large sandy plain, where I did not care for his bolting. I followed with Fred in his buggy, and on arrival at the ground had the girths drawn as tightly as possible, not merely to keep the saddle in its place, but to compress the lungs, a plan which I can recommend when riding an unbroken horse, as to a certain extent it prevents rearing and buck-jumping. When I first mounted he began all kinds of capers, and I was obliged to flog the wickedness out of him; then he tried all he knew to throw me, but finding his efforts in vain, he bolted, and, having a good plain before me, I allowed him his head, and gave him such 'a gruelling' that in less than an hour he became perfectly passive in my hands, and we began to understand each other. I found him to have great bottom, and was altogether so pleased with his going that, in spite of his character, I made Fred an offer, which was accepted, and the horse became my own with half his engagement. I now devoted a good deal of my time to training and getting him into running condition. I had trenches dug and hurdles constructed in a quiet place behind the lines, where I could give him his gallops, and by the time of the races he was perfectly fit, whilst by dint of firm but kind treatment he had become thoroughly gentle and much improved in temper.

The flat races passed off with great *éclat*, the whole cantonment turning out to witness them. The Resident, General Fraser and his suite, the General and his staff, and all the heads of departments, turned out in grand style, whilst the Dewan and many of the Ameer's and native noblemen of Hyderabad, accompanied by some thousands of gaily-dressed retainers, came out to see the tamasha of the Feringhee. Troops of dancing-girls, gorgeously got up, and covered with jewels, mingled amongst the crowd on richly-caparisoned elephants or in many-coloured hackeries; and he must have been a stoic indeed who would not have been fascinated by some of the many lovely faces and graceful forms that met the eye at every turn. It was a pageant such as is rarely seen, except in certain parts of India where the native rulers have not yet been subjugated.

The momentous day at last arrived when I was to make my *début* in the pigskin as a steeple-chase rider, and I must own the excitement was tremendous, although I tried hard to dissemble my feelings and appear cool. The race was to be run at five o'clock in the afternoon, as by that time the intense heat of the day had passed away, and the power of the sun's rays was diminished. Soon after

dawn I had Moonlight saddled, and rode him quietly over the ground, which described a large circle round the usual course, the last half-mile being a straight run in past the stand. The distance was about three miles, and the fences would have been considered stiff even in Leicestershire, whilst the water jumps were decidedly 'yawners.' Moonlight cleared his fences like a deer, and his easy, springy action and superb condition was all that I could have desired. After breakfast I went to a large marquee near the stand, where a good deal of gambling was going on, and found, to my disgust, that my horse was not even mentioned in the betting, as several well-known performers were entered. So little, indeed, was Moonlight thought of, that the man who drew his number in the lottery the night before sold me his chance for a single gold mohr, which was only half the price of a ticket. However, I was not discouraged, and, in spite of the sneers of the knowing ones, I backed my horse to win 5,000 rupees, easily getting 25 to 1.

Having paid considerable attention to my toilet, and made sure that there was nothing in my 'get-up' likely to invite criticism or betray greenness, I made my way to the weighing-room, where, with saddle and bridle, I pulled down very little over eight stone and a half, being only a couple of pounds over weight, for I received seven pounds, my horse never having won a previous race, whilst winners had to carry seven pounds extra.

These arrangements were hardly settled when the bugle for saddling sounded, and, having seen to this myself, I mounted for the preliminary canter. As I rode slowly past the stand, in which all the beauty and aristocracy of the cantonment were assembled, a waving of handkerchiefs attracted my attention, and there was 'the Nina' and her party arrayed in light blue (my colours), whilst another who, in my opinion, was quite as fair, looked 'unutterable things.' Moonlight was in the best of tempers, and, although a dark horse, attracted considerable attention, for his coat shone like velvet, showing his condition. His appearance was hailed with a shout by some of the soldiers, who recognized me; and an Irish sergeant roared out, 'Sure it's the little black captain that 'll show 'em the way 'entirely, for my month's pay.'

After the preliminary canter we took our station, and seven horses came to the post. I kept behind a short distance until I saw that the others were ready, for I wished to keep Moonlight from becoming excited by the company of other horses. The favourite was a magnificent chesnut Arab that had won several races, but he appeared fretful and impatient, and I remarked that his flanks were white with foam before we started. His rider sat him like a Centaur, and I knew, if the race could be gained by horsemanship, where to find the winner. The second favourite was a grey belonging to a well-known sportsman in the Civil Service, but his rider looked far too heavy, and I did not fear him. The horse that took my fancy was a flea-bitten grey belonging to a jemedar in the Nizam's service, and had his rider only nursed him properly he would have proved dangerous. An officer of Irregular cavalry rode a celebrated hog-

hunter, but he carried too much weight. As the horses walked up the interest evinced was immense, and for a moment scarcely even the slight hum of the crowd could be heard. At last the word 'Go!' was given, and we were away. The jemedar on the grey made the running, and the pace was severe to commence with; but I kept close to the chesnut, as I felt that he was the most dangerous. Moonlight was doing his work well, and I had only to sit steady and keep his head straight. The first and second fences were cleared by the whole field, but one swerved at the water and two fell in. The jemedar by this time was three or four lengths ahead, and at his girths rode the civilian. I still kept close to the favourite, who was going as if he was conscious of what he had to do, whilst his rider's countenance was as calm and unmoved as if he was only taking a constitutional canter. We rode side by side, taking our jumps together, with our knees within a yard of each other, and for a mile there was hardly any perceptible difference in our horses' stride. Although the ground was rather broken the pace was tremendous, and I knew could not long last. I therefore held in, and allowed the favourite to forge a little ahead, and though I felt my horse was full of running I determined to nurse him. My anticipations were correct, for in a very few strides I perceived the jemedar's horse was pumped, and the second favourite's heaving flanks and convulsive twitching of the tail showed me that his bolt was shot.

The race now lay between the favourite and Moonlight, and so nearly were we matched that the slightest mistake on the part of either horse would have given the other the race. I had the advantage of a stone in weight, but that was counterbalanced by the superior riding of my adversary, who was the very *beau-ideal* of a gentleman-rider. All at once I noticed that the captain held his horse more in hand, and allowed me to take the lead at the water jump, behind which there was only one more fence of any consequence, and then a straight run in past the stand. Could I but win! I felt almost wild with excitement, and giving my horse the spur for the first time during the race, I crammed him at the water, which he cleared at a fly, and I then pulled him together, so as to collect his stride before taking the last fence. On looking back I saw the chesnut evidently labouring hard, for, having jumped short at the water, the bank had given way beneath his hind legs, and he was heavily shaken on landing. He scrambled out, however, very cleverly, and, struggling on, with the expiring effort of a thoroughly game horse rose at the last fence; but nature was exhausted, his strength was spent, and he fell on landing; whilst Moonlight cleared it, and cantered in past the Grand Stand a winner, amidst deafening shouts and yells of delight from the soldiers who lined the course. The race was closely contested throughout, and at the last was so near a thing that the victor could hardly triumph or his antagonist feel mortified at the result. Had the favourite not met with the accident at the water I might have come off second best. It was, however, a red-letter day in my career; and my heart glows with delight still when I recall to mind my first steeple-chase.

• 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE—December Dottings.

DECEMBER this year may be said to have been the favourite month of the Water God, for we never recollect Aquarius to have been in such tremendous force. And, really, if he perseveres in such a reckless expenditure, it looks as if he would shortly come within the provisions of the Winding-up Act. Upon hunting men, he has been especially severe, for he has taken away almost one half of their season; and we really imagine he had listened to the prayers of the Humanitarians of 'The Pall Mall Gazette,' who want to put down Steeple-chases by legislative enactments, and bring the sport into the same focus as badger-baiting, cock-fighting, and rat-hunting. Surely, before this absurdity becomes the law of the land, Ben Land will be heard at the Bar of the House of Lords by Counsel, to have compensation awarded him, and the Household Brigade retain Sir Roundell Palmer, to show cause against it; and as they would be certain of the votes of the Dukes of Hamilton and Beaufort, the Marquises of Conyngham, Clanricarde, and Drogheda, as well as those of Earls Poulett, Coventry, and Howth, these Pharisees would, at all events, not walk over the Course. But, seriously speaking, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which we would not for worlds disparage, could not have taken a more suicidal course for their own interests than that of endeavouring to take legal proceedings against the owners of those horses which fell at the Croydon Steeple-chases. The funds of the Society are subscribed for a particular purpose; namely, to meet individual cases of cruelty to an animal by a brute in the human form; and if they are diverted from this course, then the Committee are no longer fit recipients of the public money. We have seen it stated 'in another place,' that people need not be amazed at these proceedings, as the promoter of them, the Secretary of the Society rejoices in the name of Love, and from time immemorial Love and Folly have been held to be synonymous. Next we shall hear, we suppose, of the Society having an officer attached to every Hunt in the country, with a view of reporting to head-quarters, the various falls that take place during 'the runs of the season;' and should this really take place, we hope they will be required to distinguish those which were occasioned by the helplessness of the horse, and the inability of the rider, that the fines may be equitably adjusted.

In looking over the running of the year, the Dover stable comes out in *alto relievo* from the others, for Lord Lyon's six races brought in no less than 20,350*l.*; while the eleven of Achievement realized 10,387*l.*—nearly twice as much as the Oaks winner, Tormentor, whose five races netted 5,610*l.* And although The Rake won only twice, as the Blenkiron Plate was one of his credits he has trodden very closely on the heels of the Oaks winner. The unpopular Rustic, with all his defects of temper, must be said to have at least paid his way, when his name stands good for 4,635*l.* Hermit, who won four out of the six times he started, and Marksman (of whom *en passant* we may remark we have heard the very best accounts lately), who could only get first five times out of the thirteen he was stripped, are close together, there being only a balance of 105*l.* in favour of the former; and Vauban, The Duke, Lecturer, and Repulse, all in the same stable, come next, as it were, in a cluster. Queen of Trumps has ran oftener than any other animal this year, having gone to the post no less than thirty-eight times. And the others of which we have seen the most are Nukuheva, Discretion, Prodigal, Moulsey, Phantom Sail, Hopleaf, Professor Anderson, and Lydia. In turning from horses to their

owners, Mr. Chaplin has far away won the greatest number of races, for no less than seventy-six times have the judges seen the rose jacket first past their boxes. The Marquis of Hastings is a bad second, with forty-nine; and Lord Westmorland third, with forty-six. The Duke of Beaufort has beaten Mr. Pryor in point of the value of stakes by very nearly 3000*l.*, and, in fact, is the second largest winner on the roll, but he is one race behind the latter in point of races. John Scott has done very well for Mr. Bowes in winning no less than nineteen times for him; and we cannot see that those who have left the Whitewall Stable have bettered themselves. Captain Machell and Mr. Ten Broeck have run a dead heat with twenty-six; and Hayhoe has turned out twenty-four winners for Baron Rothschild, whom rumour gives out to be Mr. Craven's successor in the Stewardship of the Jockey Club. Mr. Savile has had a good year, and a couple of dozen races ought to furnish sufficient credentials for Gilbert's preparation of D'Estournel for the Derby. Count Lagrange has again had a good year, for he has got through eighteen races; and as Prince Solतिकoff's list is only two short, the foreigners cannot say they have not justice done them at Newmarket, Lord Bateman cannot complain at having to pay his jockey twenty five-guinea rides; and there are very few courses where Moulsey and Queen of Trumps have not been seen this season. The Duke of Newcastle has won nine times, which is as often as he could expect with his young things; but Mat Dawson next year will not be content without a much larger account at Burlington Street. Mr. J. Johnstone has had a good run of luck with that rising trainer T. S. Dawson; and Lord St. Vincent has benefited by his confederacy with Mr. Beville. Sir Frederick Johnstone's thirteen items are sufficient to keep him with William Day, although strenuous endeavours were said to have been made to wean him at the end of the season. Lord Portsmouth and Sir Joseph Hawley, once constellations in the racing hemisphere, are now fallen stars; and Lord Stamford's efforts to get hold of a real racehorse seem to be unavailing. Mr. Brayley has made a very successful tour through the Provinces, and can look with satisfaction at his stable accounts. Mr. Reginald Herbert has begun well; but Lord Coventry has scarcely had his usual turn of luck. The Admiral's small stud have just paid their way; and Alfred Day has done very well for Mr. Padwick, considering how few horses that gentleman has run this season. The feather of the Handicap is Mr. F. Wombwell, to whom one race fell worth 100*l.*

We will now turn to the Sire List, that fruitful theme for argument, and which at this particular season is 'the order of the day' in every household whose owner may chance to have a brood mare. Stockwell and Newminster are, as usual, at the top of the poll. Achievement and Lord Lyon swell the former's credit to an unprecedented extent. No wonder, therefore, he is a complete close borough, and as difficult to get to as the House of Lords. Newminster's best supporters have been Hermit, Problem, Inez, Pericles, Strathconan, Alruna, Cellina, and Bertie; and he likewise is as great an 'exclusive' as Stockwell. Then we have King Tom relying on his Tutormentor, Hippias, King Hal, Dalesman, Janitor, and Tourmalin, for a continuance of 'the kind patronage he has always received, and which will be 'his constant desire to merit.' Wild Dayrell can raise his head proudly, and point with paternal pride to his Rake, Robin Hood, Ischia, La Muta, and Molly Carew, as advancing his reputation. In the next class we have Rataplan, who is slowly working his way to the front, and to whom Elland has been the best advertisement that could be drawn out for him. Dundee and Prime Minister are much about the same form; and when the latter gets

bigger mares he will take a higher position. St. Albans holds his own, and Caithness and Julius are specimens of his procreative powers; but, from what we saw of his yearlings at Hampton Court in June, we anticipate better things for him when we take stock next season. Windhound is about stationary; but Windham, one of the very best four-year olds of the late season, ought to benefit him. Knight of Kars has got plenty of winners of small races; and Marsyas has distinguished himself by Gomera, Viridia, Pearl Diver, Satyr, and The Pieman, and he is still, we understand, a terrific favourite with Mr. Blenkiron. Thormanby has done well enough to justify his being put up to a higher figure, and his future is, apparently, all that Mr. Merry could desire. In Colsterdale and Skirmisher we are satisfied there is more than meets the eye; and Lecturer speaks as well for the former as Sealakin, Skirmish, Corsair, Eakring, and Maid Marian for the latter. And those who have suitable mares, and cannot afford to deal at 'the top shops,' may do worse than to come to these horses, all of whose stock have plenty of size and bone, and will stay for ever. Voltigeur has fallen from his high estate, why or wherefore we cannot state; and Muscovite, one of the cheapest horses we have always contended that was ever sold at Tattersall's, being knocked down for 100*l.*, is close on his heels. Trumpeter is one of the most popular young stallions of the day, and has had very speedy promotion. Salliet, Plutus, Raven, and Lady Bugle Eye are evidence of the speed of his young ones; and Danebury will always keep him supplied with good mares. Gemma di Vergy stands better than he has done for some time, and his 'little fish' are sweet to their owners. Crater, we hear, is all the rage in the Far West, a fact which would go to show that all the wise men do not come from the East.

Our hunting friends, we fear, have been so devoted to the turkey quills, as quite to forget the use of their goose ones. Still some staunch old hands have stuck to us, as will be seen below. Mr. Scratton's hounds met on Wednesday, December 19th, at Wickford Castle, when they had one of the finest hunting runs that has been seen by the oldest sportsman in that country. They found in the first cover they drew at Rettenden, at half-past eleven, and crossing the river Crouch, ran up to North Benfleet, where the fox turned and ran over a great extent of country to Norsey, where it is supposed the hounds changed foxes, ultimately finishing at Broomfield, at a quarter past three. The total distance covered was at least thirty miles, which was completed in three hours and three quarters. Out of a field of sixty horsemen only thirteen were up at the finish.

Mr. Leigh, the new Master of the Hertfordshire foxhounds, has been showing good sport during the last fortnight. On Friday, December 21, a fox was found in Bricket wood, which, after running through a large portion of the old Berkeley country, was run into between Box Moor and Berkhamstead. Bob Ward, upon his third horse, was one of the few who got to the end. Mr. Selby Lowndes, we think, is not unlikely to find himself without hounds, inasmuch as he has published a manifesto that if any but subscribers come out, he will send the pack home. Now, by all fox-hunting law, as long as he advertises his meets, he can prevent nobody from joining them. And if the subscribers are to suffer for the strangers, they will very soon cease to be subscribers, and the hunt become extinct. Of Lord Malden's hounds we have heard nothing, but that on the 20th December, Mrs. Beverley, the well-known horsewoman, had a heavy fall over a gate whilst hunting with Lord Malden's hounds, fracturing her collar-bone, and sustaining other severe injuries.

The Hambleton men have had a very good month's sport, considering that they have nearly been washed out of their saddles daily. On the 9th they

had a particularly good day, commencing with a sharp burst of twenty-five minutes to ground; then had with a second fox a good hour and twenty-five minutes, and killed. Their third edition gave them a good thirty-five minutes, with a kill; and their fourth, or supplement, a clipping hour and ten minutes, when they had to whip off at dark. On the 13th they had a rattling run from Botley to Allington, across the water meadows to Basingstoke, and over into the Hursley country to South Stoneham, where, after one hour and ten minutes, they lost him just at dark.

The sport with the H. H. has been very good, and up to this they have killed twenty-one brace. Their two best days were from Rotherfield Park: on December 10th they killed the first fox in forty minutes, and the second after a good hunting run of two hours and a half. On Monday, December 17, they had a capital run from Mat's Copse of an hour and twenty minutes, and killed.

We hear fair accounts of sport in the Craven country, although there is a great complaint of want of scent. The best runs have been on the opening day from Hungerford Park, a very fast forty-five minutes, and lost in the Sedworth country, and a first-rate day's sport on the 19th December, from Sydmonton Common, where they had one hour and ten minutes in the morning, and killed in the open, and two hours in the afternoon, running to Dean Wood in the Vine country, when the hounds were stopped at dark. There has been a change of huntsmen during the last month, David Edwardes taking the horn in the place of Fox, who has left.

The Hursley have had some fair sport during this month, and have had some good foxes. Their best day was on December 21, when they met at King Sombourn Park. Found two brace of foxes, but could do nothing with them. At last they found one of the right sort, in the Hare Warren, which he soon left, when the field gave him the chance; across the Andover road, over the down near Winchester race-course, then turning to Littleton common, making for Norwood, still keeping the open to Westley, through Up Sombourn, over to Astley Church. After a few turns in covert he was killed, scent good in the open, and horses beaten off to their proper places.

The sport at Melton during the month has been of a most inferior character, the heavy rains having made the country in such a rotten state that it is almost impossible for horses to get over it, as the many casualties in the hunting stables show. However, Melton is full, and there has been plenty of fun. An amusing scene took place the other day while the hounds were drawing, when a Yorkshire Baronet bet a noble Viscount a fiver that he could not ride a small donkey up Buttermilk hill, on Mr. Hartopp's estate; the bet was accepted, and the Viscount accomplished the feat, and received what sporting reporters call a perfect ovation. It is needless to add, the owner of the 'moke,' a little boy, received a liberal present for the use of the animal. Wednesday, December 5, saw the Belvoir at Croxton Park, from whence they had a capital gallop from Coston gorse through Gunby gorse to Easton Park, where they unfortunately lost him. On the twelfth they had another good day; and, in fact, they are the only hounds that have had any sport in the Shires this season. The Duke is out regularly, and rides as hard as ever. Mr. Powell, of Market Harboro', killed a very good horse on the 8th inst. over a high post and rail. He rides so well to hounds that it is to be regretted he does not seem to know, judging by the places he goes at, what a horse is capable of doing. Sir G. Wombwell has left Melton for Yorkshire, and from there we hear he migrates again to Lincoln, on a visit to the Squire of Blankney; Mr. Crawford has arrived at Somerby, and the Hon. H. Coventry has taken Knossington Hall.

The Quorn have done well on the Donnington side of the country, but not much on the Melton side. Pike is anxious to show sport, and is very popular.

In Yorkshire, they say, with Mr. Sothern, scent is one of those things 'that no fellow can understand.' Although the weather has been, to all appearance, cut out for hunting, we do not hear of any North Country packs having had a good month. The Holderness, we are told, always have scent—and Mr. Hall rides harder than ever; his friend, 'Banks Wright,' migrated the other day from the Shires, to look at him and his hounds, and pronounced his opinion in favour of the hounds, but objected to a ploughed field and an impracticable drain with the Holderness. On the 24th December they had a wonderful run, which is the talk of every country house in Yorkshire. They found at Bail Wood near Aldborough, ran to Owstwick and Burton Pidsea, then turned to Grimston Garth, and along the sea-coast to Cowden—the pace to this point was very great; then by Withernwick, Hatfield, Siggleshorn, Catfoss to Vankeeling, where he was pulled down in a turnip field, after a run of two hours and fifty minutes, distance twenty miles. The worthy Master and his daughters were not out, owing to the death of a relation.

Lord Middleton has been hunting his own hounds—Ben Morgan having injured his knee—and has had good sport and killed his foxes. Being quiet and quick, his hounds work well.

Mr. Duncome seriously thinks of giving up the Bedale country, and it is to be regretted he should have cause to. His supporters complain that he is always late at the meet, and that he will use his horn, although they increased their subscriptions on condition he gave up music. Lord Downe is mentioned as likely to succeed him.

The Badsworth have had a roundabout day, in which Mr. Horsman, M.P., was the leading feature, showing an amount of drive and dash that would be valuable if he could impart it to the hounds—Lord Hawke was 'up at the finish.'

The Bramham Moor have not done so well as last month. But Stephen Goodall continues to delight his field by his extraordinary energy and perseverance; and those who stick to him through the day and into the dark are sure to get a gallop, some hunting, and frequently a kill; for he sees a fox as quickly and as far as Tom Hill formerly did, and if hounds cannot catch him he can. They have had two more good runs from The Cocked Hat Whin, on Spofforth Flage, the property of Lord Leconfield, but preserved for the Bramham Moor Hunt, by Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart.

On the 12th of Dec., late in the afternoon, they had a good scent, and a very severe two hours, and ran to ground after a large ring—few horses lived to the end. On Christmas-eve, the meet at Wothersome was a day for the million—crowds of people on horseback, in carriages, and on foot, but no sport until the mob were told out, when a rattling gallop, just before dark, from Wetherby Grange, sent the persevering few home to their Yule log rejoicing. The Master is a turn slow—'name it not in Gath!'—and does not get to the front, and keep his field back as of old. Still the Leeders think there is life in the old dog yet, and that when his son is strong and in saddle again, he will be as full of chaff as ever.

The favourite pack of the York Cornets, the York and Ainsty—(was there ever a cavalry officer, worth naming, who did not yarn about when 'I was quartered at York?')—this year can boast of none, and the absence of soldiers has been as great as that of scent. Still they had a good honest hunting run from Red House Wood of two hours thirty minutes to ground. On Dec. 18th they met at Nunappleton. Found, ran a ring, and killed.

Found a second fox, ran a ring, and lost. Found a third fox at Fearby's stick-heap, in Askam village, ran into Swann's Whin (a cover that Mr. John Swann, of Askam, has kept up for the last forty years for foxes), and could not force him out for nearly an hour. 'No scent,' said one learned man. 'Worst foxes in the country,' growled another. 'Gone away,' said Sir Charles Slingsby, that energetic, patient, and valuable man. Hounds rattled him through Askam village, pointed for the Bog, turned to the left, leaving Rufforth Whin on the left, skirted Knapton Whin, and pulled him down in the middle of a field near Poppleton; forty-five minutes, as fast as it was convenient to travel over such a strong line. Among those who went as well as any, and would have given Lady Grey de Wilton her work to do to beat her, was Miss Milner; but if she is not a little more patient, she will soon make the animal she rode rush as badly as the former one, which gave her such a bad fall.

On Dec. 26th, they had a large meet, and the Leeds men were in strong force with a plentiful supply of foot people out of the coal-pits. The Boot and Shoe, close to the wood, was full of foxes, and the hounds finding very soon, went away towards Middlefield, turned to the left, going fast for twenty minutes to Kippax Park, here they gave him a rally up and down Mr. Bland's flower-garden, from which they forced him away and killed. They found their second fox at Newfield, ran a large ring, forty-five minutes top pace, and killed him also. The third fox they found in Michelfield Wood, raced him to Saxton, and to ground in Castle Hill, after thirty-five minutes, straight as a land-surveyor would go.

'Who is the Yorkshire cad to the "Van"?' Is the question asked in the club, and by all those who love to study 'Baily.' 'Is it Read or Robinson, or young George Thomson, or can it be Blanché the cook, he's an awful 'clever fellow you know?' 'Tootle-tum, tootle-tum, tootle-tum-tay.' A happy new year to all sporting friends—it is our intention to drink in a bottle of Tom Wallace's '47, green seal, which Lord Frederick is always willing to lay 70 to 40 is not to be licked in London.

The York Horse Show went off remarkably well, and many good horses changed hands; and we were glad to hear that 'the chaunting' of the dealers in the Minster on the previous Sunday was first-rate, and augured well for the success of their sales. Collins, we understand, jumped off with the lead with Murray and Wheeler lying at his quarters, and Sankey, Parish, Mason, Burton, and Sharp in a cluster behind. This order was undisturbed throughout. Collins, who was never headed, choking off Murray's rush at the finish and going in alone. Had McGraine, of Dublin, however, been included in the field, the result in all probability would have been different.

It is not often we are called upon to follow in the track of Hazlitt or Leigh Hunt, and enact the rôle of dramatic critics, for we are so gorged with the love, murders, and suicides of the newspapers, as to be utterly indifferent to their stage representation. Besides, in the present day, actors are as rare as jockeys; and we detest 'gaggers' as much as we do 'images.' Still, the announcement of the 'Flying Scud; or, the Life of a Racehorse,' with the representation of the Derby, was a temptation we could not withstand; and, like Bluebeard's spouse, we were victims to our curiosity, and fortunately escaped her penalty. The audience on the night of our visit was of a most miscellaneous description, ranging from Members of the Jockey Club to card-sellers and touts; and the breathless attention they paid to the piece during the whole of the time it was being enacted showed the interest they took in it. And if Mr. Boucicault was proud of having captivated the Irish with his 'Colleen Bawn,' he may be said to have made himself quite as great a favourite

on the English Turf with the 'Flying Scud,' whose popularity, in all probability, will be made by Mat Dawson to extend next year to districts far beyond Holborn. The principal character of the piece is an ex-jockey, named Natty Gosling, who has ridden no end of Derby and Leger winners, and, from his style of conversation, forcibly reminded us of the late George Boast, of Epsom. The old man is blessed, as he deserved to be, with a pretty granddaughter, to whom he can leave the 'monkeys' and 'centuries' which were so lavished on him in his riding days by his masters, and which never had the effect of revolutionizing his brain. The 'old 'un,' it seems, has a useful two-year old, which he knows can gallop, and who figured in the Turf nomenclature of the Sporting papers as Flying Scud, by Hurricane. This animal, he tells a young farmer who lives near him, and is the Simon Pure of his niece's affections, and who dresses far more like an assistant gamekeeper than an agriculturist, will win the Derby; and he advises him to back him for it for his shirt forthwith, which he promises to do; although, from his running in the Criterion, he is not so sanguine as the ex-jockey, who, we suppose, did not tell him on that day, he only went out for an airing, and was not a spinner. While matters are in this state, we are introduced to a new character, a Captain Goodge, the landlord of the farmer, who refuses his application for a renewal of the lease of the farm he holds under him, and into possession of which the Captain has just come, as he supposed, under the will of a deceased uncle. This Captain we can only describe as being one of those snobs who 'are tremendous swells in a coffee-room,' and as destitute of principles as of manners. Being a rival of the farmer's in the affections of the old jockey's granddaughter, he very naturally refuses to listen to his request, and even compromises the young lady herself when she makes a similar application by locking her up in the next box to that of Flying Scud, and going off with the key. Of course she is released by her lover, who becomes as jealous as the Sultan, or a gentleman-rider of the present day; the more so, as during the short interval that has elapsed between their parting, he and the presumed landlord have changed places, and by the reading of the will he has been left not only the farm he has hitherto occupied, but the whole of the testator's property, real and personal; while to the Captain he has not even bequeathed the conventional shilling to purchase the conventional cord to hang himself with. And the Captain, having what is called already devoured the young veal before it could be distinguished by that name, the natural sequence was an invitation from the Sheriff of Middlesex of so pressing a nature that he would take no denial. So he accordingly joined the select circle assembled at the Sheriff's palatial residence in Bream's Buildings, the beauties of which have lately been illustrated with so much force and truthfulness in the 'Glowworm,' which is said to be a reflex of the sentiments of the Home Office, and a rival to the Court Circular in recording the movements of the Royal Family. In the scene of reading the will, Mr. Boucicault merely gave us a second edition of a similar one in Lord Lytton's charming comedy of 'Money.' But the latter author has spared us the painful absurdity of witnessing a man who has just come into a property, as well as a fortune to keep it up, putting it all on a horse directly he is declared the owner of it, in the presence of those persons who are called to hear it read by the professional adviser of the deceased. And from the manner in which the three worthies laid him their own odds against Flying Scud, convinced us they must have had very elastic books; and 'the 'fresh-catched one,' as the hero would be called at Tattersall's, would have as many friends, both there, and at the other subscription-rooms in the metropolis, as the hare in the proverb. Now in every-day life the hero and heroine would

have made up their differences, and taken their places at St. George's, Hanover Square, the dowry of the latter being made up of the Derby Stakes won by Flying Scud, exclusive of the hundred pounds deducted for the police. But, according to stage rules, virtue must undergo still stronger trials before it can beat vice at the finish, so we are treated to three more acts before the race between them is over, and the number goes up. It would, then, seem that Flying Scud has done so well, and been recommended so highly in the reports from training quarters in the 'Sportsman,' and so pleased two Special Commissioners, who ought certainly to have been brought upon the stage, that he becomes a prominent favourite for the Blue Riband of the Turf, as Natty, in language truly refreshing from its novelty, describes the Derby. The gentlemen, therefore, who were present at the reading of the will, and laid Mr. Meredith such long odds against him, thought it would be a better stroke of policy to make themselves safe with the horse, instead of with his backer. So accordingly they seek for an interview with Natty, and, after a good deal of diplomacy, obtain his consent that, for four thousand pounds, they shall be admitted in the disguise of blacksmiths to Flying Scud's box, and give him, not some Stilton beans, but a handful of corn that has had some opium steeped in it, and which will have the same effect as it had upon Plenipo, in Touchstone's year for the St. Leger. At first the audience (especially the pit and gallery) are on thorns at the manner in which their special favourite falls in with their views of the tempters; while the old gentleman in the stalls mutters 'Facilis descensus Avernus,' and wonders why the whole matter is not revealed to the Admiral. But we are delighted to state that Natty is not so bad as he seemed to be, and, in fact, that, in Newmarket language, he was only 'kidding;' for in that spirit of candour which is so characteristic of English trainers, particularly of the Young King and Ben Land school, he calls the lads together and tells them the offer that has been made to him. He next produces the 'monkeys' he was paid in (the legs considering the large notes, we suppose, less likely to be traced), and proceeds to cut up one of them among them, which of course has the effect of rendering them still more devoted to him; and, at his instigation, they immediately rang the changes with 'the favourite,' and slipped into his box his own brother, who, strange to say, was a second edition of himself in look, but a year older, and a Plating duffer, scarcely good enough for the Consolation Scramble at Odiham. Then we have the morning breaking uncomfortably early at Flying Scud's training quarters near Epsom, and, punctual to a second, the legs arrive, dressed as mechanics, with a blacksmith's dress and tools, like John Ironbrace, in 'Used Up.' They are received by Natty, who tells the policeman to pass them, and gives them the key of the box, into which they enter, amidst a silence deeper than is to be found in an Indian forest, and the deed is supposed to be done; a lashing out of one of Flying Scud's heels being the supposed signal of the accomplishment of the nefarious design. The sight of the faces of the gods at this particular moment is, in the language of the United States, 'a caution,' for in reality this was the first time a Derby crack had ever been nobbled on any stage. Time, however, wears on, and, in spite of the opiate, Flying Scud goes on well, and becomes a greater favourite than ever. The Saturday newspapers previous to the Derby are full of him; 'Bell's Life' prophesies him; 'Merlin,' in 'The Sporting Gazette,' insists on his trial being the only correct one given; and furnishes his readers with the name of the Steward of the Jockey Club who witnessed it, and the maker's name of the watch he used on the occasion, and winds up by 'plumping' for him. 'The Scud' has also the able advocacy of 'The Field, or the Country Gentleman's Newspaper,' as

well as the strong support of 'Touchstone' of 'The Era;' the 'Sporting Life' gives him as the winner; 'Beacon,' in the 'Sportsman,' can find nothing to beat him; while 'Vigilant' not only goes for him, but tells his readers 'a Leviathan bookmaker laid twelve thousand to eight against him, 'in a line to a swell, and predicts there will be a pretty getting up stairs 'before the flag falls.' On Sunday matters are worse, for the yard at Tattersall's is as crammed as Mr. Bellew's church, and the endeavours to get on Flying Scud are very great and unavailing. Mr. George Herring will take a shadow of odds to a thousand to help an aristocratic client, who failed to get out at the right time; but as Mr. Stephenson only says, in reply, 'that 'Flying Scud don't win,' he takes refuge in despair in Rotten Row. Mr. Hill, who has a rare book, is chaffing his friends, and congratulates himself on having backed The Scud back, and making him a winner. Mr. J. B. Morris considers it a thousand to ten on him; and Mr. George Reynolds, who took the odds of a thousand to five a few times before he ran for the Criterion, having out of charity laid a Cornet of Dragons, who had begun a Derby book, after the Leger, two hundred to one back, jumped into his phaeton and drove down to Greenwich to the dinner he had telegraphed for. Monday brought matters to a still more serious pitch, for 'Argus' who had spent his previous Sabbath morning with 'Lord Frederick,' (who had executed Natty Gosling's commission,) stated in large letters Flying Scud would win, and the nobblers be caught like a rat in a trap. Hotspur in the 'Daily Telegraph' nailed his colours to the mast with him, and Spectator in the 'Morning Star' 'saw' nothing else in the race. Nemo likewise reminded his readers in the 'Advertiser' he was a second Ratanplan. So the 'Upper Ten,' as well as 'the Million,' being both provided with a favourite, the public money came up in such force, that Mr. Sydney Smith, in Jermyn Street, had to put on a fresh staff of clerks, and the other commission agents were equally busy. Captain Goodge and his friends tried to look at their ease, but failed; and 'Thomas,' who never liked them, made no secret of his belief that they were 'glovers.' Still they could hardly believe they were done; and Natty kept gammoning them—he was only 'playing the game'—and it would not do to blow the gaff too soon, or else they would get no more money out of Flying Scud.

Next we come to the morning of the race, and find ourselves on the course, and close to the 'Grand Stand. As Mr. Wright would say in his tissue Derby—no change. The Captain and his companions bet more resolutely against the favourite, and Messrs. Whitfield and Sherwood could not have fielded more stanchly, although the former might have laid his money at a better price. But while all our sympathies are being interested in Flying Scud, we are put into a great state of excitement by Ned Compos, the jockey, who is set down in the card to ride him, being led in *non compos*, having been got at like William Scott, in Sir Tatton Sykes' year, for the Derby, when Pyrrhus the First beat him. Of course there is a horrible consternation in the camp, and the head lad (very well played by Miss Charlotte Saunders, who makes up so like Harry Goater that his master could scarcely tell the difference) being unable to get down the weight, there would seem to be no alternative but to put up a stable-boy. This, however, is avoided by Natty determining to ride him himself, although he is five pound overweight, even in his plaid waistcoat which he wears under his jacket, and which does not argue such an intimate acquaintance with the laws and customs of the weighing-room as he himself would lead us to imagine he possessed. The rule, also, as to the time for declaring, seemed to have escaped his recollection, and we should like to

know very much how he escaped Mr. Manning's watchful attention. However, all's well that ends well, for the old 'un goes to the post on the Flying Scud, and taking the lead throughout, wins, hands down, and her name up in Fleet Street and at the 'Glowworm' office in a quarter of an hour afterwards; and as neither Mr. Barber, Mr. Graham, or Mr. T. Stevens ran second, the objections that might have been lodged about his nominator being dead at the time he started, and that the extra weight which he carried had not been published in sufficient time, were not made, and so villany was defeated, and virtue proves triumphant; at which somewhat novel occurrence the gods expressed their decided approbation. We have reason also to believe that, at the settlement, the Captain and his friends were long and anxiously waited for at the Subscription Room at Tattersall's, and the absence of their accounts mysteriously announced in the morning papers, was fully made known to the world by Doctor Shorthouse, who in 'The Sporting Times' gave full accounts of their birth, parentage, education, and probable transportation, careless of the writs which were served upon him for it, and which he immediately converted into pipe-lights for his smoking-room at Carshalton.

The Derby over, and the three robbers who have gone to the bad having had a Finance Committee, resolve to improve their position by two means which easily present themselves, viz., by forging and cheating at cards; and forthwith proceed to take lessons in the latter process, which consisted of what Fordham would call 'officing on their partners.' Experience soon made them perfect in their new accomplishment; and at their Club in Piccadilly—the name of which is not given, but into which admission, we should think, was not very difficult—they proceed to put their plans into operation. One of their pigeons is Lord Woodbine, who dresses like a second edition of Lord B. P., but who evidently has not seen the lamps put out quite so often, and who is desperately in love with the niece of one of the legs. And although his passion is returned, and he is first favourite with her, she positively refuses to accept his nine thousand per annum and peerage, merely because, like the milkmaid, 'her face is her fortune,' and because she fancies she has been used by her uncle as a decoy duck to win money of at cards. This novel creation of Mr. Boucicault's brain excited as great a sensation as Stodare's Sphynx, and was received with shouts of laughter. We then see the owner of 'Flying Scud' sitting down to whist with his three friends at their Club in Piccadilly, where, as may be imagined, he has just about the same chance of winning as General Shirley would have of being proposed by Admiral Rous for the Jockey Club, and of being seconded by the Earl of Glasgow. Of course nothing less than pony points are played, and hundred-pound notes are paid with a freedom which our compagnon de voyage, the Honourable George Vaughan, stated he had never witnessed in clubs of higher pretensions; and his authority being such a high one, we trust we may be excused for quoting it, as a Chancery lawyer would cite a dictum of Eldon or Lyndhurst. At last Lord Woodbine's eyes are opened, by witnessing the telegraphing going on between the confederates, and he denounces the lot as a parcel of swindlers. Upon which Captain Goodge challenges him to meet him at Calais, and his lordship having no gentleman rider, like Captain Little, by his side, does not think that cheating is a bar to an appearance in 'The Court of Twelve Paces,' and rather than his courage should be called in question, agrees to the proposal. And although his mother has been told by his lady-love that Goodge is a dead shot, and means to give her son no chance, and shoot him as dead as a Hornsey Wood pigeon, she, too, is squeamish that the courage of one, whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror, should be called in question; and instead of sending to the In-

spector on duty at Vine Street, or telegraphing to have her boy stopped at Dover, allows him to go to the slaughter with an amount of equanimity that we hardly conceive would do more credit to a Roman or Spartan, than a Belgravian mother. On the sands of Calais, which was the fixture for this 'affair of honour,' we find the Captain and his friends assembled, and his lordship keeps them waiting so long that fears are entertained of his having missed the boat. At last he arrives, but without a second or pistol. These little wants are quickly supplied by the confederates, who oblige him with both, and in three minutes his lordship is supposed to be fit for the tomb of his ancestors, and several noble families, it seems, are likely to give Mr. Jay an extensive order for mourning. It happens, however, that we have been a little too quick in our conjecture, for the piercing scream which his lordship gave when he received the Captain's bullet, led to an examination of the wound, when the Captain's second, Colonel Mulligan, whose double may be seen every afternoon in Regent Street, discovers that it is his own niece at whose murder he has been assisting, and who, upon seeing the real Lord Woodbine come to the spot to which he has travelled by means of a special steamer, kindly placed at his disposal by the enterprising contractor Mr. Churchwood, is enabled to recognize her lover, and express her perfect satisfaction with the course she has adopted; so nobody has any strict right to complain of her conduct, and we trust she was allowed a Christian burial and not interred in the cross roads at midnight. This sensational discovery naturally brings about an *éclaircissement*; and Mo, one of the confederates, having come to the conclusion that it would be wrong to do any injury to himself, and to save himself from studying the recent improvements in prison discipline, splits upon his colleagues, and the piece ends, as all dramas ought to do, with the apposite illustration, of how much better it is to go straight than on the cross; and that Admiral Rous is a finer model to follow in the wake of, than the late Mr. Abraham Levy Goodman. The acting in the piece is beyond all praise; and Mr. Belmore's Natty Gosling a perfect creation which would do John Scott good to witness. And we must say a few words on the superb condition in which he brought Flying Scud to the post, for he was literally as hard as a board, and would have stood John Day's hand going over him. And when he had pulled up he was as dry as a bone. In short, he had never turned a hair, and while being 'Harry Halled,' he stood as still as the far-famed Trojan horse of olden times. In conclusion, we think a few more card-people might be employed on the stage during the race; and if the services of the Brown Duchess could be secured for the holidays, she would draw with certain influential classes. A word for Miss Charlotte Saunders' Bob Buckskin, which we can describe in no other way than being a Mayall and Southwell photograph of Henry Goater, while there is a freshness and natural tone in developing the character that has induced many who have seen her to imagine she has been through a tour of visits at Whitewall, Danebury, and Spigot Lodge, and was a great friend of Jem Perrens. The Derby scene is managed as well as the size of the stage will permit. Such is the history of the drama which brings Belgravia to Holborn, and is likely to keep up the communication between the two districts for some time to come. We have, perhaps, taken a different view of the proceedings to Mr. Boucicault, and ours is certainly a more worldly one; but we can in strict truth state 'we have 'nothing extenuated or set down aught in malice.' And we are vain enough to imagine that if our hints are taken in the spirit in which they are given, the merits of 'Flying Scud' will not be deteriorated in the estimation of the Sporting world to which Mr. Parry appeals for support.

Of general gossip in our note-book we have not much to relate; but such as

we have gathered we make our readers partakers of. Mr. Drax, it is said, has obtained a new trial; but whether it will be set down for Liverpool or Middlesex we cannot say, still from the new evidence that will be produced, we hear there is every probability of the verdict being reversed, and his being restored to society, with the privilege of risking his neck whenever he likes on weedy screws, over trappy fences. And from all we can learn of him, so far from being in the pay of a List man, he is a respectable Northamptonshire farmer, and the most that can be said of him is that he is afflicted with an incurable weakness for steeple-chasing, which has thus brought him to grief in a social position. And had he exhibited the same tact and discretion before the Court and Jury sworn to try the case at Aintree, as he has done since, he would in all probability have obtained an acquittal. But he was so unnerved at the stern unimpassioned visages of Messrs. B. J. Angell and Co. as to produce upon their judicially trained minds the firmest conviction of his guilt, and left them no alternative but to pronounce the last sentence of the law upon him. That the conviction and sentence have been productive of the best results we are free to admit; and we hope it will act as a warning to young men not to ride in public for the public money, unless they can do so with sufficient skill to prevent their motives being misinterpreted. And had Mr. Drax ever read 'The Life and Adventures of Tilbury Nogo,' by Whyte Melville, we are satisfied he never would have paid Redwing's stake to ride him at Ealing. But a rider of another, and a very different class, has also got into trouble, viz., Tom Aldcroft, who on looking into his books, and finding his expenditure had exceeded his income, pulled himself together, and coming with one of his famous rushes, has just passed the Judge at Leeds very cleverly. The immediate cause of the crisis is set down 'as inability to Bant.' Jemmy Grimshaw has moved from Newmarket to Bishopston; and, like the good and diligent City apprentices of olden times, is about to unite himself in marriage with his master's daughter. The vacancy occasioned in Count Lagrange's stable by the premature death of Henry Grimshaw has been filled up by Hibberd. And here we would fain express our regret, that last month, in noticing the conduct of the jockeys, especially the light weights, we inadvertently used Cameron's name for Kenyon's; but the mistake was so obvious, it was scarcely possible for the former to suffer from it. The Ascot Spring Meeting will be only continued for the ensuing year, in order to run off the Biennial, as it is understood Her Majesty has expressed her dislike to it. The West End Crashes still continue to be the talk of the town, and occasionally ooze out in the Law Reports. But although the subjects of them have, in commercial language, 'placed their books in the hands of their accountants, and solicited the kind forbearance of their creditors, they have as yet taken nothing by their motion. With the members of the Ring, who have not gone out of town for the holidays, billiard-books have been substituted for betting ones; and from their familiar talk of 'cannons,' one is led to imagine that they had recently joined the Honourable Artillery Corps. And, as an instance of how Brighton is crowded with them and other fashionables, we may state that a well-known Commissioner was obliged to delay his departure from London for a month, because he was unable to obtain stabling for his two carriages and six horses. At Danebury there have been great rejoicings on the revival, in the Day family, of the title of 'Grandfather,' which had been some time in abeyance. And John in his drab coat, on his pony, will, ere long, bear a striking resemblance to his ancestor, in the well-known picture over the mantelpiece in the *salle à manger* at Danebury. Among the recent signs of the times, we may mention the establishment at Holloway of a Boarding-House for dogs; who are thus

spared the *ennui* of their own kennels, and the necessity of providing for their own maintenance. Nothing can be more liberal than the arrangement of the table, and we are assured 'a dog cook' worthy of a situation at Melton has been engaged. The rules are admirably drawn up, and no latch-keys are permitted to the occupants, in order that 'loose dogs' may not obtain surreptitious admission into the establishment in question. The idea is such a novel one, we could not possibly allow its existence to lie dormant; and if any Dowager is thereby enabled to secure a quiet haven for the evening of their pugs, we hope to find ourselves the subject of a paragraph in the corner of the 'Illustrated London News,' and copied into the provincial journals under the heading of 'Curious Bequest to an Author.' The Hogg and Maxwell trial, relative to the 'Belgravian Magazine,' has come to an end, the Lord Justice having refused the Injunction. But we cannot help thinking he might have advised Mr. Hogg to style his work 'Belgravia *Proper*,' and leaving to Miss Braddon that of 'Belgravia *Improper*;' so that their respective admirers should know which to apply for, according to their taste and inclination. We have now, we trust, laid before our customers all the choicest parcels of news committed to our charge, and our vehicle is packed up to the height that safety prescribes for it. At all risks, however, we must find a cranny to squeeze in the important fact which has just reached us, that a sporting reporter left his purse with a hundred and five pounds in it, on the counter of the Strand post-office, while getting an order for the same number of pence. At first the authorities were incredulous on the point, and summoned those well-known and respectable members of the profession, Messrs. Hogarth, Harrison, Harness and Edward Smith, to give evidence upon the subject. And notwithstanding they were most severely cross-examined, they adhered strictly to the belief, that by no possibility of circumstance, not even by virtue of an act of parliament, could a London sporting reporter be possessed of such a sum. We are, however, in a position to state they were wrong in their surmises, for the coursing-field of Newmarket contributed the sum in question; so the old axiom of 'light come, light go' was again verified. And we believe we are not premature in stating that as soon as the Waterloo Cup is run for, the gentleman to whom allusion is made will sit to Madame Tussaud, so that the world may have the opportunity of gazing on a species of humanity rarer than the Aztecs or Julia Pastrana.

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

FATHER TIME, that much abused elderly gentleman, at whom the seniors growl for hurrying along and thinning them about the top of the head, and the juniors rail for not making them old soon enough, has once again brought us round to the annual visions of fairy land, good spirits, British and foreign, and Mr. Clown and his companions, concerning whose vagaries veteran players will shake their wise heads and say, 'Call that a clown—you should have seen Joey Grimaldi.' Fully alive to the benighted condition in which we have thus been placed by not being born soon enough, sufficient is it to be satisfied with what is provided for our amusement, upon which, as regards the present season, I have a word to say. Pantomime does not, apparently, entertain the affections of the West End managers; at only two of what may be termed the fashionable theatres is Harlequin and his followers called into requisition. Not so very long since Mr. Buckstone was great in pleasing the children at Christmas time, and his productions were second to none; but

the last few years he has abandoned pantomime, and after indulging in a trial of burlesque, has finally contented himself with producing a new *comediotta* and a comedy, of which more anon. At the Princess's, too, Mr. Vining, intent upon not very long hence producing a new comedy by Tom Robertson, the author of 'Ours,' has warmed up one of the veteran Planché's most successful extravaganzas. Consequently papa and mamma, should they think fit to treat their juveniles to more than two pantomimes, will have to journey over the water to the New Surrey or Astley's.

To begin at the beginning, which is Covent Garden: Mr. Alfred Mellon has not been wanting in courage in this his first managerial essay. The sum of money that has been expended on the costume and scenery of 'Ali Baba' must be something fabulous. Indeed, a more gorgeous pantomime was never put upon the stage, even in the bankrupt days of the 'Limited.' I have neither space nor inclination to enter into a disquisition on the plots of the various Christmas pieces, if, by the way, they ever have any. Suffice it that Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, in this his, I believe, first attempt at pantomime writing, has displayed a novelty and originality of style that is somewhat refreshing after the copious doses of Mr. E. L. Blanchard's somewhat didactic pen, which has been so often employed in putting together nursery-stories and Arabic legends for Christmas representation that it has lost much of its ancient cunning. Mr. A'Beckett's 'Ali Baba' is a highly creditable production, and if he will allow me to offer just one suggestion, namely, not to write too much to gain the approbation of the gods, I have little doubt that for many seasons to come he will find his services in requisition. Of course, as regards the scenery at Covent Garden, there is little need for criticism when Mr. Grieve's name is mentioned in conjunction with it. 'The Enchanted Home of the Genii' is one of the most magnificent transformation pictures ever presented to the public, and is of itself worth a visit to the theatre, while the grand ballet and some excellent comic business in the harlequinade increase and fill up a bill of fare the goodness of whose items must be tasted to be appreciated.

It is unnecessary to say that everything Mr. Chatterton does at Drury Lane he does well. 'Faust' is a remarkable instance of his enterprise and desire to place everything he produces on his stage with all the embellishments and accessories that the painter's art or the most approved mechanism can provide. The preparation of the Drury Lane pantomime was child's play, I was going to say, but there is a great deal of child's play in it, and a great deal of labour and anxious thought it causes. Last year the great scene of the pantomime was King Pippin's Court, which aroused the excitement and delight not only of juveniles but grown-up people by the marvellous way in which some hundred and odd children went through all the mimic ceremonies of a court. Then when the revolution took place, and some hundred more came bounding on the stage, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Mr. Chatterton has this year given us another phase in the existence of his little people in the scene of the 'One hundred little Nixes, who sat themselves on the shoemaker's and tailor's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate that the shoemaker was all wonder and could not take his eyes off them.' So says Gammer Grethel, and so do Mr. Chatterton's Nixes. Though the transformation scene, revealing 'The Treasures of the Earth,' is quite equal to all Mr. Beverley's previous efforts, and is gorgeous and beautiful beyond description, there is another of the production of his brush in 'Number Nip' before which it pales. I refer to the scene representing 'The Moonlight Meeting of the Waters,' which I venture to say is the most lovely picture ever presented on the stage. The delicacy of the tinting, the soft mellow light thrown on it, the entirely natural appearance of the whole, combine to make a *tableau* that the eye is loth to see disappear. In his magic scene, bathed in the light of a moon far above the ordinary run of stage luminaries, an admirably conceived ballet is executed, which excites much applause. I have scrupulously refrained from remarking on Mr. E. L.

Blanchard's share in 'Number Nip.' For selecting the story he cannot be too highly praised; for his interpretation of it charity forbids me to speak. It really is to be hoped that some of the 'comic' (?) dialogue between Prince Ratibon and Karl Krackwhipz will be cut out: the public are not always so indulgent as on Boxing Night. The characters are as well supported as the dialogue will allow them to be, Miss Lydia Thompson being as vivacious as she can under the circumstances. Master Percy Roselle is of course the chief attraction, and, as usual, distinguishes himself to the general satisfaction: I wish he had a better song to sing than the one allotted to him. In point of scenery, costumes, and ballet Mr. Chatterton not only deserves but is sure to obtain a repetition of the success that attended him last season. For information sake I may add that morning performances will take place every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday during the month of January.

As I mentioned before, Mr. Buckstone has contented himself with producing a new comedietta by Westland Marston, entitled 'A Mere Child,' which does very well to commence the evening's amusement. Then follows a comedy, 'A Lesson for Life,' in which Mr. Sothern plays a character that is of course made the most of in his hands. The whole piece is characteristic of Mr. Tom Taylor, whose sentimental vein is getting rather exhausted. His new comedy, however, is not without its merits, and, like all Haymarket pieces, is well acted and elegantly put upon the stage. Mr. Buckstone has not, however, entirely forgotten his young friends, but evidently not approving of late hours for them, has inaugurated a series of morning performances, commencing at half-past two, by a company of juveniles varying in height from thirty to fifty inches, and going by the singular *nom de guerre* of 'the Living Miniat-ures.' These youthful actors and actresses perform a little comedietta entitled 'Littletop's Christmas Party,' and a children's burlesque rejoicing in the name of 'Sylvius; or, the Peril, the Pelf, and the Pearl,' which abounds in songs and music admirably selected by Mr. Wallenstein. I can strongly recommend a visit to the Haymarket any afternoon as sure to find favour with the young people at home.

At the Princess's 'Barnaby Rudge' remains as the first item on the programme, an alteration having been made in the cast, Mr. George Honey now playing *Miggs* in the place of Mrs. Henry Wood, who has transferred her services to the burlesque. Somehow or other, however old they are, there is always a sparkle and brilliancy about Mr. Planché's pieces, and the 'Invisible Prince,' which has been revived by Mr. Vining, has a smack of freshness and vigour about it that is truly refreshing. It seems to run along so smoothly that neither the eye nor the ear ever gets tired. Mrs. Henry Wood and Mr. George Honey play their parts admirably, nor must I forget to say a word in favour of Miss Heywood, who fills the character of *Princess Xquisite-littlepet*, which, by the way, is a capital name. The scenery, which is by Mr. Lloyd, is, like all his handiwork, most admirable, and would satisfy the most fastidious critic.

At the Lyceum Mr. Fechter, after a prolonged absence, has made his appearance in the new play 'Rouge et Noir,' which, to a certain extent, is a success. It is, of course, full of melodramatic action and incident, and allows of a very large amount of display of the manager's person and scenic effect, which, I suppose, is all that is required. With due respect I cannot give in to the fulsome praise that is lavished upon Mr. Fechter; he has a good carriage and a sonorous voice, but he is always the same, no matter what the piece he is playing in, not forgetting that ceaseless roll of the eyes, in which he perpetually indulges, as if he were trying to look out of the back of his head. This frantic movement of his 'ocular horbs,' as a certain well-known theatre-goer is accustomed to call them, does good service when love has to be made to the heroine, but it becomes very tiring when practised perpetually through five long acts. Mr. Emery, who always plays his characters well, makes a fine part of the scoundrel in 'Rouge et Noir,' and Miss Carlotta Leclercq and Mrs. Leigh are equally to be praised in their several ways. Mr. Grieve's brush is again at work at the Lyceum, and with

the usual result—success. Those who like melodrama cannot do better than pay ‘Rouge et Noir’ a visit.

Mr. B. Webster’s lesseeship of the Olympic was inaugurated on Boxing Night by the revival of ‘London Assurance,’ one of the best comedies that ever was written, and a work of which Mr. Dion Boucicault has good reason to be proud. The character of *Dazzle*, which Mr. Charles Mathews now fills, is in every way suited to him; the easy, flippant, *sang-froid* man of the world is graphically illustrated by him, and I know of no part to which he appears to take so kindly. *Lady Gay Spanker*, with her ceaseless rattle and chatter, finds a capital exponent in Mrs. Charles Mathews, who made the little theatre in Wyck Street ring with her merry laughter. Miss Milly Palmer has made a bold venture in tackling the part of *Grace Harkaway*, but she knew what she was capable of, and the public will readily endorse the opinion she entertained of her own powers. Miss Farren plays *Pert*, Mr. Horace Wigan *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, Mr. Addison *Mar Harkaway*, Mr. H. Neville *Charles Courtly*, Mr. G. Vincent *Mark Meddle*, Mr. Dominick Murray *Dolly Spanker*, and Mr. Cooper *Cool*. The host of names I have given is the best criterion of how the admirable comedy is admirably done.

At the Holborn Theatre that ridiculous burlesque on sport and sportsmen, ‘Flying Scud,’ still holds attractions for the public. What a pity it is Mr. Boucicault did not consult some person learned in racing matters before he produced his piece, so that he might have set it right in several particulars. Mr. Burnand, who is writing just a little too much, and consequently hurries his productions somewhat, has supplied Mrs. Swanborough with her Christmas piece, under the title of ‘Guy Fawkes; or, the Ugly Mug and the Couple of Spoons.’ It is by no means up to the very high standard of most of his other burlesques, and compares unfavourably with ‘Black-Eyed Susan,’ on which a word in due course. The familiar story of the plots of the gentleman whose festival we celebrate on the 5th of November, is closely adhered to, of course with a great deal of comic situation. The characters are well filled; indeed it is refreshing to find Miss Swanborough in a part that does not so severely tax her powers. So small a character as that she fills in ‘Guy Fawkes’ must be quite a relief to her after the heavy labours she has undergone during the last twelve months. The burlesque is admirably put on the stage, as everything Mrs. Swanborough has to do with always is, and Mr. Frank Musgrave’s selection of music is popular in the full acceptance of the term.

At the Royalty ‘Meg’s Diversion,’ a charming little comedy, and Mr. Burnand’s ‘Black-Eyed Susan,’ are likely to remain on the bill for a long time to come. The latter is one of the best burlesques I ever saw, and without commenting further on it, I can conscientiously say ‘Go and see it.’

At the Prince of Wales’s, ‘Ours,’ that delightful comedy, has completed its sixteenth week of representation, and its ‘drawing’ powers are still undiminished. Mr. Byron’s Christmas contribution is entitled ‘Pandora’s Box,’ which affords endless laughter and abounds in jokes, and is sure to retain its position on the programme for some time as an agreeable *addendum* to the comedy.

It is no part of my duty to deal with any of the other theatres. Astley’s and the Surrey both have pantomimes, admirable in their way, and well worthy a visit if any one is adventurous enough to migrate so far away from the west. My chronicle is ended as regards the Christmas entertainments of 1866.

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF MACCLESFIELD.

THERE is scarcely a foxhunter in the United Kingdom but will view with pleasure the portrait of the above nobleman, who as a sportsman may be said to stand quite at the head of the *Nulli Secundus* Brigade, although he does not come before the public so much as others with less pretensions.

The Earl of Macclesfield, who is descended from Sir Thomas Parker—a famous lawyer in the reign of Queen Anne, who, on becoming Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, was raised to the peerage as Lord Parker, Baron of Macclesfield, and on being subsequently made Lord Chancellor, he was elevated to an earldom. He was born on the 17th of March, 1811, and succeeded his father the 31st of March, 1850. Like all men who have earned honours in the hunting field, he began early, and under the very best of auspices; for he was entered to Will Long, when the late Duke of Beaufort hunted the Oxfordshire country. Lord Macclesfield's first appearance as a Master of Hounds was in 1839, when he took the Heythrop; but he only had them for a few months, for Lady Parker dying in the year of her marriage, he gave them up, and was succeeded by Lord Clonbrock. In 1845, Lord Macclesfield came out again with the pack, which he still hunts, and which was made up of drafts from the Oakley, who were at that time reducing the number of their hunting days; and the Heythrop, having reigned three years, he was obliged to give up from the want of support he received in the preservation of foxes, and was succeeded by Mr. John Shaw Phillips, who went on with them from 1848 until 1857, when Lord Macclesfield repurchased them, and has gone on with them ever since. In summing up Lord Macclesfield as a sportsman, we will do so in a very few sentences, as we are satisfied it will be more congenial to his feelings than any elaborate review of them. We will, therefore, for the satisfaction

of our readers, assure them Lord Macclesfield is a thorough Englishman. Quite out of the common across country, he walks near fifteen stone, and rides like ten, hunts his hounds himself, and is considered one of the best judges of a foxhound and of fox-hunting now going. On the coach-box he sits firm, and is strong and bold; can use his whip to some purpose, and can make a team, that has only been accustomed to the weak efforts of a modern muff, wonder what is the matter, and go into their bits like tigers. He can walk and shoot, stalk a stag, value an estate, and draw a plan for farm buildings. In fact, there is nothing an English landowner ought to do, but what he can do. And his ideas of the future state of a man who destroys foxes for the sake of preserving pheasants, although slightly different from those of Doctor Cumming, are, nevertheless, as orthodox as ever Master of Foxhounds could desire. The Earl of Macclesfield, we should add, has been twice married, first to Miss Henrietta Turnor, daughter of the late Mr. Edmond Turnor, of Stoke Rochford, Lincoln; and three years after her decease, to Lady Mary Frances Grosvenor, second daughter of the Marquis of Westminster, by whom he has a large family.

THE LATE CHARLES DAVIS.

: BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

If the name and career of the late Charles Davis, the huntsman to Her Majesty's Buckhounds during a period of forty-four years, were as ephemeral as those of most persons in his rank of life, it would be quite needless to add one word to the many accurate and interesting records which appeared at the moment of his death. Not only did the journals strictly devoted to sporting literature contain worthy accounts of his birth, education, and progress in his occupation, but scarcely a newspaper of the day seemed to consider superfluous a notice of so honourable and trustworthy a public servant.

Charles Davis was one of those men peculiarly adapted to make a favourable impression upon the times in which he lived. It is not simply the fact that he served no less than four royal patrons, that he saw numberless changes in the department to which he was attached in the masters who were set over him, that he continued so long unchecked by any untoward circumstances to exercise a responsible and difficult calling, which makes it desirable that he should take his place in the pages of this magazine in a more ostensible manner than he yet has done; but it is the fact that his example and character have indirectly exercised an influence on the subordinates of sport throughout England during a period when a passion for the field has increased among all classes of men. He united in himself two qualities which lead to success in almost every walk of life—sound judgment and great determination. To those who knew him in his home and in the ordinary occupations of social life this was

apparent; and it was not the less so to those persons who had no other opportunity of judging than by seeing him in his official capacity. He rode over a country very much as he managed his daily affairs; and it is no small credit to any man to say that the great charm of his character lay in its 'consistency.' Davis, like other men, was not free from faults; but, such as they were, they arose from the peculiarities of his disposition. There are men in every rank of life so formed by nature or disposition that they must inevitably rise to the surface. Davis was one of these. It mattered not that he began life as a pistol boy, or a very under-whip indeed, he died almost in the saddle as ex-Huntsman of the Royal Buckhounds, after a life of service and energy, which places him as senior opt. among woodcraftsmen, and *facile princeps* among the official servants of his rank and calling. The responsibilities of the office which Charles Davis was called upon to fill from the year 1821 to 1866 were much greater than those which devolve upon other persons in a like situation. If an unruly field be any clog to the honest efforts of a huntsman, no man was more severely tried; and as it frequently happened that no master but himself was in the field, it required an amount of self-control which is not always consistent with vigorous action or language. Other men have the influence of their master, or the good feeling of the squirearchy to fall back upon, and have every excuse made for them should an unfortunate outbreak of temper exceed just bounds. Conventionality does not hedge in the hard-riding huntsman of a pack of provincial foxhounds. But the Queen's servant, in himself a master, too frequently dealing with unruly spirits, whose love of sport consisted in overriding hounds on a cold scent, and riding to the stag on a good one, had to consider his position as well as the sport of his legitimate followers. He was not naturally a good-tempered man, and his delicacy of constitution, or rather digestion, made him irritable; but he performed this difficult part of his mission with marvellous tact. Years ago, I remember his fields consisting of the *élite* of society, when Sir Francis Grant's picture was a true representation of Her Majesty's buckhounds, and when the hard-riding cornets and captains of the household regiments, cavalry and infantry, from Windsor, were his most unruly customers. Since that time stag-hunting in Berkshire has degenerated; and what with the railroads and embryo-sportsmen, with whom he had to deal on metropolitan days, his love of a hound must have been sorely tried. In him, upon those occasions, we saw in *the best of servants, a man born to command*. No man could take a liberty with him. It mattered not of what rank, or under what circumstances, there was a something about Davis which savoured of true dignity; and whether he was exhibiting the hounds, of which he was so justly proud, to a duke, or curbing the insolence of an ill-bred upstart in the field, you could not but feel that Charles Davis was equally master of the situation.

I have endeavoured to ascertain whether any well-authenticated anecdotes of a public nature have been preserved by Charles Davis

in diaries or on paper. I regret to say that it does not appear that such was the case. It really is tantalizing to think of the many little bits of characteristic gossip of which he must have been the depository, and which might have been made public without any infringement of etiquette or good taste. Harmless anecdotes on the subject of sport from lips long cold, authorities in their day, and worthy of repetition from the public reputation of the men. One born a year before the French Revolution, serving under George III., George IV., William IV., and our good and gracious Queen, must have met with men, and conversed upon very intimate terms with them too, whose names are household words, and from whom the present generation must have something to learn. Excepting in his general conversation with his friends, I can hear of nothing of the sort; and it is to be regretted, if such papers exist, and can be given to the world without offence or breach of privacy, that they should not be placed in the hands of some competent editor for publication. I had myself the pleasure of many years' acquaintance with Mr. Davis, riding to his hounds during certain seasons, till circumstances prevented me from doing so, and visiting him at his cottage not unfrequently up to the time of his death. I was more or less a very near neighbour of his for some length of time, as a part of my family and some of my relations live at Ascot; but I found him usually reticent of his connection with great people, and I was unwilling to appear more curious on the subject than he wished me to be. He was the last man to gratify *idle* curiosity, which, however, mine could scarcely have been considered; but I know not how far he might have felt justified in preparing any sort of sketch of a career so interesting as his own must naturally have been. If it be on the mere subject of the sport with which he was connected, I am sure my regret at the loss of his experience will be shared by many.

Having given in these lines a rapid sketch of what may be considered the characteristics of the great huntsman, I may add, for the information of those who come after me, and who may years hence feel disposed to refer to 'Baily's Magazine' for information, the account of Charles Davis's official career; after which, I may be enabled to while away a leisure ten minutes for my readers by such anecdotes or remarks as seem best suited to a sketch, which I offer in the absence of any more marked or finished portrait.

Charles Davis was born on January 15, 1788. At twelve years old he was whipping-in to his father, who hunted the King's harriers; and in twelve years more he was whip to the staghounds under his future father-in-law, Mr. Sharpe. This early apprenticeship to business gave but little time for the exercise of book-learning. All his life he had a liking for reading, and was well up in the ordinary information of the times; but it chiefly lay among newspapers and some few favourite authors, of whom Charles Kingsley and Whyte Melville were honourably distinguished. He did me the favour also of reading and commenting upon my inconsiderable productions, and canvassed with me the opinions of the 'Gentleman in Black.' Of all my contemporaries,

I never heard him express higher praise than of the gentleman signing himself 'The Druid,' the painstaking author of 'Field and Fern,' 'Scott and Sebright,' and other works valuable for their sporting and agricultural information.

It was somewhat remarkable, though, now I think of it, it is common to many other huntsmen, amateur and professional, that he was much more interested in the subject of hounds than of horses. He seldom cared to talk about great performances over a country, and scarcely gave due credit to the performers. Of steeplechasers, as such, I heard him speak but rarely, and then not with great praise. Of the capability of ladies in the field he was not wont to be very tolerant, with two exceptions, which, I think, have had honourable mention elsewhere as horsewomen. He liked the cheerful spirits and dashing riding of Miss Gilbert, and noticed her untiring energy; and of Mrs. Horace Pitt's early performances he spoke always with unqualified delight. He never forgot the great men who had hunted with him during the forty-five years he was in office, but he said little in praise of the one above the other. He had his partialities, like other men, but he kept them much to himself, a mark of his genuine good sense and judgment. It made no difference to Davis who was in or who was out. His politics were known to his friends to be those of the Whig school; and in his position active interference was unnecessary and injudicious. Whatever he did of that kind was dictated by his usual tact.

When Charles Davis first followed his first master to the field, stag-hunting was not what it afterwards became. George III. was not a great horseman, and enjoyed the sport when a run was considerably longer and slower than it is now. At the beginning of this century, too, the roads were not what they now are, nor the efficiency of the 'rural blue' so much to be depended upon. Claude Duval and Dick Turpin had left some successors, who were not yet off the road; and though they might have fallen short of making his Majesty descend and dance a hornpipe for their pleasure, they would have had but small respect for the royal purse and watch had they fallen in their way. This is why Davis has been represented as a pistol-boy to the King. I never heard that the courage of either was put to the test; though, from my knowledge of the character of the man, I should certainly have given him credit for as much zeal in the service as another. The desertion of his royal master would have been to him an impossibility, though it would have taken a pretty good highwayman to have caught him, had he found discretion to be the better part of valour, in his boyish days. However, he never was tried. It was necessary to stop the hounds occasionally, as it has been for others, and the King was usually attended by a pioneer, who jumped the fences before his Majesty. Upon one occasion the leader had already performed his part, and the King was less eager to follow, the obstacle in question being somewhat greater than usual. 'John has gone over, your Majesty,' said a certain nobleman, anxious to recall the King from what he imagined to be a

casual forgetfulness or absence of mind. 'Has he?' replied his Majesty, not much pleased with the interference, 'then you may go 'after him.' This, too, reminds me of a member of our royal family still living, to whom no great respect was shown many years ago by the rough riders of one of our crack countries. As long as it was all plain sailing, the ——— was made to feel that there was a licence and equality in the hunting-field, with which he would have been the last man to quarrel. But on arriving at a very uncompromising sort of bullfinch, this indifference to courtly etiquette suddenly vanished, and a gentleman, who had been thrusting along regardless of anybody's convenience but his own, suddenly called a halt, and taking off his hat with a deference which might have done him service at St. James's, he said, 'After your Royal Highness, if you 'please.' It happened years ago, and I have not heard that hunting-fields are now better or worse in manners than they were then. The King, however, has a right to precedence, unless, as in the other case, he elects to depute it to another.

The ordinary life which Charles Davis habitually led was marked by great simplicity and abstemiousness. Perhaps it is no great compliment to say that his constitution, or rather digestion, demanded it. His inclination and pursuits tended that way. He was exceedingly regular in his mode of living. Taking great exercise, even when at home, constantly in the open air, about the kennels and the heath; and in summer exercising his hounds himself. He ate sparingly, but frequently, and was enabled to endure great fatigue. He had great patience in returning home long distances with his hounds after hunting, at that six mile an hour pace so good for quadrupeds and so trying to bipeds out of condition. He was particularly eloquent on the resolution of Miss Gilbert, who accompanied him on some of these expeditions, when their roads lay the same way, and equally so on some *raw* recruits of the hunting-field, who started with him, but were very soon reduced to a walk, or a considerable acceleration of pace. My own experience has taught me that the small of the back is apt to be affected by it, and that the difficulty of keeping one's friends to that strict limit of pace is very great on such occasions.

He was a most regular attendant on all duties, and not the least so on those of religion. If any man entertain the erroneous notion that the sports of the field are incompatible with the requirements and rest of the Sabbath day, we recommend the example of the late Huntsman of the Buckhounds to his consideration. He was regular in his attendance at Sunninghill Church, and a devout and attentive worshipper. Though the kennels are at least a mile and a half from the church, if not more, whenever the weather permitted he was to be seen wending his way on foot. He had a great objection to the use of a horse on such occasions, and I think I never heard of his allowing himself the indulgence. It is only within the last two years that he has been able to attend the new church which is built at Ascot Heath, near the new hotel, whence I accompanied him part of the way home last winter. He told me then that his health was

remarkably good, with the exception of a little difficulty of breathing occasionally in a sharp gallop. He looked as upright and untiring as usual.

A little anecdote in connection with his attendance at Sunninghill Church has found its way into the papers, not quite in accordance with fact. There can scarcely be a better authority on the subject than myself, and I will venture to give it as it really happened. Mr. C——, who had been hunting as usual with the stag-hounds during the winter, was out in a remarkably good run, many years ago, in which he found himself almost alone with the hounds and Davis in Windsor Great Park, as Davis was wont to say 'much to the credit of us both.' This happened in the early part of the week; and by the following Sunday Mr. C—— was ordained to a curacy in Leicestershire by the late Bishop of Peterborough. Not wishing to preach his first sermon in his future parish, Mr. C—— applied to Mr. Wale, the rector of Sunninghill, for permission to take his duty, which that gentleman kindly gave. In the ordinary course of things Davis was in his usual seat in the corner of the south aisle of the church. His astonishment at seeing Mr. C—— ascend the pulpit stairs, and commence his sermon, was very great. As he justly observed, the sudden change from a red coat to a black gown in so short a time was startling, and it was something to have seen the last of the former and the first of the latter. He likewise added to a neighbour a sort of equivocal compliment on the performance. 'Mr. C——,' said he, 'went quite fast enough 'for anything on Tuesday from Bagshot to Windsor Great Park, 'but the twenty minutes he has given us this morning leaves that 'performance far behind.' I presume the nervousness consequent on the novelty of the situation was the cause of this hurry: but it was certainly not the parson who was surprised at seeing Davis, as has been stated: the astonishment was the other way.

As a horseman I had almost said he was without a rival. Thoroughly to appreciate his style, it was necessary to have ridden with him, side by side, and frequently, in various countries, thirty years ago. I have had that pleasure. It made no difference in what country he appeared, he was seen equally to excel. Over the pastures of the Harrow Country, among the double-fences of the Aylesbury Vale, or in the banked country about Wingfield in Berkshire, he was equally perfect. He could go any pace, and he combined elegance and security of seat in a degree that I have never seen surpassed. It is a curious and melancholy coincidence that his nearest competitor in horsemanship lay dead in the same week. Many years separated him from James Mason, and we have evidence that the latter went well to the very last: that he died in the zenith of his fame. This was not the case with Davis, as his most zealous admirers are compelled to admit that some vigour had left him when seventy summers had passed over him, which was undiminished at fifty or sixty. No man retained his powers longer, and he deserves to be classed with the late Sir Charles Knightley,

Captain White, Assheton Smith, and similar examples for the retention of his equestrian powers.

So fine a horseman as Charles Davis is usually proud of an exploit or two in the field. He was so much more impressed with the value of a hound, and its greater utility in his occupation, that it was but seldom that he indulged himself or his hearers with any account of his own prowess. In this respect he presents a remarkable contrast to many good and daring riders, who are apt to forget the business in hand in the remembrance of their own personal achievements. As far as I can recollect he spoke most of Hermit, the grey horse on which he is painted in Sir Francis Grant's celebrated picture of the Ascot meet. He mentioned the circumstance of his having been once beaten on him, by a trainer of the name of Dessy on a small roan mare, as something very remarkable : and it was in consequence of his account of this performance and the persuasion of Mr. Death, the trainer at Ascot, that I became her owner. In my hands she was simply a cover hack, as being unable to carry more than a certain weight over a country ; but I am bound to add that she was far the best horse I ever had, and that Davis's opinion of her merits was correct to the very letter. He had other favourites, of course, but was not loud in their praise : not like many of our friends, who usually have a list as long as Oxford Street, every one of which was the best in the world. The Traverser is familiar to most men, as it was one on which he sat for one of his numerous portraits, and was a present from Lord Granville ; and Eurys was an especial favourite. Comus, the horse which the Prince of Wales had ridden at Oxford, was presented to Davis, when he had done the best of his work ; but he was a pleasant, good hack, and answered the old man's purpose admirably. There is a long string of names which may interest some of my readers, but which need scarcely have a place in our present number.

On one peculiarity I must venture to remark in considering Davis as a horseman. He was essentially a snaffle bridle man. I so utterly differ from him in his estimate of this supposed advantage, that I am almost an unfair judge of its merits. Such magnificent hands might have been trusted with the severest of bits, yet he preferred one which seems to me to be entirely thrown away upon him. In a large field of horses, a short time ago, I asked a gentleman why he was riding in a snaffle, and he gave me the most rational answer I have ever received on the subject. 'My hands,' said he, 'are so exceedingly bad, that I am afraid to ride in anything else.' I don't think that Davis's modesty would have accounted for his predilection in the same way.

No person, capable of exercising an opinion, can detach Charles Davis's capability from his appearance in the saddle. There are horsemen of all kinds, from the untutored butcher's boy to the most accomplished jockey, who get over a country in some way or other ; and many men form their general notion of efficiency upon the success of their favourite performer. One man likes strength, another likes

neatness ; one likes a good hold of his head, another a loose rein ; one thinks you can never get to the end of a run but by always riding ; another that you cannot be too quiet or let a horse have too much his own way : and they are all ready with half a dozen instances after their own notion. Davis put to flight all such ideas, and presented to you the neatest and firmest seat with the most perfect practical result. He was the best model of a handsome and effective horseman. His dress in the field was in keeping with the rest of his appointments. He was certainly blessed by nature in a wonderful degree. His legs were born for breeches and boots, and no man understood better how to put them on. I hope I am not hypercritical on this matter ; but there seems to be a fitness of things in this adaptation of nature and art as rare as it is becoming. The slovenly toilette which disgraces many of our actors in the hunting-field, professional and amateur, made the exception in Her Majesty's servant the more striking. Davis never looked more to advantage than in the royal procession at Ascot, and he was especially proud of the privilege. Indeed he had many strong feelings in connection with the glories of Ascot, of which course he was for a short time the manager ; and he delighted in everything that tended to link him with royalty. He was very proud of the few hints he had been able to give the Prince of Wales in horsemanship, and he was in perfect ecstasies at his Royal Highness's performance with the Pytchley when at Althorp a few years ago. He was as enthusiastic in the Prince's praises as Charles Payne himself, though he managed to express it in different language.

As a huntsman we have no means of measuring him in the field by the canons of fox-hunting : his duties were totally different. His knowledge of his art was great, which, however, rather included an acquaintance with the run of his stags, the nature of his country, and the management of his field, than the pursuit of a wild and capricious animal. The field gave him occasionally much uneasiness ; and it says much for him that in so long and difficult a career he had made scarcely an enemy. He was not by any means a good-tempered person, and disliked the unruly crowd of Londoners by whom at certain meets he was always beset ; but he knew his business and his position, and when he could not control, he could generally get away from them. Impertinence to Davis was simply impossible ; and in the absence of the master, obedience was compelled to be rendered to the servant, if necessary.

He liked fox-hunting quite as much as stag-hunting, and thought he gave very high praise to two seasons (I think about '40 and '41) by comparing them in character with that popular sport. For racing and steeplechasing his taste was limited. He cared for neither. He spoke of the old days at Ascot, when royalty was regular in its attendance, and when the aristocracy and beauty of England walked up and down the course, between the races. I have seen him in the Grand Stand *in mufti*, looking like a peer of the realm ; but he interested himself very little in the races, excepting when one of his

masters, or some one for whom he felt a personal regard, had a horse to run. He spoke rather of the glories of the past, of Lords Jersey and Verulam, the old Duke of York, of Zinganee, and the Colonel, and Mr. Petre's Cadland, than of the present. Racing had in his mind become vulgarized and common; and though he could still connect some names of note with success, he liked neither the associations nor the suggestions to which it leads. As a kennel-huntsman his experience and success were great. For years the Ascot kennels had been subject to lameness; and in the days of Sharpe, Charles Davis's predecessor, the hounds were taken to Brighton to be swam in the sea. The cure effected was very temporary; and it was not till Davis suggested a false flooring to the kennels, which admitted of a thorough draught of air below, that some partial remedy was found. Since then, Her Majesty's stag-hounds, have been better, but never entirely free from the disease. I called one morning on Davis, and found him in great distress at an epidemic with which he was unable to cope. He was then in consultation with two professional gentlemen, who seemed as much puzzled as himself. It ended, I regret to say, in the loss of six couple and a half of very valuable hounds.

Nothing gave Davis so much pleasure as the visits of country gentlemen and Masters of Hounds during the spring and summer months. He was, as I have said before, a real lover of a hound, and exhibited his beauties with great enjoyment to such persons. Lord Hopetoun, then Master of the Pytchley, took one afternoon from an Ascot race-meeting to see the Royal hounds; and the old huntsman most thoroughly appreciated the compliment. It could scarcely be called such if his lordship's love for a foxhound is to be balanced by his indifference to racing. The kennels to which he seemed most attached were those of the Duke of Richmond, the Quorn, the Pytchley, and the Heythrop. I think, too, he spoke of the Badminton with great enthusiasm; and no wonder. But I have no list of his hounds to refer to. It was not until ten years ago that he appeared to slacken in vigour or nerve. His feelings naturally urged him, as they do all such men, to continue at his post as long as possible; and with the valuable assistance he was receiving from Harry King, it was most desirable that he should have done so. Galloping and riding over fences are not the only duties of such an office; and his successor, notwithstanding his great talents and capacity for the post, must at first meet with difficulties from his field which will decrease only with experience. Davis enjoyed a prestige, which enabled him to keep unruly spirits in order; and if there never was a heaven-born huntsman there was at least one heaven-born official in the world.

Time and space bid us approach the end. An amicable pecuniary arrangement had long relieved him of the more arduous exertions of his post. He went out, and remained in the field, only for his own pleasure, performing his duties by proxy. They were well done. He once tendered his resignation, I believe, in consequence of some

uncalled-for remarks upon his failing health and nerve ; but he felt most proudly the kindness of the Queen, who begged him to reconsider his resolution. He had a severe fall, which hurt his leg, and confined him for three weeks to his house, and at the end of last season he was permitted to retire full of honours and of years. This retirement he did not long survive. He almost died in harness ; for he was taken ill of bronchitis the latter end of September of the same year, and died on Friday, October 26th, at half-past one. His last moments were free from pain ; for he lost all consciousness two days before his death, and it is possible, from blindness and other symptoms, that he really died from softening of the brain.

The personal appearance of Davis was familiar to most of our readers. He was very tall and thin, probably 6 ft. 1 in. in height, and only weighing 9 st. and a pound or two. He was a good-looking man, with a large, handsome nose, and good dark eyes and eyebrows ; and the expression of his face was severe and serious, latterly with many lines about the mouth, unless when excited by conversation on his favourite topics. When not officially dressed he had a very gentlemanly, almost aristocratic appearance, somewhat after the fashion of the grandfather of the present Lord Jersey, and always appeared to advantage amongst the frequenters of the stand at Ascot. He felt his age much, before the final break up ; and we have seen a letter of his to Mr. John Russell, the well-known Devonshire Master of Hounds, in which he says, ' Please to accept ' my last list of Her Majesty's hounds,' and declining ' a fortnight's ' wild stag-hunting,' with that thorough gentleman and sportsman, on the plea that the ' weather would be too hot for him in the field.'

One or two remarks remain to be made on his funeral.

Davis expressed a wish that Comus, the present from the Prince of Wales, should be destroyed at his own death. He had some natural feeling of pride on the subject. He also desired that his ear should be placed in the vault with him. It appeared only right that the Prince himself should be informed of this desire, which he was by Mr. Blunt, Mr. Davis's executor ; and the consequence was a telegraphic message from his Royal Highness that the last wishes of Davis only should be consulted. The ear was placed on a small square box or slab, surrounded with cypress ; and after the whole service was over, and Mr. Wale, the officiating clergyman, had left the grave, this was simply placed upon the coffin before the latter was slid into the vault. The feelings of the editor of a presumed sporting paper were much hurt by this pagan rite, and he electrified his readers by his serious remarks upon the antiquity of such customs. He was also anxious to know if all the huntsmen in England were in the habit of receiving such Homeric sacrificial rites at the tomb. If the gentleman sees this, we trust he will be satisfied with this explanation of a somewhat singular but only harmless expression of sentiment on the part of as fine a sportsman as ever was buried. The funeral was attended by a great number of his admirers from

Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, and Middlesex. Lord Colville was there, as were General Hood, General Seymour, and Captain Henry Seymour; and the marks of respect shown to so valuable and faithful a servant of the Royal Family were no more than he deserved.

He had many photographs and likenesses of himself taken; and Mr. Edmund Tattersall has, or had, a remarkable sketch of him on horseback by a Mr. Webb, an artist who at one time lived in the Old Yard. His cottage was full of curiosities, presents, sketches of hounds by his brother, and various little interesting nic-nacs, which should be very valuable to his family, and would be so to the public. The testimonial, presented to him some few years back, he left to the Queen. He was in his seventy-ninth year when he died, and few men had lived so long and made such good use of their time 'Requiescat in pace.'

MR. T. HUGHES'S 'FLASH-IN-THE-PAN.'

'Sneak across the wide Atlantic, worthless London's puling child,
Better that its waves should bear thee than the land thou hast reviled.'

BON GAULTIER.

THE honourable member for Lambeth has thought fit to publish in an American paper his own views, or, perhaps, rather the views of the party he represents, on the state of 'the Turf' in England. Why he should have gone out of his way to attack an institution which contributes so much, in an abstract point of view, to the development of that 'muscular Christianity' of which 'Tom 'Brown' has the credit of being so zealous an advocate, it is difficult to perceive: still more are we at a loss to conjecture the reasons of his preferring the sensational journalism of New York for an exposition of his views, when the arms of the 'Record,' or possibly the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' would have been open to the diatribes of his virtuous indignation.

A gentleman not only by birth but by education, of manly bearing, and of courteous manner, we have always looked upon 'Tom 'Brown' as the connecting link between the red republicanism of the Manchester school and the respectable radicalism which permeates the somewhat inferior minds of his brother metropolitan members. Endowed with more than average oratorical powers, his public career, so far, has been moderately successful; while the popularity gained by his novel, so well known to the young as 'Tom 'Brown's School-days,' entitles him to some small esteem as a writer, and one possessing not only a deeper knowledge of the world than falls to the lot of most of us, but a naturally buoyant and generous temperament, which is appreciated as much on account of its geniality as its rarity among men.

That this philippic should have appeared in an American journal, proceeding from the pen of such an individual, is an ominously-significant fact, as showing what a deep hold upon the minds of its

followers the Manchester school has acquired, which has striven, by the abject laudation of American institutions, to republicanize England; and it shows, too, how the once ingenuous mind of 'Tom Brown' has suffered in contamination with such principles; or how otherwise could he have reconciled it to his conscience to declaim against such an openly discussed subject as the state of the English Turf in the pages of the 'New York Tribune,' when his end might have been accomplished more openly, if not more effectually, through the medium of the English press?

And while we fully admit the necessity of a sweeping reform in many departments of Turf administration, and rejoice that a new and more muscular Hercules has arisen, eager for the task, even though his efforts are seemingly unappreciated in his own country, yet we cannot but warn him of his rashness in attempting the citadel before the outworks have been carried, and endeavouring, by a meteoric shower of invective, to silence the enemy, then rushing onwards, without a knowledge of his ground, only to receive the bootless, profitless credit of daring in a hopeless cause. Corrupt as undoubtedly is the present state of Turf morals, and great as are the evils which follow in the train of a matchless sport, it is impossible, by striking at the root of the evil, to remedy the disease, because such a course would entail the cessation of horse-racing altogether; and that the sport itself is one of the most healthful, exciting, and manly no one will be found to deny, if we except that amiable and erudite body, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The actual struggle for victory between the most noble, as well as the most beautiful animals of brute creation, is sufficient to arouse a feeling of excitement in the most torpid and prosaic of mankind; and when the accessories of a crowd of delighted and eager spectators, the brilliant garb of the riders, and the tone of novelty which pervades a vast open-air gala, like those provided at Goodwood or Ascot, are superadded, there can exist no doubt that the keen enjoyment of a truly national pastime which animates the masses (independently of the extraneous interest produced by any propensity to gambling) will never be suffered to fall into disuse, notwithstanding the efforts of ranters, charlatans, and converts to the gospel according to Shaftesbury and Bright.

That a sport originally indulged in for comparatively unimportant stakes, and unattended with gaming as it is now practised, should have degenerated into a vast gambling speculation, can scarcely be considered a subject for wonderment, when we remember that the same irrepressible spirit of speculation which always has and always will influence 'poor human nature,' must, of necessity, find an outlet somewhere or other; and as our choice must lie between the two evils of hole-and-corner gambling and undisguisedly open betting upon horse-racing, in the name of all that is consonant with good policy and reason, let us make choice of the latter. As states have degenerated by refinement, so have our English sports (eminently healthy and honourable in themselves) become deteriorated by the

'falsehood of extremes : ' hunting has met racing half way, and steeplechasing is the result ; shooting has been drawn into the vortex of gambling by the substitution of the pigeon-trap for the stubble-range and cover side ; even fishing has insulted the memory of old Izaak, by according to its more ardent votaries a limited space on canal or river bank, and rewarding with ' the stakes ' the most successful angler at the end of the day. Cricket has become, in many instances, a mere gate-money speculation, and its pampered professors (with some honourable exceptions) the dictators of the game, displaying an arrogant and insolent bearing only equalled by their ignorance and capacity. Indeed, the University boat-race is the only remaining type of the excellence of British sport, for honour, and honour alone, is the victors' reward : and with a full conviction of this, I will ask ' Tom Brown ' whether there is any event of the year upon the result of which such sums of money depend, taking into consideration that the contest is limited to the two universities, and that the members of each are the principal speculators ? ' Tom ' Brown,' with the headlong precipitancy of the ' extreme ' party, has attacked the constitution of the Turf by his sweeping denunciations : had he been content to feel his way towards a gradual reform by calling attention to the petty metropolitan speculations of licensed victuallers, and the unblushing effrontery of those pests of society whose sole object is plunder, and whose ' management ' of horses and thieving attributes have brought the Turf into such disrepute as to awaken even the slumbering ' Tear'em ' of the ' New York Tribune,' then the ground might have been clear for further ' experiments for the purification of Turf morals. The course, however, which he has chosen to pursue is quite in accordance with the policy of the ultra-radical faction to which he belongs, which clamours for universal suffrage, and indulges in inflated bombast on the rights of the people ; which lets the hell-hounds of democracy loose on society instead of endeavouring, by moderate measures and temperate counsels, to realise its Utopian visions ; and which would fain, if it dared,

' Break its way

By force, and at its heel all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light.'

' Who shall touch pitch and not be defiled ? ' exclaims this self-constituted *censor castigatore* of the morals of England, whose fair fame seems so dear to the children of the New World. Again do we find ' Tom Brown ' arguing from a mistaken analogy between the Reform League and the ' sport of kings.' Because he has been contaminated by his association with Beales, Potter, and Co., is every man who owns a racehorse compelled to descend to the grade of blackleg or defaulter ? Are there no righteous men to avert the threatening lightnings which impend over their devoted sport from the claws of the American Eagle ? Surely there are many who pursue the national pastime in a sportsmanlike and honourable spirit ;

and not the least did one who has just passed away from among us set a bright example of honesty of purpose and unflinching integrity to the noblemen and gentlemen of England. The words of Horace (who was also addressing a Roman 'Brown') are singularly apposite, if we slightly pervert the sense of the words, without altering the text :—

' Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non.egit * * *
* venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce pharetrâ.'

But not only has 'Tom Brown' exceeded the limits of courtesy and good feeling in his fierce invectives against the Turf morals of his mother country; not only has he made an unscrupulous foreign journal the mouthpiece of his strictures, and adorned his philippic with the conventional and indigenous devices of American exaggeration; not only has he entered the lists with an inconceivable ignorance of the subject on which he professed to treat; but he has not hesitated to wound individual feelings, and to raise up the curtain upon the drama of the supposed real life of one, whose high position as a nobleman was, as might be expected, a natural and desirable object of attack to that party which revolutionary principles have so solidly bound together in 'the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity.' What objection there can be to the fact of a well-known commissioner entertaining at dinner a party of noblemen interested in Turf matters, on the eve of a great race, does not clearly appear on the face of 'Tom Brown's' statement, and beyond an ill-natured insinuation he has made but small capital out of an every-day occurrence among persons mutually interested in any kind of pursuit, business, or pleasure. Had Mr. ex-Head-Centre Stephens entertained Messrs. 'Tom Brown,' Ernest Jones, a revolutionary Robinson, and other congenial spirits on a Chartist anniversary, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act would hardly have been deemed necessary, nor would any comments upon such a proceeding in the public press have been accompanied or illustrated by any irreverently applied extract from the Book of Common Prayer. But we must leave Lord Shaftesbury and the 'Record' to square accounts with 'Tom Brown' on this point, which we hope, for the sake of muscular Christianity, was raised under the fortifying influence of a 'brandy cocktail.'

In conclusion, if it is a subject of regret, that a once chivalrous gentleman should have thus condescended to prostitute his pen to the expression of maudlin sentiment and ill-timed invective, still more is his choice of a foreign journal to be deprecated—a journal, too, of that city, where the spirit of gambling revels in open and unblushing state; whose river waters are alive with floating 'hells;' and whose enervated inhabitants, lacking the vigour of body, as well as the healthful supply of animal spirits requisite for the enjoyment of a noble outdoor sport, prefer to swill their noxious 'corpse revivers' and puff the eternal Havannah round the gaming-table of one of the most depraved even of American cities. No denunciation of his licentious

companions by a Clodius, could come with a worse grace or a worse chance of success, than this reproof offered by the chartered libertinism of New York to the admittedly questionable morals of the English Turf. Gaming in America is carried on for gaming's sake alone; in England it is indulged in for racing's sake: the real gist of the evil lies not in the dogma laid down by a celebrated authority, 'that no man could afford to keep racehorses who did not bet,' but rather in the possibilities and opportunities of gaming among those who bet on the horses of others. We do not hesitate to say, that it is the converse of Lord George Bentinck's theory, as we have attempted to enunciate it, that has been, is, and will continue to be the exciting cause of rancour, dispute, and the ungenerous spirit of imputation, which now unfortunately exists between owners of horses and the public. This question, however, which is foreign to our present discussion, may be treated of separately at some future time; it is a question of immense general interest, and it is to be regretted that the sporting press has hitherto not considered the minutiae of the case as worthy of serious investigation.

It is to be hoped that 'Tom Brown' has not as yet reached that stage of 'Bright's disease' of which a leading symptom is to exalt the working man at the expense of the 'bloated aristocrat'; it is to be hoped he does not yet deceive himself that gambling is confined to the upper and middle classes of the people; if so, let him announce his intention of addressing the enlightened constituency of Lambeth on the 22nd of May next, when he doubtless will be able to convince the very small body of his electors who will attend on that day that racing is unknown and gambling unpractised amid these classic shades; or, better still, instead of muddy processions to Walham Green, and indiscriminate 'Pottering' about the streets, let 'Tom Brown' and the metropolitan members announce their intention of meeting their constituents at Epsom on the Derby day; there, Xerxes-like, as he watches that sober, decorous multitude surging down the course before the thin blue line of their natural enemies, the A division, will he be able to say, 'Behold my supporters!' There, as he wonders at the toiling, moiling crowd in front of the lists, and sees the 'raw mechanic,' or 'intelligent artisan,' thrusting his hard-earned 'dollar' into the hands of Valentine and Wright, he may exclaim, 'Behold a great and free people!'—and then may the flaming placards of the Reform League rise conspicuous among the cheap-jacks, performing ponies, and acrobats of the racecourse, to announce to an admiring world—

By kind permission of Mr. Dorling,
the Metropolitan Members will address the Electors
from the balcony of the Grand Stand,
immediately after the last race.

MR. THOMAS BROWN, M.P., in 'The Chair'
(By kind permission of Judge Clark).

Come early!

AMPHION.

THOUGHTS ON STAG-HUNTING.

CATCHING your own again, as Sam Nicoll called stag-hunting, will never be a popular amusement with the majority of sportsmen. The very fact that you need not take every advantage of the animal you are pursuing, as you needs must do when you are after a wild animal, deprives the sport of half its zest.

But it is quite an error to suppose that there is no hunting in it; for hounds will stick to the line of a stag as closely as to that of a fox or a hare; and it depends entirely upon the system that is pursued, whether it is a sport fit for men, or whether it is as tame as coursing rabbits with cur dogs in an enclosed paddock. In addition to the bad name which stag-hunting has acquired, with good reason, from the practices which we are about to condemn, there is a vast amount of prejudice against it from the circumstance of its being the sport of Londoners, whose avocations preclude them from hunting frequently, and to whom a certain find and a probable gallop are the great attractions.

The principal packs of staghounds have always been to be reached from the metropolis, formerly by road and now by rail; and in seniority, as well as in loyalty, we must first rank that of Her Majesty.

Within the last few Masterships, the country, formerly hunted by these hounds, has been grievously curtailed. The Harrow Country, over which they used to have their best sport, has been, of necessity, given up, and the line of the famous Poll Hill run would be found to be intersected with hundreds of wire fences. The trip to Lyndhurst has been discontinued since the disforestation of the Crown lands and the destruction of the red deer in the New Forest. The want of condition in the deer in their wild state prevented any great runs over the forest, and the deer invariably died soon after being taken; but these were pleasant gatherings, making a fitting conclusion to the season, and the discontinuance of them was much regretted. Time and modern improvements have done their worst, as far as sport is concerned, for the Queen's Country.

The Surrey staghounds, a subscription pack, with Squire Heathcote at their head, hunt the country where the late Earl of Derby showed such sport for upwards of forty years. But here again the face of Nature has been sadly changed. Open fields, over which Jonathan on Prosper used to cheer his hounds, are now covered with villas, streets, and crescents, and retired spots have become railway junctions. Forest Hill was then rightly named, and Reigate station was a deep morass.

By the courtesy of the directors of the Brighton Railway, who carry the hounds and servants' horses on their line free of charge, this pack is now enabled to get more frequently 'below hill.' This is a country well calculated for making good men to hounds, and

Messrs. Shaw, Simpson, Metcalf, Gillespie, and others, are quite up to sample.

A tale is told, the authenticity of which, however, we cannot vouch for, that in a run with these hounds the huntsman and a gentleman got off their horses to take a gate off its hinges, and in the excitement and hurry of the moment each got upon his neighbour's horse, and rode through the run without discovering the mistake. When the deer was taken, the huntsman, feeling for his horn, and not finding it, looked down, and, to his intense astonishment, his dark-brown horse had become a mealy bay.

The Great Eastern Railway will take the sportsman to that first-rate plough country, the Roothings of Essex, where the staghounds are under the able management of the Hon. Frederick Petre. The absence of up-standing fences is favourable to the running of the deer, but there is a sameness in the country which detracts from it in the eyes of those who follow hounds.

Upon the borders of the Vale of Aylesbury is situated the pretty village of Mentmore, where the staghounds of Baron Lionel de Rothschild are kennelled. From his youth up Baron Lionel was a hound man, and he spared neither trouble nor expense to make his pack a perfect one.

In the year 1842 he purchased, at Tattersall's, one of the lots of Mr. Osbaldeston's famous pack, at the price of one hundred guineas a couple. By a judicious cross with this blood, he had the good fortune to breed one of the best hounds that ever went out of doors. This was Gunnersbury, by Mr. Osbaldeston's Falstaff, a son of Furrier, out of the Cheshire Guilesome. Gunnersbury was a light-coloured hound of enormous power and substance, and a driving, forcing hound on a scent. As he crashed through the doubles, he appeared as though he would tear them to pieces. Gunnersbury was used freely in the Mentmore kennel, and his daughter, Dairy-maid, through whom the blood has descended, took very much after him both in looks and style of hunting.

The Baron bred from all the most fashionable kennels of the day. Lord Fitzwilliam's Marmion, Feudal, and Bluecap, Mr. Drake's Duster, Lord Southampton's Herald, Lord Yarborough's Rallywood, the Duke of Rutland's Ragland, Gamester, and Ranter, and other hound sires of high repute helped to make the pack; but the Belvoir sort proved to be too mute for staghounds.

It was to the Fitzhardinge blood that the Baron's kennel was the most indebted. Among twenty couple from Berkeley Castle came Paradox, and, although after hunting stag for two seasons, she was begged back by Harry Ayriess, she left behind her at Mentmore two splendid daughters, Primrose and Princess, by Mr. Drake's Satellite, to perpetuate her blood.

In the present pack Pilgrim, by Lord Fitzhardinge's Palmerston, although a wayward hound, is a great favourite of the huntsman, Fred Cox; but the apple of his eye is Random, by Lord Fitzhardinge's Roderick, out of a Yarborough bitch. Random is a thorough

line hunter, with a deep melodious tongue, good in chase, and without an atom of jealousy. 'I wouldn't take a thousand guineas for 'him,' shouted Cox, in the act of charging a blackthorn fence, an assertion which he qualified the next morning with the following important addition, 'if I had the Baron's money.'

The first object of a master of staghounds should be to divest the sport, as much as possible, of all tameness, and to make it, as nearly as he can, like the real thing.

To effect this, the deer should be turned out in a quiet spot, unseen by any one except the deer-cart man, who can tell the huntsman where to lay the hounds on. Nothing can be more destructive to sport than the plan of turning the deer out before a mob of people, and yet a meet of staghounds is generally more like a fair than anything else. For the first few fields the deer is followed by the foot people, and possibly by one or two cur dogs, who thoroughly foil the ground. These are accompanied by men on hacks, boys on ponies, second horsemen, and others, who continue to ride the deer as long as they can keep him in view, and, irrespective of the harm they do in crossing the scent, they act as fuglemen for the field to ride after. What chance have hounds to get settled? They are brought out upon foiled ground, and the hard riders instantly start off, heedless of the hounds, as they do in some countries after the fox.

Could any system be devised more calculated to make hounds unsteady?

A second deer-cart, to mislead the mischief-doers, has sometimes been tried with success.

When once the hounds are laid on, they should never be stopped. The practice of stopping staghounds is the great blemish of the sport; it spoils the hounds, it spoils the run, it spoils everything, not excepting the temper of the field. Just as they are expecting that they are in for a good thing, and excitement is at its highest point, their hopes are dashed to the ground, and their spirits sent below zero.

The excuse that is made in defence of stopping hounds is, that it enables a stout slow deer to get ahead, and thereby give a better run; a longer and more draggling one, perhaps, whereas every endeavour should be to make it sharp and decisive.

Another reason sometimes put forward is, that the hounds are stopped for the sake of saving the deer, but it is a very futile one. A deer is not so easily killed if run into whilst he is strong, but when hounds have been stopped, and the deer has got gradually weaker and weaker, the least accident will finish him.

An exception, however, to the rule of never stopping the hounds may be made in the case of a view. A view does harm to the hounds, as it takes them off their noses, and causes them to look out for views. Besides, at best, it is little better than a bad course, and however well hounds may pack together upon a scent, they will string all over the country when running a deer in view.

But the tamest proceeding of all is when, the hounds having been

stopped, persons are sent forward to ride the deer and take him in front of the hounds. Reader, as soon as this takes place, turn your horse's head to the nearest road and make your way home, if you know it; and if not, inquire it. All pretence of sport is over.

The hounds should not be lifted, but encouraged to hunt out the line for themselves. At times they may be assisted, as when a deer has gone up and down a fence, being unable to find a way over; and there are some such bad scenting days that the huntsman must take his deer in the best way that he can. But the more the hounds are left to themselves, and the less the sound of the horn is heard, the better.

When the deer is run into, the huntsman should draw off his hounds, and attend only to them, whilst he leaves the securing of the deer to others. Harry King, when whipper-in to Mr. Charles Davis, was a first-rate hand at taking a deer, and would plunge into water up to his neck to effect it.

And now a few words to the field. Start with the hounds, and ride to them, and to them only. If you find it necessary to take a pull, as you very likely will, take it, but do not take an advantage to the detriment of the hounds. Deer usually take so direct a course that staghounds will bear more pressing than foxhounds; but do not, therefore, think it right to ride upon their line, but ride a little to the right or to the left. We take it for granted that you mean *going*. Have you a well-bred, fast horse, that can stay? Can he go well through dirt? Is he a bold, resolute fencer? active as a cat, and fit as a fiddle? Unless he possesses these qualifications, you had better not take him stagging!

A feat of the late Colonel Standen of the Guards, now more than forty years ago, created a great sensation at the time. At the finish of a severe run with the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's staghounds, the Colonel and Mr. George Payne were riding to save the deer, when they came to the river Brent, over which was a wooden bridge for foot-passengers, with a stile at each end. The bridge was 33 feet long, and only 20 inches broad, and more than 20 feet down to the water. Colonel Standen jumped his horse on to it, crossed the bridge, jumped him off again, and saved the deer!

Some of poor Jem Mason's feats with the staghounds in the Vale of Aylesbury have already been chronicled in the pages of 'Baily.' He was one day sailing down to the Rowsham Brook upon a soft-hearted but big-jumping horse named Mulatto, when Mr. George Cooke, who knew every yard of the country, shouted out to him, 'You can't get over there, Jem!' but in vain. Jem was not to be denied, and putting more steam on, got well over. The place was afterwards measured with a tape, and from hind hoof to hind hoof proved to be 29 feet. This sensation jump sold Mulatto for 400 guineas.

Another great artist in the Vale was the late Tom Ball, but his style of riding was different. In the early part of a run Tom would suffer others to go before him, whilst he rode his own line and his

own pace. His intention was to get through the run and to save his deer, and he rarely failed to effect his object.

When William Barwick was huntsman, a good man in kennel, but a very poor performer in the saddle, and for whom Tom had a supreme contempt, the hounds met at Tring windmill, and ran straight up the Vale. Tom had cut down the whole field, and was alone, when his horse stopped, going up the hill to Oving, the hounds having got the deer in view. Tom jumped off and took his deer, on foot, in Sir Thomas Aubrey's stable-yard.

'But where's Barwick?' says Sir Thomas's groom.

'Oh! he is riding round some field or other, looking for a gap to get out,' answered Tom.

These are the thoughts that have suggested themselves to me during the frost. To such of my young friends as are not above taking advice, some of these hints may be useful: they are founded upon an experience of thirty years, during which time the writer has enjoyed many a good day's fun with the staghounds.

R. G.

THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE.

NO. II.

Is our thoroughbred horse a descendant of the pure Arabian? is a question I put forth in a former paper, and I now wish to search and see what claim he may possess to be considered as such, and if, after investigation, we cannot prove him to be so, satisfactorily, to express the hope that the plan I have suggested may be entertained and carried out, so that we may obtain at last a true thoroughbred and raise him to the highest possible point of excellence.

What is understood by the term 'thoroughbred' among horses, is, any horse who may have a place in the Stud Book, and who can be traced through its pages to Arabians, Barbs, Turks, and Persians. This, I think, can hardly warrant the appellation of thoroughbred. Of all these, the Arabian is the only one that can be considered pure bred: he is one by himself; the others are only breeds that have been improved by him or have descended from him. I should call a pure Arabian thoroughbred, and any horse descended through sire and dam from the Arabian thoroughbred.

According to the Stud Book, there have been, apparently, very few Arabian mares, although several horses of that breed are mentioned; but of Turks there are several horses and mares called barbs and royal mares (these latter of uncertain origin), and I believe only one Persian stallion, the dam of the Duke of Rutland's Bonny Black having been got by a Persian stallion.

Now, I think the only thing that could out of this mixture bring our horse up to the required standard, would be by allowing the Byerly Turk and the Godolphin to have been Arabians. The

Darley Arabian was, without doubt, one of those horses whose pedigrees could be traced for some centuries—I have heard his was one of the most ancient. This would give us the blood from three sources in the male line only. Then would arise the question, Has the blood of these three horses been sufficient to eradicate all strains of less pure blood and the blood of the old stock they were grafted upon? Of course the blood of any other Arabian there might have been would help.

In a former paper I stated that if these three horses were pure Arabians, 'Our horse would indeed be thoroughbred;' that was on the supposition that the pure blood would be sufficient to wash away and eradicate the impure. But I feel some doubt on that point. Can any one tell us with *certainly* how many generations must elapse before the impure blood would cease? For instance, suppose a cart mare were put to an Arabian, the produce, if a mare, again put to an Arabian, and so on, repeating the operation, when might the descendants be considered pure Arabian?

Flying Childers, and his own brother, Bartlett Childers, sons of the Darley Arabian, from whom are descended our best horses, were entirely of *Eastern blood*. Betty Leedes, their dam, had no common blood in her veins: her ancestors in male and female lines were entirely of Arabian Barb or Turkish blood. No wonder Flying Childers was so good and such an extraordinary horse. His own immediate descendants, and those of his brother, Bartlett Childers, Squirt, and his son Marske, were not so good; they were not so pure bred.

I can, therefore, quite understand how, after Childers had appeared as a brilliant meteor, and only inferior horses coming after him, the sportsmen of the day were afraid the horse was going back. So, indeed, he was, and would have continued to have done so, unless a fresh infusion of pure blood were obtained. Hobgoblin, grandson of the Darley Arabian, they hoped would be equal to the occasion: he got Shakespeare from the Little Hartley mare, by Bartlett Childers; here was another strain of the same blood, but it was not all that was required. The dams of Aleppo and Hobgoblin were far from well bred; but Shakespeare was a better bred horse, inasmuch as he had two direct strains of the Darley Arabian: he is also a reputed sire of Eclipse, Spiletta, his dam, having been covered by Marske and Shakespeare. I have heard that the late Mr. Tattersall—a great authority on the subject of pedigrees—was fully persuaded that the chesnut horse Shakespeare was the sire of Eclipse (this is not according to the Stud Book). Whether he was got by Shakespeare or Marske, I cannot consider him nearly so well bred a horse as Flying Childers: he was not entirely of Eastern blood; if you examine his pedigree you will find several flaws. It is, I think, a poor compliment to a modern racer to call him 'as thoroughbred' 'as Eclipse'—the modern racer *ought* to be better bred.

We must now look at the horse called the Byerly *Turk*: although the eldest of the three, I think this the most fitting place to speak of

him. We are *considering* him to have been an Arabian ; but I cannot believe him to have been a horse of the same high form as the Darley Arabian ; indeed, the Arabian horses purchased by the Turks were not generally of the highest class ; good-looking, showy horses would serve their purpose.

Mares of the Darley Arabian blood—that is, mares got by his descendants—were constantly put to horses of the Byerly Turk's line, and I think, thereby, have been the means of bringing his (the Turk's) lines so prominently forward. He has been of the greatest use by supplying, I think, the wanting ingredient, that of Darley Arabian blood on the female side. I have often been struck by the blood-like appearance and forms displayed by many of his descendants, and have come to the following conclusion :—

The Darley Arabian being a horse of superior form to the Byerly Turk, mares descended from the former horse would be better bred and of higher character than the descendants of the Turk, and the offspring would partake more of the form and appearance of their dams in consequence. This, I think, is the rule ; it is better, if there be any difference in the purity of the blood, that the sire should be of the purer. Abd-el-Kader says : ‘ A horse got by a pure sire out of a common mare is more valuable than one got by a common horse out of a pure bred mare ;’ but still, as I stated before, if the dam be the higher bred, the offspring will partake of her form and appearance. For this reason, I think *mares* of the Byerly Turk's line through Herod (and either through the Partizan or Woodpecker branches), the former represented principally by Alarm, Kingston, and Sweetmeat, the latter by Bay Middleton (son of Sultan) and Pantaloon or their descendants, much more *useful* in breeding than *horses* of that line would be.

The Herod line has much of Darley Arabian blood in it, some of it through Flying Childers, and on the female side, which was most essential to bring our horse towards a pure state.

I have read that old sportsmen were wont to compare Sultan to the Darley Arabian. The likeness must have been derived through the female side, not only of his own pedigree, but, I think, more especially through his great ancestor, Herod's, a proof that my supposition is correct, and also that the Darley Arabian, if not *purser bred*, was, at all events, a horse of much higher character and form than the Byerly Turk.

Herring, that prince of horse painters, in his portrait of Sultan depicts him with a fine Arabian head. I have only seen a small rough print of the Darley Arabian, but a likeness is certainly to be traced. Many of the Kingston mares display much of the Arabian form, particularly in their beautifully-formed back and loins, high quarters, and well set on tails. They ought to be useful, as through their sire's dam, Queen Anne, by Slane, they get another direct strain of Darley Arabian blood through Gohanna, Mercury, and Eclipse, and Slane's dam was by Orville, and so again to the Darley Arabian through Joe Andrews and Eclipse ; and with their blood-

like frames, if put to good, well-formed horses of the Waxy family, ought to produce good stock. I mention the Waxy family especially, instead of the other lines from Eclipse, as they do not seem to be so rich just now in *horses*, although we have just had a very neat specimen in Lecturer.

The Godolphin may or may not have been an Arabian. I am inclined to think he was; at least, that though an African horse, he was of pure Arabian descent; but feel very great doubt as to *all* the imported Barbs, horses and mares, being Arabians.

The horses usually called Barbs are doubtless of Arabian origin, but either much degenerated or probably mixed with other breeds, and I should be afraid that many of these found their way into England. It is among the Desert tribes alone, Youatt tells us, that the Barb (Arabian) of superior breed, form, and power is to be found. Deep in the Sahara Desert is a noble breed, called 'Wind-sucker, or Desert horse.' A writer of the name of Jackson says of him, 'that the Desert horse is to the common Barbary horse 'what the Desert camel is to the usual camel of burden;' and I can say there is certainly as much difference between the former camel and the latter as between a racer and a machiner.

The Godolphin having been sent, I believe, as a present to the King of France, in all probability was one of those fine Desert Arabians or 'Windsuckers.' There is another account, which says he was stolen and sold to the French; if so, they would not care about stealing a horse of inferior breed.

I think I have shown that the Darley Arabian was a superior horse to the Byerly Turk, and I believe he was also far superior to the Godolphin. The following will prove him to have been so. Did the Godolphin produce such a horse as Flying Childers, or have his descendants in the direct male line produced as many good horses as the Darley Arabian and his descendants? Lath, son of the Godolphin Arabian, cannot, I think, be put in the same class with Childers; he may have been a good horse among the horses of his day. The produce of the descendants of the Darley Arabian, as the immediate produce of a pure-bred horse, would, of necessity, show to advantage among horses not pure bred, as I have stated the descendants of the Childers to have been. And although the 'Stud Book' tells us, 'It is remarkable that there is not a superior horse 'now on the turf without a cross of the Godolphin Arabian, neither 'has there been for many years past,' this fact does not at all convince me that his blood was at all equal to the Darley Arabian's. It is further my opinion that if the blood of the Godolphin had not been so much used after the first cross in Eclipse, and that of the Darley Arabian's more used and kept purer by in-breeding, our horses would have been and would now be better.

What was especially required was Arabian blood on the female side; and allowing the Godolphin to have been an Arabian, he was for a time useful in giving it through his mares in the same way as the Byerly Turk was through his descendants in the female line, but

not to the same extent, as through mares got by Herod, like Maria, for instance, we got not only many strains of Arabian blood, but the best of all, that of the Darley Arabian. We had the first strain of the Godolphin blood mixed with the Darley Arabian's in Eclipse, and his descendants were more noted for speed than for powers of endurance.

In Waxy we had the Darley Arabian blood back again through his dam Maria, who had four strains of that blood. In Touchstone we have certainly a fine collection of good blood, owing, in a great measure, to his dam, Banter, by Master Henry, a direct descendant of the Darley Arabian in the male line, through Orville and Eclipse; and, again, Banter's dam, Boadicea, was by Alexander, another son of Eclipse, and direct male descendant of the Darley Arabian.

We will now look at another branch of the Waxy family, Sir Hercules, grandson of Waxy, his dam Peri, by Wanderer, another descendant of the Darley Arabian in the male line through Gohanna, Mercury, and Eclipse, and Thalestris, Peri's dam, was by Alexander, by Eclipse. Here we have a horse of very superior breeding. I never saw him, he was before my time, but his portrait shows him to have been a very handsome horse, full of Arabian quality and character, doubtless possessing a strong resemblance to his great ancestor, the Darley Arabian, and it is handed down to a great extent in his grandson, Saunterer (perhaps the most perfect horse of the day). Sir Hercules was the sire of Irish Birdcatcher, from whom, through The Baron and his son, Stockwell, are descended the great horses of the present day, Blair Athol, Lord Lyon, and Achievement to wit, the latter two from a mare of Touchstone blood, descendant of Waxy, and the former from a mare who had many strains of Waxy blood. The Sir Hercules line is, at all events, in the ascendant. I have shown him to have been in-bred to the Darley Arabian; the more of that blood and the less of others there may be in a horse the better he will be.

And now comes the question—Is our horse a descendant of the pure-bred Arabian?

The Darley Arabian seems to have been the only horse which we can rely upon as having been of the purest breed—a true Arabian, in fact. His sons, Flying and Bartlett Childers, were horses of *entirely* Eastern blood; but their sons and descendants were not so pure-bred, indeed, they were what we should term now *half-bred*, and from them is descended our *thoroughbred* horse.

I have put the question boldly; I shall not shrink from expressing my opinion, although with regret.

A descendant he is to some extent, but not a pure one. If anything could have brought him up to the required standard it would have been the breeding of Waxy, in whom we had the union of the blood of the two Childers; but I am compelled to remember it came through impure channels.

If this be the case of the best bred, what can be said for horses of a much *crossed* pedigree, whose ancestors (after Childers) were *half-*

bred to begin with? Where there is no greatly predominating blood, what is to prevent any inferior strain, ay, even the blood of the old common horse, from showing itself again? which may account for the common coarse-looking horses we sometimes see among our thoroughbreds. I confess I do not like to see coarse points cropping up from time to time; it does not look as if all were quite right.

All horses of Eastern blood possess, in a greater or less degree, the properties of the racehorse, and the Turks and Barbs are doubtless descendants of the Arabian; yet, after the splendid success of the Darley Arabian through his son Flying Childers, is it not wonderful that more horses, and especially mares, of the pure Arabian blood, were not sought for? But are *we* any wiser than our fathers?

As a proof of the great superiority of the Arabian blood I will again refer to Childers. He gave Fox 12lb. over the course (query Beacon Course?), and beat him a quarter of a mile in a trial. Now Fox was by Clumsy, who was by Hautboy, a horse of *Eastern* descent; Fox's dam, Bay Peg, was, like Childers' dam, entirely of Eastern blood, and very similarly bred. I think the pedigree of Fox's dam reads better than that of Childers'. Does not this show that the extraordinary form and quality of Childers were due to his Arabian sire?

After one hundred and fifty years of breeding at what have we arrived? have we ever had a horse equal to Childers? I think not. I question if we could find a horse of the present day which could run the Beacon Course in 7 min. 30 sec.—the time in which we read Childers did it—it is as good time as West Australian and Kingston ran the Ascot Cup Course in, when the former won after a *severe* race, whereas, in all probability, Childers was not pushed: it is better than the best Derby time—Blair Athol's year.

Childers ran the Beacon Course (4 miles, 1 furlong, and 173 yards) in 7 min. 30 sec., or at the rate of one furlong in 13²₄₃₃ sec.

Kingston and West Australian, Ascot Cup Course (2 miles and 4 furlongs) in 4 min. and 27 sec., or at the rate of one furlong in 13¹₅₄₀ sec.

Blair Athol ran the Epsom Derby (1 mile and 4 furlongs) in 2 min. and 43 sec., or at the rate of a furlong in 13¹₂ sec.

Do not let us ignore Flying Childers' performances: in a few generations doubts may be thrown upon the performances of the horses of our day. Even the Stud Book, the third edition of which was published in 1827, deviates from its usual course, and says of Flying Childers, 'Generally supposed to have been the fleetest horse 'that was ever trained in this or any other country;' for I cannot help thinking he was the *very best bred*, therefore, the best horse we have ever had.

To look at it in another point of view. We will suppose that the flaws in Eclipse's pedigree, and those in other sires of former days, have been got rid of: can we even then say our horse is of pure Arabian blood? I think not; we could only say of Eastern blood.

But the Arabian is far superior to any other Eastern horse : he is incomparable, 'He presents the true combination of speed and 'bottom.' Therefore we may fairly conclude that the offspring and *pure* descendants of pure-bred Arabian horses and mares duly cultivated would also be far superior to anything we have had. The breeding from pure Arabians alone, with the Darley Arabian and Flying Childers before our eyes as examples, I think would have been the only right thing to have tried ; and yet I believe I am right in stating it is the only plan in breeding that has never been tried.

Had the Darley Arabian been put to a high-caste Arabian mare, we might have had even a superior horse to Childers.

The French have been running us hard. They have won a Derby (all honour to them) ; the Americans have given us a lesson in yachting, they are going in zealously for breeding and racing. Do not let us be beaten at all points, and on our own ground, too, as I may say. Is it not time to bestir ourselves, to rise up from a state of apathy, to cast from us our prejudices ? But what is to be done ? Look the matter boldly in the face. We have seen that immediately after Childers we were breeding from stock of certainly not pure blood (to make the best of it). It is very doubtful if we have yet or ever will get rid of the ill effects of such a course. Let us go to the pure blood of the Desert again, obtain the purest-bred horses and mares from Arabia. Then may we hope to have another Childers, and keep our heads still in front.

OUR GENTLEMEN RIDERS.—No. III.

MR. EDWARDS.

IN continuing our pen-and-ink sketches of Gentlemen Riders, we fully appreciate the delicacy of the task we have allotted to ourselves, for we are cognizant of the sensitiveness of their nerves, and the fearful ordeal of criticism our portraiture will undergo. But as 'nothing 'extenuate nor set down aught in malice' has ever been our motto, we trust to secure the verdict of the majority of that class who will sit in judgment upon us. Our first sitters were Mr. George Thompson and Mr. H. Coventry, to both of whose abilities in the saddle we endeavoured to do justice ; and now we arrive at Mr. Ede, better known as Mr. Edwards, who, adding to his *role* of a gentleman jockey that of a steeplechase rider, has just claims to succeed to the next vacancy on our list, in which we need scarcely say the purchase system does not exist. Borrowing the language of the romance writers of half a century back, we will introduce the subject of our memoir and vignette in a manner that will most command the attention of those who have put him up and seen him stand down. Well, then, in the course of the fine summer evenings of 1839, before Southampton had changed its natural features from Cheltenham to

Liverpool and Bristol, the strollers either under its fine and unrivalled avenue at the top of the town, or on the pier at the other end, witnessing the departure of the Havre steamer, were continually being struck with the appearance of two twin children in the Highland garb, attended by their *bonne*. There was something in their aspect which at once indicated the station in life to which they belonged, and in point of similarity the two Dromios could not have been more like. Little did the gazer on their childish gambols imagine that in those two chubby-faced boys there was a future great gentleman jockey and likewise a cricketer of similar eminence. And it never occurred to ourselves that when our hair was becoming grey with age, and symptoms of snow appearing on the mountains, and our figure savoured more of the willow than the poplar, we should be called upon to chronicle their feats on the racecourse and the cricket-field.

These twins, then, we should state, were Masters George and Edward Ede, the sons of Mr. Ede, a gentleman of fortune who resided at Clayfield Lodge, near Southampton Common, where they first saw the light in February, 1834, their eyes opening, as it were, on the racecourse adjoining their birthplace. They were educated at Eton, which they left in 1850, when each struck out a path for himself in his peculiar line of sporting, and in which they may be said to have arrived at distinction. Agriculture was the science to which our hero devoted himself, from the desire he experienced to become one of those benefactors to his species who cause two blades of grass to spring up where only one grew before; and with the purpose of having the late Lord Spencer for his example, he chose Northampton for the scene of his operations. Here his innate love of riding developed itself in the course of his studies, which, pursued in the open air, over large tracts of country, made him well acquainted with the banks and ditches of Northamptonshire, which Captain Becher was wont to say was the best school for young steeplechasers. On quitting Northampton, he returned to Southampton with perhaps a better reputation as a horseman than an agriculturalist.

An acquaintance having sprung up between him and Ben Land, who was then in full force as a steeplechaser, and Ben's discernment perceiving he was a natural horseman, and only wanted practice to become a first-rate gentleman jockey, he put him up whenever he had an opportunity, and as we shall subsequently show, practice made him perfect. His career on the flat commenced in 1856, when, at the Warwick September Meeting, he won a race for gentlemen riders with his own mare Ada; and his first hurdle-race was at Waltham Abbey, where he rode Caledonian for Ben Land, who was then and there congratulated on having secured so promising a young one, and his steeplechase *début* was looked forward to with much interest, and did not disappoint his admirers.

The scene of his first appearance in a new line of character was Windsor, where, on his own horse Marmaduke, he won three times,

and at that time he was so light he could ride nine stone without notice. These successes, coupled with his quite gentlemanlike demeanour, soon brought him to the front; and in the following year, 1857, he was in immense force, and carried all before him. For he won the Warwick Grand Annual on Weathercock for Ben Land; and at Oundle he had a great day, for he pulled off the Club, and Farmers' Stakes, with his own horse Lilford, and likewise the Selling Stakes on Weston. He next proceeded to Charlbury, where, in the Grand Steeplechase, he got Redcap first for Lord Coventry, and won the Hunt Cup, on Ganymede, for Captain Folliott Duff. The Isley Hurdle Race fell to him also on Weathercock. This, it will be admitted, was a pretty good sample of cross-country business for a second season. And he cannot be said to have done very badly on the flat, in the same year, for at Croxton Park he was successful in the Granby Handicap with The Sluggard. At the Brighton Club Meeting he won the Seventy Pound Plate, for Mr. Payne, on Mabel; and at Lewes the Aristocratic Handicap, on Indulgence, for Lord Clifden, after a magnificent race with Captain Little on Mysterious Lady; besides other minor events, which ran up his score to sixteen winning races. In 1858 he increased his return of winning mounts to twenty, and among the events credited to him, we may mention the Welter Plate, at Warwick, on Gunboat; the Birmingham Hunt Cup on Border Chief; the two Windsor Steeplechases for Ben Land; the Manchester Steeplechase and Hurdle Race, and the Sherwood Handicap, at Nottingham, on Sampson, whom he rode as light as 8st. 9lb. And he was also a good second in the Grand National, on his old friend Weathercock, who had been purchased by Viscount Talon. In 1859 still further promotion awaited him, as he was returned as a winner no less than twenty-four times: his best steeplechase mounts being upon Tease, at Lincoln, and Odiham, at Birmingham, and Severn Bank; while on the flat, he did best with King William, on whom he rode one of his best races, when, at Warwick, he beat Captain Little on Theodora by a short head. In 1860 he was kept for some time out of the saddle by a bad fall which he received at Liverpool, when riding Tease a gallop on the morning of the Grand National, for which he was going to ride him; and at Lewes he got another spill, which put him *hors de combat* for a month. Owing to these circumstances, and a long illness in August, he lost the lead in winning mounts — Mr. Thomas securing it with twenty-one races, and Mr. Beville running second with nineteen, while he was only third with eighteen, which showed how well he made up for lost time. The steeplechases he won this year, included three at Slough, on Theodine; the Isle of Wight and Hambledon Hunt Steeplechases, on Heads and Tails and The Dodger; and, likewise, the Southdown Hunt with the latter. On the flat, he was returned for the Liverpool Hurdle Race, on Jealousy; for the Willoughby Handicap, on Worcester; for the Croxton Park Cup, on Pitman; and the Sherwood Handicap, on

Tyrant, besides other smaller events, which we have not space to enumerate. In 1861 Mr. Edwards was himself again, and declared at the head of the poll—the statisticians reckoning him up a winner no less than twenty-five times, and he more than doubled his opponents. The limited liability of our space warns us to be content with merely specifying his leading races on the flat, which were the Willoughby, on Pitman, at Warwick; the Welter, at Chester, on Ben Webster; the Aristocratic Handicap, at Lewes; and the Rougemont Stakes, at Exeter, on Vinegar Hill; the Claret and Club Stakes, at Brighton, on Rockley and Shipwreck. His steeplechases were two at Cheltenham, with the Freshman, and the same at Hambledon. This good fortune could not be expected to last, and the following season saw him rather low down in the list of winning gentlemen riders; for eleven wins were all he could boast of, and as they were mostly in the same district, and in no particular places, we need not particularize. At the same time, it is only fair to mention, that the state of the poll may be somewhat accounted for, by the fact of our hero having taken to cricket very warmly, and the wicket-ground having greater attractions for him than the weighing-room. And, as an instance of his skill and activity, we may remark that, after beating Fordham by a head at Hampton, he scored 122 runs the following day at Southampton, in a match between East Hants and South Hants. In 1863 he likewise had a good year; for fifteen races is no bad share of luck, and he ran second with fifteen races to Mr. George Thompson's eighteen. And as they were of the same class as before, we must refer our readers to the Calendar for further and better particulars. In 1864 fortune again smiled on him; as he got up on no less than twenty-eight winners of all kinds and descriptions, and among them we may mention Marble Hill, Twilight, Cadeau, Stanton, Overstone, Gownsmen, Gemma, Vabalathus, and Gorsehawk: and as usual, Warwick was almost his copyright. In 1865 he even did still better, having won no less than thirty races—the highest number ever known to be carried off by a gentleman rider—commencing his steeplechase score with the Warwick Grand Annual, on Emblem, for Lord Coventry; and concluding it with the Worcester Grand Annual on Ironsides, for B. Land, and Cortolvin, for Lord Poulett, at Croydon. While on the flat he begun with Balder for the Cup, at Croxton Park, and wound up with The Plover, at Shrewsbury. Last year he was again at the head of the poll, with twenty-six winning mounts, including three for the Duke of Beaufort on Lord Ronald, and the prices at which his animals started are the best indication of the confidence the public have in his mounts.

Thus, it will be seen, Mr. Edwards during his career in the pigskin has been associated with most of the noblemen on the Turf; but he has been chiefly connected with Lord Uxbridge, to whom he gave the first call of his services. And, after he had won no less than eight times for him, on old Marble Hill, his lordship presented him with a large portrait of the horse, by Harry Hall, and which is

a faithful likeness both of Marble Hill and his jockey. When his lordship's stud became so diminished, he waived his call in favour of Lord Poulett, whose steeplechases and flat races will for the future be trusted to his guidance before those of any other nobleman or gentleman. In summarising the performances of Mr. Edwards, it will be found that, in the course of his riding, he has won no less than 213 races and a half, and with very few exceptions, every single event that falls within the reach of a gentleman jockey. Of course, critics will differ as to which have been his best 'bits,' as the doings of jockeys are termed. But, according to our own opinion, the three best races he ever rode were, when he defeated Captain Little on Theodora, at Warwick, with King William; Mr. Stirling Crauford on M. Philippe, at Croxton Park, on Kilsby; and Mr. Bevill on Nukuheva, at Stockbridge, on Musketeer. Gifted with a firm and graceful seat, the best of hands, and an excellent knowledge of pace, he needs but a trifling degree of patience to become as good a gentleman jockey as ever wore a silk jacket. And as Captain Little may be said to have retired, he is undoubtedly the first gentleman rider of the age, in this country, and, consequently, in the world. Of his performances in the cricket field we have already given one instance, and if that is not a sufficient proof of his skill, the fact of his getting over 1,200 runs in the season of 1863, we think will silence all doubt on the subject. And it is only an act of justice to himself and his brother, Mr. E. L. Ede, to state that they were mainly instrumental in establishing the Hampshire County Cricket Club, which was started and still flourishes under the auspices of that stanch patron of the game, Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne, of Cranbury Park. In addition to being a good horseman and cricketer, Mr. Edwards can take his own part in a Battue, a Ball-room, a Billiard-room, and Croquet party. And, without possessing the attributes of The Tame Cat, so forcibly illustrated in a recent 'Saturday Review,' he fulfils all the requirements of a visitor to a Country House, even to that of being unmarried.

WILD SHOOTING ABROAD.

THERE is no more enjoyable life than that the sportsman leads abroad, whether in the Indian jungles, the wilds of Africa, or the wilderness of forests and plains of America. Some trifling luxuries may be missed, some annoyances and dangers have to be encountered, but he who has a love of sport bred in him will enjoy the superabundance of game all the more for these little drawbacks.

The free pure air inflates his lungs, his muscles are kept firm by exercise, his healthy stomach needs no bitters, nor after a hearty meal does that fell demon dyspepsia trouble him.

Forest, plain, lake, river, they are all free to him. He hunts, fishes, eats, sleeps when and where he will; whilst no Jeames, in

velveteens, warns him off the ground, if hostile, or expects a 'tip,' if placable.

According to the country he is hunting in he will expect to encounter the powerful beasts that are found on his 'happy hunting grounds;' but if a Briton, he will chuckle to himself as he reflects that he has left, in the haunts of civilization he has escaped from, an animal more difficult to kill than a grizzly bear, and more tenacious in securing his prey than a Bengal tiger—the ferocious *tax-collector*.

With a firm grasp he steadies his rifle as a wild bull charges down upon him in the cane-brake, and drops the shaggy monster at his feet; whilst had the *tax-collector* *charged* he would only have met him with a sickly smile, and the hunter would find himself the victim.

No! the life in the woods—the wild free life of the plains—the life that roving vagabonds lead—is the happiest life after all.

The city man, who only hunts his neighbour, and turns his money over two or three times a year, may enjoy *settlement* life, but he is neither so healthy nor so honest as the man of the wilderness; and though there may be some dispute as to whether hunting preceded the pastoral business—whether Cain was a hunter, and procured the sheep for his brother's flocks, or only hunted Abel's 'strays,' it is undeniable that both these honest occupations existed long before bill-discounting was invented, or even 'limited' companies.

When Gordon Cumming, now at rest, rode out and killed the best bull elephant of a herd, or when he revenged the death of his follower, Hendrick, on the man-eater, the lion, who carried him out of the camp, his descriptions stirred up the blood of many a hunter, and induced them to go and do likewise; and since his book appeared of 'Five Years of a Hunter's Life in South Africa,' many a man has been led to go abroad and emulate Cumming's exploits, who else would never have thought of foreign sport.

The travels of Dr. Livingstone in South and Central Africa indirectly led the way to the discovery of the source of the Nile by Grant and Speke; and so the world owes not a little to those whom the white-chokered old fogies call 'vagabonds,' because a restlessness of disposition leads them to travel in the interests of science or sport.

It has never been my luck to hunt in Africa or the East Indies, but I have been quite content with the game I have found in the far west of North America; and as that country is so easily reached now by the aid of steam, and as shooting and fishing become each year more restricted in the British isles, I think perhaps your readers may be interested in knowing what game and sport they might expect if they went to the expense of a trip there.

The noblest animal the hunter might expect to find would be the buffalo, and the nearest point at which he would probably be found would be the Pawnee Forks, near Fort Riley. The most direct route to reach these buffalo grounds is by steamer to Quebec; thence

up the St. Lawrence and the lakes to St. Paul's, near the head waters of the Mississippi; thence to St. Joseph's, Missouri, from which Fort Riley is easily reached.

A friend of mine, the 'Mr. Treemiss' of Lord Milton's and Dr. Cheadle's book—a *nom du voyage*, by-the-way—and whom I ought to have accompanied, has just reached the grounds, or, rather, has been there for a month, as I perceive by his letter that he had reached Fort Riley on the 6th of August.

The sportsman from the 'old country' will be well repaid for his outlay when he finds himself with a good 'buffalo horse' bounding under him, the outstretched prairie rolling before him, like a green sea suddenly congealed, and in the distance the dark herds of the mighty game; and then he will understand how the wild Indian conceived the idea of his hoped-for heaven—those 'happy hunting grounds' which he hopes for after death, where through a perpetual summer he will hunt over ever-verdant, flower-carpeted prairies, upon which the game—the buffalo, the elk, and the deer—never diminish in numbers.

Far south—in Arkansas, and especially in Texas—he will find another kind of wild cattle, which, though not natives of the country, being only the descendants of the Spanish cattle imported originally by the Spaniards at the same time they introduced the horse on to the American continent, have gone wild, and now are found in the great forests and cane-brakes in thousands, that will give him as much sport and more danger than even the buffalo themselves.

In like manner the horses have strayed off and become wild; and these, unlike the wild cattle, prefer the prairies to the forests; and, most likely, upon one of these reclaimed animals the sportsman will be mounted whilst pursuing his game.

These wild horses (mustangs they are called), when caught and broken in, make the best hunting horses, for this wild work, in the world.

When I first went to the South a good animal of this kind might be got for ten dollars (2*l.*); or, if he was very good indeed, fifteen dollars (3*l.*).

Another beast of chase—he, too, an exotic—is the wild hog, for the only species of pig native to America, from icy Labrador to the Straits of Magellan, is the little vicious peccary, and he is only found in the southern part of North America, in Central, and in the northern part of South America; and on the coast, where there are plenty of reedy lagunes, these hogs, driven out either by fire or dogs, can be speared as they are in India; and though their flesh is not very good, in fact, almost worthless, from the fishy food or carrion which they consume, they fight as pluckily as a rattlesnake, and woe betide hound, horse, or horseman that they can get a rip at with their tusks.

When suddenly surprised in a palmetto swamp in the forest, as they often are by the hunter when driving for deer with hounds, they 'rally' together, *i.e.*, form a circle, tails inwards, whilst they face

the hounds, their white tusks flashing as they churn the foam from their lips, whilst a war-cry between a grunt and a squeal is uttered, as though they 'bid defiance to the world.'

Though good for sport, and almost useless for food, they do a great amount of good in their generation, as they clear off heaps of snakes, for they never pass a snake without killing it, seldom being killed in return; though I once witnessed an instance in which the pig (he was only a porker) came off second best.

The snake on this occasion took an unfair advantage, and struck the pig in the eye. It died in about ten minutes, and the rattlesnake did not survive it, as we smashed its head with a rifle-bullet just before the porker gave its last kick.

'Cuffy,' as the common black bear is called, ranks, perhaps, first in the list of forest game, and, though seldom found by the silent forest stalker, he is very often killed to the music of hound and horn.

No sport can be more exciting, when, on some 'Fall' morning, half a dozen good men and true meet with a good pack of bear-dogs to rouse some old 'corn thief' from his lair, and get restitution for all the corn and pumpkins Cuffy has stolen.

The crash and clamour of the fierce pack as they rouse him from his lair in some cane-brake, the cheers of the hunters as they recognize the voices of their favourite hounds, and the patter of the horses' hoofs on the turf, as their riders force them through the *abatis* of the 'tangled wild wood' to get a shot at the bear, must be seen—partaken of, rather—to be understood. No cunning fox, no timid hare, or bounding deer is there, but an animal who will sell his life, so far as the dogs go, dearly; and if not shot outright, there will be 'wigs upon the green' if the pack closes with him ere the friendly rifles are there to put a word in.

The hunting-horn hanging by me as I write has sounded the whoo-whoop over many a black old rascal.

An occasional puma, the panther or 'painter' of the backwoodsman, with plenty of lynxes and leopard cats, are to be found in the forests and cane-brakes—in the latter most frequently, as the covert is thicker and least penetrable; and these animals, as is natural with the cat tribe, can work their lithe bodies through a network of cane stems and tangled thickets, which, if they do not quite stop, delay the hounds, so as to prolong a morning's sport, though, from the warmth of their scent, they seldom get away altogether.

Sometimes the cat, or panther, 'trees;' and then the prolonged baying of the hounds leads up the hunters to the trees, where the rifle finishes the hunt.

Silver foxes, too, are plentiful, and very often the supposed cat the hounds are running turns out to be a fox; and as these 'tree' as well as a cat, they are treated in the same manner.

The noblest of the game birds, the wild turkey, is still to be found in abundance throughout the whole south-west, but it tasks the skill of the hunter to kill them. Shyest of all game, whether

quadrupeds or birds, it is only to be killed with certainty-by those who have closely studied its habits; and where full-grown birds are in question, the tyro is simply wasting his time in trying to out-manceuvre them.

On the prairies the deer are in immense numbers, and, with a little practice, are easily killed, the tall prairie grass generally enabling the hunter to crawl within reach for his rifle to stop them.

As I have before described in this magazine the various methods in killing both the deer and turkeys, I shall not here repeat them, but shall rather enumerate the various game than treat of the different ways to kill it.

With pointers or setters the sportsman can hardly help filling his bag with prairie-hens or quail.

In the winter the wild fowl come down in myriads from the north, 'frozen out;' then on the coast swan, geese, ducks, widgeon, &c., are to be killed in any quantity, whilst the ponds and prairie sloughs are full of them.

Snipes, woodcocks, plover, &c., are to be found wherever the ground suits them; and though the waste of game often restrains the sportsman from killing more than he can consume, it is often in his power to destroy huge quantities.

Before closing this paper I may say that the forests are as unlike anything we see in the shape of woodland here as anything can possibly be: there no woodman's knife trims the trees, no windfalls are made into faggots; and the worn-out old giants remain where they fall, unless some wandering hunter kindles his camp-fire against their sides.

Here, where these forests stretch for miles, the novice easily becomes lost, and all his theoretical knowledge is of no use; and by practice alone, and close observation of the mosses, the position of the sun, and the direction his shadow is cast, with a thousand and one little matters which are readily marked by the thorough woodsman, but which terribly puzzle the tyro, he can only hope in time to know how to find his way out.

Some, however—generally Indians—seem to be guided by the same instinct which guides the bee to its hive or the bird to its nest, in threading their way through the wilderness.

The prairie is scarcely less difficult for a stranger to traverse than the forest; when once upon the sea of grass he loses sight of land, or rather landmarks, for once far away out on one of these great prairies, where the same green line meets the horizon all around, if he gets confused and loses his head he will be lost, or, at any rate, may wander many days ere he finds timber, which, by following its edge, may lead him to a house.

A little prairie craft would prevent all this if he could only remember that his shadow would always give him 'a line,' which, if he steadily adhered to, would in the end lead him *somewhere*.

However, no one on paper can teach those who do not know this hunter's lore; it can only be gained by practice. But these latter lines may convince those who fancy they could never get lost that there is some difference between a sportsman and a hunter.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

HERE we are once again in the midst of life—of dissipation—of extravagance—perhaps even at the outpost of ruin, and yet the world goes on as pleasantly (outwardly, at least) as if everybody had twelve thousand a year, paid quarterly by an honest agent, from an improving property. The Paris season has recommenced, but I cannot say that as yet it is in anything like its 'stride;' it is taking, in fact, only what your touts call 'a nice canter:' but, to follow up the metaphor, I think it promises to go very fast, and will certainly 'stay,' for we have the longest season on record just dawning. Picture to yourselves an Exhibition year which happens, by an accident, to occur in a season of general peace—railway and steamboat tickets 25 per cent. under the usual price—America with heaps of loose money; then fancy a Great Paris Exhibition, and pity the humble individual who has the honour to address you, and the (temporary) misfortune to dwell in that Exposition city. However, we have not got to that pitch yet. At present, in fact, I think Paris is a little dull. A good many French families, tempted by the hope of impossible prices, are gone to see their aunts in the departments, and intend letting their houses. And what with East-end and West-end panics in London, the British tourist (with money) is as scarce as a 'megatherium.'

My letter, however, in spite of that dulness, will be more about Paris Life than Paris Sport.

The weather has been with us nearly—I was going to say damnable—as it seems to have been with you, and all legitimate sport has been at an end. The Imperial staggers are still at Compiègne, but the deuce a gallop have they had since the dawn of 1867. The Prince Napoleon has a pack of hounds at Meudon as fast as George Carter's, but they, too, have been 'confined to 'barracks' since Christmas. Did I not 'send on' to the 'Black Head,' at Boulogne, my two best hunters—Blunderer, by Bolter out of Bounce (an Irish horse), and Cutaway, by Stop out of Imposition, and have to return, without showing the coat which I had brought over from Poole? Alas! unless I wear it at a masquerade, and go about shouting 'Yoicks, tally-ho!' like young Moss, in the 'Newcomer,' I shall have to keep it, I fear, for next year. The Marquis de l'Aigle, who hunts boar in the forest of Compiègne, is also up a tree—a very tall tree—a poplar—on account of the frost, for he keeps an establishment suited for four days a week. There has been no good shooting, either, that I have heard of—at least in France; but I learn that in Italy a relation of the Marquis Talon had a fairish 'morning's sport' between Bologna and Ferrara, when three guns bagged 497 wild ducks!

The Emperor has had one or two tremendous days at St. Cloud and Fontainebleau, on one of which they bagged to nine guns 1,409 head, of which the Emperor killed 339; Prince de Metternich, a bad second, with 206; and Prince de la Moskowa, 'nowhere,' with 162 head.

This was at Fontainebleau, and is considered to be the 'best day' recorded in the sporting archives of the Second Empire. I can give you the exact return of another great day at St. Cloud:—

Empereur	227	M. de Corberon	149
Prince de Moskowa	168	M. de Noue	72
Prince de Metternich	190	Mr. Grosvenor	118
Count Walewski	85	M. de Hecken	109
Duc d'Albúféra	85		
Count de Molke	97		
		Total	1,300

So, you see, they can get heads of game up even here,

I must not forget to tell you that pigeon-shooting is in the ascendant here, and the 'Cercle des Patineurs,' where shooting is carried on during the summer with every possible luxurious accessory, is likely to be a great institution this Exhibition year. The Emperor's Prize Cup will soon be exhibited in London. The 'Daily Telegraph' has given a 'Daily Telegraph Cup,' which will soon be exhibited in Paris; and several other prizes are coming from London.

So many of your readers are for ever going blundering about the Continent, professing that they want to kill boar, deer, &c., &c., that I have taken the trouble to write to several sporting friends, and I now put before them the facts which are written to me. Boar-shooting is but a poor amusement, to my mind; yet it is better than yawning out of the bay-window of a club. So here I send you my accounts, which, if not amusing, are true.

An enormous wild boar, which for some time past has made its home in a wood near Boulogne-sur-Mer, has just been killed by a farmer of Bournonville, named Hache, under rather singular circumstances. The residents in the neighbourhood have since the month of October been accustomed to let loose every morning their droves of pigs, which stray through the wood in search of acorns, but have failed to return to the farms in the evening. Three nights back those of M. Hache arrived, accompanied by the wild boar, which unsuspectingly laid itself down on a heap of manure in the yard, where it was killed by two shots from a double-barrelled gun. The animal weighed 280 pounds.

Then Monsieur B—— writes to me:—Five wild boars were killed during a hunting party organized a few days back at Samety (Meuse). At one moment a M. Renard found himself alone in presence of one of those animals. With the first barrel of his gun he wounded it in the foot; the second missed fire. He then seized the animal in his arms, and struggled with it for ten minutes, when assistance arrived, and it was despatched. It was found to weigh 300 pounds. In the encounter M. Renard received three wounds in his leg from the boar's tusks.

Finally, I have a letter from the 'Meuse,' which, if not sporting, is amusing. A bull in a china-shop is evidently not worse than a boar in a beer-cellar.

My acquaintance the Marquis de X—— writes:—A large wild boar was observed a few days since wandering in the commune of Aulnais (Meuse). Some of the inhabitants followed him, when he turned into a barn, and from thence made his way into a cellar. The neighbours hastened to attack him with axes and guns, and after a desperate defence he was killed, but not until he had committed great devastation, smashing an immense number of bottles, and upsetting a vat containing three hogsheads of wine, which was all lost. He weighed 102 kilos.

Now, seeing that these great wild 'porkers' are about in easy Europe, why does ingenuous youth rush to Africa, where—I refer to easy Africa, of course—he will find all the larger game killed by French soldiers, or hunted to death by Tangerines?

Of course the racing season is dead. Mr. Jennings came over in the early part of last month, and set a task to Count de Lagrange's young pupils. Some of them, I understand, performed it so well that they have been sent over to England to go to college—if not quite to Cambridge, to Newmarket; and, as many of your readers must confess, that is the next thing to it.

There are a very large number of horses in training in France, and I hear we are to have a great season on our turf; but as yet I have not heard of that 'good thing' which is to put us all on velvet. I heard a report, but I fancy it was

entirely absurd, that the dates of the French Derby and the Grand Prix were to be altered; but surely at so late a period it would be an utter impossibility. For my part, I wish the Grand Prix was run on any other day, for we have such a scrimmage of going and coming sportsmen, that 'you can't tell t'other from which;' and just as you are going to ask X. to dinner, you find that he started last night with Y. and Z., and is by that time at Ascot plunging wildly and losing nobly. If they would give us a nice quiet week, and if some gallant winner would give a 200 or 300 guinea Cup to be run for as an international prize on the Saturday of the Meeting (so that proper, *i. e.*, 'go-to-church' English could attend), what a cheery Meeting we should have!

Deauville means having a great Meeting next year, and the Emperor, Empress, and Court in general will be present.

I hear great accounts of the hawking in France, and purpose assisting at one of these 'licensed hawker's' meetings as soon as my numerous engagements will allow me to go away. The 'Loo,' once almost as famous as the 'Bois de Boulogne' for International races—it was there that Mr. Stirling Crauford, Lord Strathmore, &c., &c., used to 'witch the (Dutch) world with 'noble horsemanship'—is now the great breeding-ground for hawks. In Guelderland and Brabant is found the scanty breed of wild falcons which supply the perches of hawking Europe. It is a pity that the fine old sport has died out; but, like other sports, it has fallen a victim to cultivation and high farming. It may still exist in France though, as there are miles of yet truly open country. Our friends, who will to-morrow meet the Duke at 'Three Queens,' will admit that galloping over a flat and open country with your eyes riveted on a bird in the sky is all very well, but that if you come into enclosed grass-grounds, with a trifle of ox-fences, your eyes have all they know how to do to keep their owners going on the green sward. I wonder how some of your hardest Pytchley men—well, let us say Mr. Black Neville himself—would like to go pounding 'nez en air,' as they say here, 'along the brook side in the valley down by Althorpe?' And would he now exclaim with dear Mary Cave, 'What a country for a flight!' Eh bien! It exists here now this hawking, and is, perhaps, the last links which bind us to the days of Louis the Magnificent. Hawking has a 'raison d'être' in France, which hunting—true hunting—never can. 'Tis true—pity 'tis 'tis true—not long ago the good sportsman who rules over France—rules over France so justly, so cleverly, and so well—asked why it was that so few English country gentlemen travelled now. 'Sire,' said the gentleman, who was then received by him, 'I believe it is that the English are fonder than ever of fox-hunting.' 'And quite right, too,' replied Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, who once stopped the field three times in one day in a run with the 'Queen's' from Pole Hill in days when the Davis used to ride, and the 'Queen's' to run.

One word more of Paris Sport, and I turn to Paris Life. I understand that Major Fridolin has a confederate in H. E. Kholil Bey. I hope he will bring luck. Apropos, I read with respectful surprise in a London paper that this Bey won 40,000*l.* one night at play at some 'resort in the vicinity of the Palais Royal,' which is likely to attract the attention of the police.' So is the history of society written! If Anybody Bey wanted to risk a million of francs—which is, you know, a bit of money, after all—he might be accommodated at a club, but he is hardly likely to go there and stake a large fortune at a 'gargote,' which is likely to attract the attention of the police.' The truth is they did play 'crackers' last year, and the authorities, who can do it here, were on the verge of interfering several times, but they have as yet been content with 'warning.'

The new club on the other side of the 'Seine,' which is to be rustic, 'toor-al-rulal,' and respectable, is rapidly advancing, and will be finished for this Great Exhibition about which all Europe is now talking. About that Exhibition I have little to say which will interest the readers of 'Baily;' but still they may care to know that there will be a great international cattle show and display of agricultural implements, and that they will have a chance of seeing at the *anneze* of the Ile de Billancourt what are really French stock and French implements. Of the latter I think but little; but of the stock I say, country gentlemen, who 'sit at home at ease,' don't be too conservative, but come yourselves and see what beasts and sheep France can produce. I like to illustrate my story with examples taken from every-day life, and here I might almost use the hacknied joke, and say, 'with plates' also; and, therefore, I will quote a case in point. The Marquis Talon last week entertained a select party of his countrymen (English) at Vorsius, and never has the humble individual who takes the liberty of now addressing you seen a finer or eat a tenderer saddle of mutton.

'English, of course,' remarks a bold Briton; but B. B. was wrong: since the international cattle plague not one saddle or leg of mutton can be introduced into this land of veal! If we could not speak English we could jest about weal and *weau*. Talking the other night at the Grand Hotel, a very dictatorial man—in fact, he was a Q. C.—and another, apparently mild party, got into a discussion on this very subject. 'But I tell you, my good sir, that I know 'all about it. It is impossible—not a joint of English mutton can now enter 'France.' 'Well, all I know,' replies the meeker party, 'is that last week 'when my horses came over, I brought out a saddle. Not a joint of mutton.' 'And that is law,' interrupted Q. C., who likes to hear, and not to listen. 'No,' says the modest man, 'it was not, in fact, a saddle of mutton, but a five-year 'old saddle of Wilkinson and Kidd.' So the lawyer was derided by a full house, and justly.

Our carnival has commenced, and we have assisted at one or two of the orgies; returning from one of which we confess to have stepped on a slide, fallen down on our hat and that part of the person in which the tail grows in animals, lost our latch-key, and otherwise 'misdemeanoured' ourselves, which was the more provoking, as we had declined all invitations to supper, and were bent on a quiet and early (that it was sure to be) bed.

Nothing striking met us at those inevitable balls. The old story! 'Nothing 'is new—nothing is true, and it don't much matter to anybody.' The fact is, I believe the world in general is weary of masquerades. That female coal-heaver, called here a 'débardeuse,' is burnt to dust and ashes. Who could be robbed by that brigand? Why, you might be as well amused by that clown, or fall hopelessly in love with that flower-girl, who is really a 'flour-girl,' being a small baker's daughter in the Rue Centrale! No, the age is too old for masking and mumming, and we can stand it no longer. Every time I am fool enough to pay ten francs, I am the more convinced that I ought to go dressed as a fool, and, when returning in the early dawn, I feel convinced really 'that pleasure is but vanity, and man all over dust.'

You may say that our season has regularly commenced, just like that of the Quorn after the Kirby Gate Meet, but we have had but indifferent sport as yet; the ground has been very deep, not very good going, and foxes (*i.e.*, balls and parties) have run short. Bals masques! Well, do you know, I fancy we are getting too old for them. When we tear off the mask from that domino which we have followed all night—a pretty hand, perhaps, or foot in a pink silk stocking, which we have seen twinkling beneath the cold shade of a satin

skirt, and find that it only concealed a face of age and almost, from that age, of respectability; when we find ourselves supping at the Englishers' 'Hoff,' at five A.M., with a party old enough to be our washerwoman, and ugly enough to be as chaste as the huntress Diana—she having a vast appetite and a taste for truffles—then, I say, we have 'lost a night,' and I fancy the awaking of the morning will not support the reflections of the night, let alone the 'addition' which, indeed, is such usually, and which you call a bill.

One 'Bal Masque de l'Opera' is what I prescribe as a dose for a grown man, *pro re nata*—translated, you know, once as for 'the young one just born.' I would allow two—but then all is over. Private balls abound here, and the whole alphabet, from the Duchess A—to the Countess Z—, have conspired to invite us to dance, drink (chiefly sweet things), and be merry; and so we are merry, though, preferring curious old dry drinks, we do not imbibe. 'Fancy my stomach and its astonishment, if I took some iced almond water!' observed one of the noble army of martyrs to me only last night, at the Duchess de Zero's reception. 'Thank you—none! A cigar—a good many cigars, and a good deal of soda and B., and I'm tiled in for the night. Moderate man I am,' continued the Captain, 'and often pleasant when I'm pleased.' So he refused the proffered refecation.

The theatres have been rather striking this month, holding some extraordinary mirrors up to an extraordinary nature—not human nature. Oh no! French nature, which is quite different. 'La divina Patti' has been bringing back to us the days of our youth—a wasted, misspent youth, I dare say, but still extremely agreeable—by singing the 'Puritani,' that delight of gods (in the gallery) and men (in the stalls). Grisi is re-presented in Patti, whose marvellous young voice, fresh as the whiskers of morning breezes, brings us back again to the days that are gone. But where is the Lablache, the Rubini, the Tamburini? Echo answers, 'Where?' And, truth to tell, echo is the only thing that does answer in Paris now as regards the Italian Opera. Menkin is here—the adorable—the irrepressible—the nude! We know that 'Beauty when unadorned is adorned the best.' There is no doubt as to her beauty—by the way, the portraits of her which are stuck up in the streets are exactly like George Gordon, Lord Byron, who once or twice wrote a poem, as you may remember. There is no doubt as to her being 'unadorned;' and it is clear that Paris thinks she is quite adorned enough for them. But we have had a great time at the little theatre of the Bouffés Parisien. Our pearl has come out of its shell. The world of Paris *shelled out* in return, giving twelve pounds for a box, and two pounds (takers) for a stall. Mdle. Cora—it is no business of mine, but she is the best figure in France—appeared as Cupid, in Offenbach's operetta of 'Orpheus aux Enfers.' We remember to have heard, in our youth—happy, but extravagant and, alas! departed season—that

'C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,

'Qui fait le monde à la ronde,'

and certainly Cupid gave them a turn the other night. More clever acting I have never witnessed; more pretty costumes were never invented. The 'world'—by which, oh reader of 'Baily,' I mean your world and mine, not the world of all—the world sat (*not still*) and admired; and it was admitted that Lais was as good as Melpomene; that the goddess of the Bois de Boulogne may now aspire to a niche in the temple of burlesque-dramatic fame! The 'Belle Hélène' is still running, and run after. 'Paris aime bien les épaules;' and though it sees a good many of them, does not seem to tire; indeed it likes 'les jambes' also, I conclude, from the rush for stalls. Will you believe it—I wanted to take my maiden aunt to see Schneider, and she

(she is very impatient, and wanted to get back to a Dorcas meeting—what is a Dorcas meeting?—in Devonshire) had to wait a week, and did not think it quite proper after all!

It may interest some of your readers to know that we are to have horse shows, cattle shows, dog shows, and, I believe, cat shows at our coming Exhibition, which an American, lately, (there are tens of thousands of them here just now, quite at home, and spitting like Niagara) called 'The Great Exposition;' and besides that there is in the island of Billancourt, eight minutes by train and twenty by water from the Champ de Mars (the head-quarters of the Exhibition), a regular 'Agricultural Show.' Ploughing in all its branches, draining, with its tales and its tiles, threshing, winnowing—everything. Nor is this all. Billancourt is to repeat the Vauxhall scenes of our childhood, and will be illuminated every night with ten thousand additional lamps.

I hear we are to have also a sort of international display of carriages and horses in the streets of Paris and in the wood of Boulogne. A distinguished judge of all that is high as to stepping and dry as to drinking is, I learn, *en route* with a stud that will astonish the eye of the denizens of the Elysian Fields. Marquis Talon, too, has got together a team which will take some beating, and which certainly requires some holding. M. Narischine has the prettiest phaeton I have ever seen; and Peters and Sons have a carriage or two, ordered by a Russian noble, for the purpose of astonishing the French, which will be unequalled. I wish again that, for once, we could see a procession through the Bois de Boulogne to the Skating Club, and so to the race-course of all the coaches of the Four-in-hand Club. I whispered the idea to an angel whom I lately met in the 'Paradise of the world,' Paris; but the 'angel's whisper' in return was, 'All very well, old fellow, but we have such a cruel lot to do at home (in Paradise) just at that time.' They say here that Mr. Savile will win the English Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris. I hope so, for one.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—January Jottings.

JANUARY, hitherto Sacred to the Memory of Bardolph-nosed turkeys, monstrous mincepies, brilliant pantomimes, and long school-bills never sent in until the return of the young gentlemen to their studies, has this year taken the elements of frost and snow under its peculiar care, and they may be said to have had a rare run. In fact the Ice King we may state to have taken a benefit, when his friends rallied round him in sufficient numbers to prove he still had a hold on their affections as well as their legs, as the surgeons of Charing Cross and St. George's Hospitals can testify. And truly, London has borne a strong resemblance to St. Petersburg, and on one or two days, but for our unique race of policemen and omnibus drivers, it was hardly possible to distinguish one city from the other, supposing the artists of the 'Illustrated London News' were accurate in their delineations of the northern capital: for, as there, every building was covered with snow as white as a twelfth cake, and every foot-passenger seemed to have a cold in his head. Every class nearly, except Sporting writers and Dr. McCann, were thrown out of employ. The former raved for the entries for the Spring Handicaps, and the hard-hearted firm of Burlington Street would not stop their cravings. So they shared the fate of poor Mother Hubbard's canine favourite. Then The Soiled Dove case was in abeyance, so nothing could be made of that, and the field was left open to the

Special Commissioners, one of whom, from his hardy frame, indomitable determination, and capabilities of enduring fatigue, we could cordially recommend as secretary to any future Arctic Expedition, when a notice is needed of the first favourite for the Esquimaux Derby. Still, although we have had neither Racing Meetings nor Steeple-chases, the month has been an eminently sensational one, and we will treat of its features in the order they occurred, although we may not perhaps throw any new light upon them. First, then, we had the screaming Voightlander farce at Croydon, the chief performer in which, Mr. Colam, successfully exerted himself to destroy the very excellent institution to which he is unfortunately attached. Never in our recollection has a person more clearly illustrated the old adage 'that the higher a monkey climbs the more necessity he has for strong trousers.' The proverb is somewhat coarser in the original text, but in toning it down to suit the tastes of a portion of our readers, we fancy we have preserved the real pith of it. The scene of the trial ought to have been perpetuated on canvas, as much as that of Charles the First or Queen Caroline, for its result has become quite as historical. And if we could have ventured to suggest to the artist the most opportune moment to seize on for illustration, it would have been when the great Colam ordered the Duke of Hamilton, Brandon, and Chatelheraut out of court, because he accompanied his friend, Mr. Crawshaw, and would give evidence in his behalf, which, in other words, was supposing the holder of an English, Scotch, and French Peerage 'would bite a bible in two' to save the rider of Voightlander from the possible infliction of the fine of forty shillings, for which he would have cared less than for the loss of a button of his shirt. Fortunately the Croydon bench of Magistrates were composed of liberal-minded gentlemen, neither saints nor bigots, but endowed with common sense, and the knowledge of the fondness of Englishmen for field sports, and the good results which flow from their indulgence in them. They sympathised, as might be expected, with the insult thus offered to the Duke and his friends, but Mr. Colam was as inexorable in his demand for their retirement as Brutus; and we have no doubt that when the Pall Mall Father returned to the bosom of his family he apostrophised them, and told them it was the greatest day in the Colam annals when he was enabled to teach the puissant Duke of Hamilton, that the law of England was no respecter of persons, as if his Grace had not before been inculcated with the idea. Of the conduct of the case we need only say the opening was as bad as the finish, and Colam came to grief as quickly as his Voightlander, although not to such an extent; and when Mr. Merryweather, who waited on him like Job Marson, and pounced on him at the finish for costs, the which were instantly granted, the Croydon curtain fell amidst tremendous applause, which the bench took no care to suppress. But while we sympathise with the 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' for the loss their funds have sustained by this absurd and iniquitous prosecution, to which it was hounded on by some raving fanatics in sensational papers, we cannot think Mr. Crawshaw has much cause for complaint, inasmuch as it has made him 'the man of the hour;' and his mount on Voightlander has caused him to be as well known to the Sporting World, and the great body of the public, as Beecher on Vivian, Jem Mason on Lottery, and Seffort on Parasol, and that, too, at a much earlier period than those celebrities. Unfortunately 'Who's Who' came out too soon to have his name inserted in it, otherwise we are quite sure the erudite editor of that popular little work would have included it in its contents. But, badinage apart, Mr. Crawshaw was the last person to have selected for a prosecution of this sort, as, although he rides hard, he is the last person to hurt a horse, and has never lost one in any run with hounds. For

the stupid forger who, under the disguise of being a relative, wrote to the newspapers that the Yorkshire aristocracy had tried to stop him riding as a gentleman, we have no sufficient terms of contempt; and the prompt discarding and exposure of the would-be 'Attenborough' must have made the latter feel very small in his own estimation, as well as that of his friends, if he revealed his identity. The Soiled Dove case is over, and, as in transpontine dramas, villany is punished, and virtue proves triumphant. General Shirley and Mr. Arnold are warned off Newmarket Heath, and The Soiled Dove, after being turned out of the Nightingale's Cage at Epsom, has also been warned off Boyce's stable at Newmarket, and at Bloss's, to which she wended her way, in the hopes of finding shelter in her old nest, she experienced the same cold shoulder, all the sins of General Shirley being visited on her hapless head. This shutting of the door after the steed was stolen is so thoroughly in accordance with the high mental standard of the Metropolis of the Turf that it causes no surprise in our mind. But we are glad to hear that when the absurdity of treating Soiled Dove like a West India steamer with a case of yellow fever on board, by the Quarantine authorities at Southampton, came under the notice of Captain Machell, he instantly admitted her to pratique by ordering her to be taken into Mr. Chaplin's stables, and we do not suppose the morals of The Hermit will be corrupted by the association. No one can suppose for a single second that either of the above respectable trainers had the slightest cognizance of her being different to what she was represented. And although we share Admiral Rous's surprise that neither of them ever opened her mouth, even out of simple curiosity, we believe they only acted as nintenths of their class would have done, as they consider the probability of an animal being sent to them of a wrong age to be so absurdly remote, as to be not worth guarding against. Still, as what has been done once may be done again, we have no doubt of the Newmarket dentists finding more employment for the future. Anything more rapid than the downward descent of General Shirley in the social scale of morality can scarcely be imagined, and from standing on the pinnacle of honour, he has slid down to its very base. It is only a very few years back he was in the enviable position of holding the Colonelcy of the 7th Hussars, with the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Lydston Newman, and men of that stamp under his command. As a soldier he enjoyed the very highest reputation, and in the hunting field there was scarcely a man in England who could beat him. In his regiment he preserved the highest tone and code of honour, and was less disposed to look over trifles than commanding officers who were considered to be far stricter disciplinarians. And now how are the mighty fallen! Debt, that lowerer of all principle, seems to have eaten up his very system, and he soon was an example of the old saying, 'That evil communications corrupt good manners.' Police reports bore witness to his shameful infamy and profligacy; and his old brother officers being compelled to give him up, he got from bad to worse; and mixing with a parcel of bill-discounters, second-rate trainers, and the lowest description of Haymarket legs and list-keepers, he crowns the evening of his life by being guilty of an act of fraud, which places him in the Turf Newgate Calendar, with the late Goodman Levy; and with miserable philosophy he appears to have acted up to the idea of it 'being better to reign in Hades than serve in Heaven.' However, there is yet time for repentance, and we hope he will take advantage of the opportunity to embrace it. Still, in continuance of the subject, it is gratifying to find that everybody besides the guilty parties was innocent of the mare being an old 'un, and not a leg got a shilling out of her. It is also rather extraordinary that she should have come to Richard Boyce's stables with a simple

direction on her, and that for some days he was ignorant to whom she belonged. But, of course, as she was good for her keep, although a stranger, he had compassion on her, and took her in, for doing which he will doubtless have his own reward hereafter; and should he, on his visit to London, look in at the Argyll, the Oxford, or the Alhambra, it is not at all improbable the Sisterhood may present him with some significant proof of their regard. On the Derby little or nothing has been doing since our last quotations, but on the Two Thousand there have been some movements worth watching. Plaudit has been the horse of the month and the month, and it is many a year since an animal has been so talked of or written about; while the legs of Vestris and Taglioni have never been so much discussed in an omnibus box. That there is an under current against the horse or his owner is palpable enough from what we read in the sporting newspapers. From what cause this has arisen we are unable to divine, for every possible facility has been afforded the Special Commissioners to report upon him, Major holding very different views respecting those gentlemen to Tom Jennings, and Plaudit has been as accessible as the Art Treasures of South Kensington; and although it is the fashion to decry these new additions to the staffs of newspapers, we by no means join in the movement, for their despatches enable the fanciers of a horse to get some idea of what he is like. Doctor Shorthouse's own Commissioner, we see, is also announced to be *en route* for Richmond; and as he combines the talents of a Spooner, a Field, a Mavor, and a Gamgee, we shall, like the rest of the friends of the horse, await the publication of his despatch with some interest. But the world will not be thoroughly satisfied until the Doctor goes down himself, and deals out to his 'patients' his own ideas of his legs and plasters, as we know there will be nothing kept back, and we shall be able to say with Hamlet, 'Look on this picture, and on that.' That Plaudit will be 'there or thereabouts' for the Two Thousand we think most likely; but if he gets through the Derby, he will owe his success more to Thormanby than Plausible, on the principle of 'like begetting like.' Both Julius and Vauban we anticipate being rattling favourites; and although April is an early month for a Butterfly, we are told in the North that there will be one on the Heath on the Two Thousand day which will take a great deal of catching. *Mais nous venons.*

The commencement of the breeding season has led to the annual controversy about the merits of the various Sires of the Day, and the most conflicting opinions are expressed respecting them. Our old contributor, North Countryman, has given a very exhaustive pen-and-ink sketch of Stockwell, in the 'Sporting Gazette,' and likewise his ideas of other horses. These are fiercely assailed by the Editor of the 'Sporting Times,' and it is only justice to the latter to state that he supports his arguments by some very disagreeable and awkward facts. Then 'Venator,' another Gazette writer, argues, and not without reason, against so many horses, which he enumerates, being put at such a high figure; and as he gives out he owns a few brood mares, it would go to show that exchequer considerations have some weight with him, as they doubtless have with other breeders. But we are rather surprised it has never occurred to 'Venator,' who, by his own showing, is well up in his subject, that, with regard to many of the horses he mentions, the prices are put up to prevent their being overrun with mares whose produce is not likely to do the animals any credit. With this view, no doubt, Sir Joseph Hawley has put Asteroid at fifty guineas, although we believe very few of his yearlings have been seen, whereas, now, good mares are at once insured to him. Newminster, we are glad to learn, did very well last season, nearly all his mares, including Caller Ou, La Touques, the Hampton Court and Mamhead mares being in

foal to him. This is satisfactory, for during last year some disparaging reports were in circulation respecting the old horse, who is looking as fresh as a four-year old, and a worse speculation might be entered into than purchasing the yearlings in a lot. They consist of four Newminsters, five Young Melbournes, seven Clarets, four Jordans, two Leamingtons, two Voltigeurs, a Blair Athol, a Carnival, a Citadel, an Underhand, an Oxford, and a Brother to Bird on the Wing. From Moorlands, which is close by, we are told the first of The Lord Clifden's has made its appearance in the shape of a colt out of Doorha, and is described to be a fine aristocratic little fellow, worthy of being the grandson of Newminster. Lady Clifden, also, at Fairfield, has become a mother, and produced a colt foal to Blair Athol, and Maccaroni's list is rapidly filling up at the same place. Returning South, we hear that at Mamhead, Crater still keeps at the head of the poll, and is all but full. Not to be overmarked, he is wisely limited to twenty-one mares, and the promise which we stated last year that his foals held out has, from all accounts, been fully realised as yearlings. Of the lots of the latter, which are now placed under the immediate charge of Mr. Dyer, whose repute as a veterinary surgeon in the West of England corresponds with that of Messrs. Spooner and Field in London, and who has left Torquay to reside at Mamhead, the best, we have heard, is the Duke of Edinburgh. This colt, who is by Stockwell out of Queen of Beauty, is said to combine all the Stockwell power, without a particle of the grossness which is not unfrequently allied to it. Already most of the big books for the Derby have been taken about him, and if he goes into any of the fashionable stables, he is certain to repay the early birds who have got on him. The loss of Mr. Cameron's stud of brood mares is one of the most frightful in the annals of breeders, for they all went at one fell swoop. However, if people will have prejudices, they must pay for them; and one would have imagined that common sense would have pointed out to Mr. C. the impolicy of trusting so precious a freight to a screw steamer in the Atlantic in the month of December. And if he chose to disregard the caution he received, he himself is the only person to blame in the matter. And when we consider the care and attention bestowed on the Belgravian Mothers of our large breeding establishments when they are in an interesting situation, we are lost in wonderment at the animals being permitted to leave England at such a season. Even the 'Racing Calendar,' which is not much given to sentiment, felt the shock, and in its announcements, for the first time in its official existence, gave expressions to its feeling of regret; a sufficient cause for our dwelling on the catastrophe. Far better would it have been had the mares remained where they stood before, or had been consigned to such a depot as the East Acton Stud Farm, which, from its size, convenience, and vicinity to London, is admirably adapted for a resting-place for blood stock intended for abroad, as there they might have been billeted until all fear of danger had been removed. This was the plan adopted by Mr. James Hall, the great exporter of thorough-bred stock to the Cape of Good Hope, and who found it thoroughly answer his purpose. At Acton the Scottish Chief is getting plenty of mares, and is certain to make a stallion; and Costa is also to be recommended for a particular class of mares, as no prettier little horse was ever foaled. Mr. Blenkiron has been rather unfortunate in losing Kate, at Easby Abbey, for her produce always sold well at Middle Park, where Mr. George Angell last year bought a very clever filly out of her, which at our suggestion, he named 'The Shew.' Gladiateur, we believe, has arrived at Eltham from Newmarket, where he was detained for some time on account of the severity of the weather, and we have no doubt he will have as large levees at Middle Park as Blair Athol at Fairfield, and we believe he is

all but full ; and as he is to have none but approved mares, breeders will look for the first of his stock with no little amount of interest.

Our Hunting Budget is, as our readers may expect, somewhat limited in its size, and will not take much space in our vehicle, for hunters have been scarcely visible except from the corn-bins ; and huntsmen and whips have been unshorn, from their masters having removed their racers for fear of their adding to the income of the county coroners. Happily all cause for anxiety on that score has been removed, and at the time of our packing up the sons and daughters of Furrier, Guider, Rasselas, and Trumpeter have resumed their studies of the vulpine race with renewed ardour. In Hampshire scarcely anything has been done, and certainly nothing worth repeating. Sir Bruce Chichester, the young Master of The Vine, and who succeeded Mr. Whieldon, has unfortunately had his season spoiled by ricking his back, which has compelled him to give up and retire to Brighton, leaving the command in the hands of that good sportsman Mr. Beach, who can give as good an account of a fox as of his vote in parliament. The Hursley, under Mr. Standish, have been lucky enough to snatch a couple of good days. One on the 5th, when they met at Cranbury Cross Roads and found at Ampfield Wood, which, thanks to Sir William Heathcote and his keepers, is never without foxes, and good ones too ; and after a very fast 45 minutes in the open, he saved himself by going to ground. The other was on the 25th, when they met at Little Sombourn Park, had a good hunting run, and killed. Lord Gardner, who has abandoned The Shires and taken Wherwell Priory, near Stockbridge, is a frequent attendant with Mr. Dear's harriers, and thanks God there is not a wide ditch within ten miles of his house. To account for the change which has come o'er the spirit of his lordship's dream is impossible to those who recollect him in his prime at Melton, and when Frank Sheridan wrote

'With him no hunter ever dare refuse,
So fine his hand, so damnable his Muse.'

This latter observation was in reference to his contributions to 'The Book of Beauty,' when Lady Blessington edited that Annual. At the same period also we read, in allusion to some run in Leicestershire,

'E'en Gardner owned the pace was good,
But still would h'ad it faster if he could.'

Therefore who could have conceived the thought of the hero of such verse coming down from Ashby Pasture and Kirby Gate to Hampshire currant jelly ? Verily we live in an age of miracles, and never expect to be surprised again. In the Isle of Wight, where they have a very useful pack of hounds, with a good Master and a huntsman, who is likewise a philosopher as regards diet, we are assured they have had some fair runs in spite of the weather ; and Prince Christian, who occasionally joins the Hunt, has made himself very popular from his quiet, unaffected manner, and the unostentatious style in which he comes out. Mr. Barnett's long-expected retirement from The Cambridgeshire is announced, and it is said his son will reign in his stead. At all events, he is by far the best favourite. At Brighton, the system of 'capping' with the harriers has led to the exchange of some strong opinions on paper, but no further. No doubt the practice cannot be abolished, and perhaps there are good reasons for being more stringent in collecting them at London-super-Mare than elsewhere. Still, a crown for the sight of a Brighton harrier seems rather a high charge, when a whole hound show can be visited for a less sum ; and the system of drawing in advance, or rather prepaying for your run, is a custom, we consider, which would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. But circumstances alter cases very much, and although no sportsman would grudge five

shillings for a gallop, he does not like to be told he cannot have it without parting with his money in the first instance. So much, however, depends upon the style and manner in which the demand is made, that it is difficult to give an opinion upon the subject, except to remind 'The Capper' of the old saying, that more flies are caught with honey than vinegar. In Lord Malden's country we are sorry to find some unpleasantness has occurred with an owner of coverts, who has warned his lordship not to draw them. The cause of the war was the old one of the Indian-imported bird, and, judging from the correspondence we have that has been published, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Norton, the proprietor of the coverts in question, only required a little judicious handling to have fallen into his lordship's views. Still we hope some basis for restoring the peace of the country may yet be found to treat upon, and the harmony and conviviality of the Hunt restored to its pristine condition.

The Cheshire, up to the commencement of the frost, enjoyed as good, if not better, sport than most other packs in their district, for they had some very fast things, killing their fox in good style, as well as some long hunting runs, but bad scent has been the general order of the day. The hounds are looking very well, and the men are admirably mounted on long, low, well-bred horses; and as they say they never were so well mounted in their lives, it seems almost a pity so good a lot of animals should be parted with at the end of the season. Happily there has been no return of the sad calamity which befel the young entry last summer, and this no doubt from the very severe remedy which the popular master adopted of destroying a large number of the young hounds and isolating others. This heavy loss to the pack was in a great measure removed by the kindness of various Masters of hounds consenting to furnish him with a couple of hounds from their own packs, which in many they could ill afford to do, their second drafts having been already made. There appears, however, every probability of the pack being restored to its original strength next season, as upwards of 70 couples of puppies are put out to walk. Such a thing as a blank day in Cheshire is hardly known, though there are some noble-minded Squires inhabiting the East side of the county who at one time keen sportsmen themselves, but now being no longer able or willing to go out, have become the most inveterate enemies to fox-hunting, and entirely destroyed the finest part of the country by the total annihilation of the foxes, and destruction of such gorse coverts as they possessed. Since we are told that threescore years and ten is the age of man, happily these gentlemen's days are numbered, and may those who succeed them be better disposed to the Noble Science. On the whole, the country is well preserved and the farmers well inclined towards fox-hunting, though the late cattle plague has driven many (who were not prohibited by their landlords) to break up more land, in consequence of which we now more frequently hear the cry of 'Ware wheat' than before. The fields with the Cheshire hounds this season are certainly not so great as they have been of late years; but this has been attributed to the very severe handling Manchester and Liverpool received during the 10 per cent. days, and from the fact of five days a week dividing the Members to a greater extent.

In Yorkshire hunting men have been snowed up almost as badly as Alpine shepherds, and as we can say nothing of the performances in the Field, we will gossip about 'The Flag Appointments,' which will interest many of our readers.

The great Hound Show in August, as is well known, caused an unusual amount of discussion on the breeding of foxhounds, and consequently stud hounds have been, lately, frequently seen travelling up and down the 'Lines.' Lord Portsmouth's useful old dog, Lincoln, is on a visit to Sir Charles

Slingsby, and Ganymede has also migrated from Eggesford to Lord Galway's (The Grove). Lord Poltimore's Archer, we believe, has taken a trip to Milton, for these Devonshire foxhunters have managed, in a few years, to breed very good-looking, powerful foxhounds, and are persuading their North-Country friends that their hounds are as 'good as they are fair.'

Sir John Trollope, who won the prize at York with Potentate, and has never got over it, but boldly sends his Clinker, to show himself on the flags at Bramham Park. Mr. Lane Fox, with confidence, forwards Furrier to Little Blytham kennels, and from thence to Eggesford; and Gainer has gone to Cattistock Lodge.

The York Club has been nearly deserted, snow making it no easy matter to get about. Sir George Wombwell has returned from Melton, having had no great chance of showing himself and his ten clever chesnuts. In our youth we studied 'Nimrod's' runs; latterly Whyte Melville's thrilling descriptions of sport in the grass countries; till we fancy that in Leicestershire, with a good horse, and the heart to get a start, glory waits us. Alas! we find that, whether we play upon green or brown, without luck, it is no use; and without scent, plough countries have the most sport. Brown wins. The Bramham Moor ladies, all staunch supporters of fox-hunting, fearing that the miserable weather might cause their lords to get a trifle mouldy, without some occupation, have set on foot a ball, to be given in the Town-hall, Wetherby, on the 29th; and a right merry hop it will be. Leonard Lee, the Tod Heatley of the North is busy preparing oceans of champagne; and Sybarites might envy the Bramham-Moorites. The beauties, we know, all read 'The Van,' and we wish they could see in it a description of their cheery ball, and the best valsers and galopers. But 'Baily' wants us that very night, to help him on with his *Green* coat, to 'hook-to' and start the 'Van' to all parts of the world, by rail and steam power; and if we cannot give any account of the regular doings of the Bramham-Moorites, we can, at least, narrate an account of an irregular spurt, which has caused a deal of fun in the neighbourhood. It seems that, on the 21st of January, Captain Fairfax, bored with ice and snow, said to himself, 'This is all very well, but why not hunt?' So he took his harriers out of kennel, drew the pleasure ground at Newton Kyme for a hare, and found a fox, and ran him to Bramham Park in fifty minutes. Knowing the country, and the impediments being small, this peculiar and very enterprising young sportsman was able to ride with his hounds all the way. His fox went on to the woods, when he wisely called off his merry little pack, and having proved that the Guards, as of old, are always foremost in the field, why, 'Johnny came marching home.'

We have received first-rate accounts from the African Sporting Association, whose doings will be fully described in a future number. On the 4th inst., at Penthève, a fine lioness and three boars were killed, and the party were about to beat for the old lion, whose whereabouts was pretty well known. As for small game, sacks of partridges have been bagged, besides woodcock, snipe, and all kinds of waterfowl.

Every one who has been in Vienna knows Daum's coffee-house, in the Kohlmarkt, the principal resort of the officers of the garrison. About a fortnight ago an impromptu cross-country race was got up between eight gentlemen (four officers and four civilians), for five hundred ducats, each riding a cab-horse barebacked. The course was from the Kohlmarkt, in Vienna, to the Grande Place in Presburg, a distance of about fifteen miles along the bank of the Danube. The start was effected at nine p.m., on Saturday night, and the winner, Baron Helbar, of the Cuirassiers, arrived in Presburg at 3.54 p.m.,

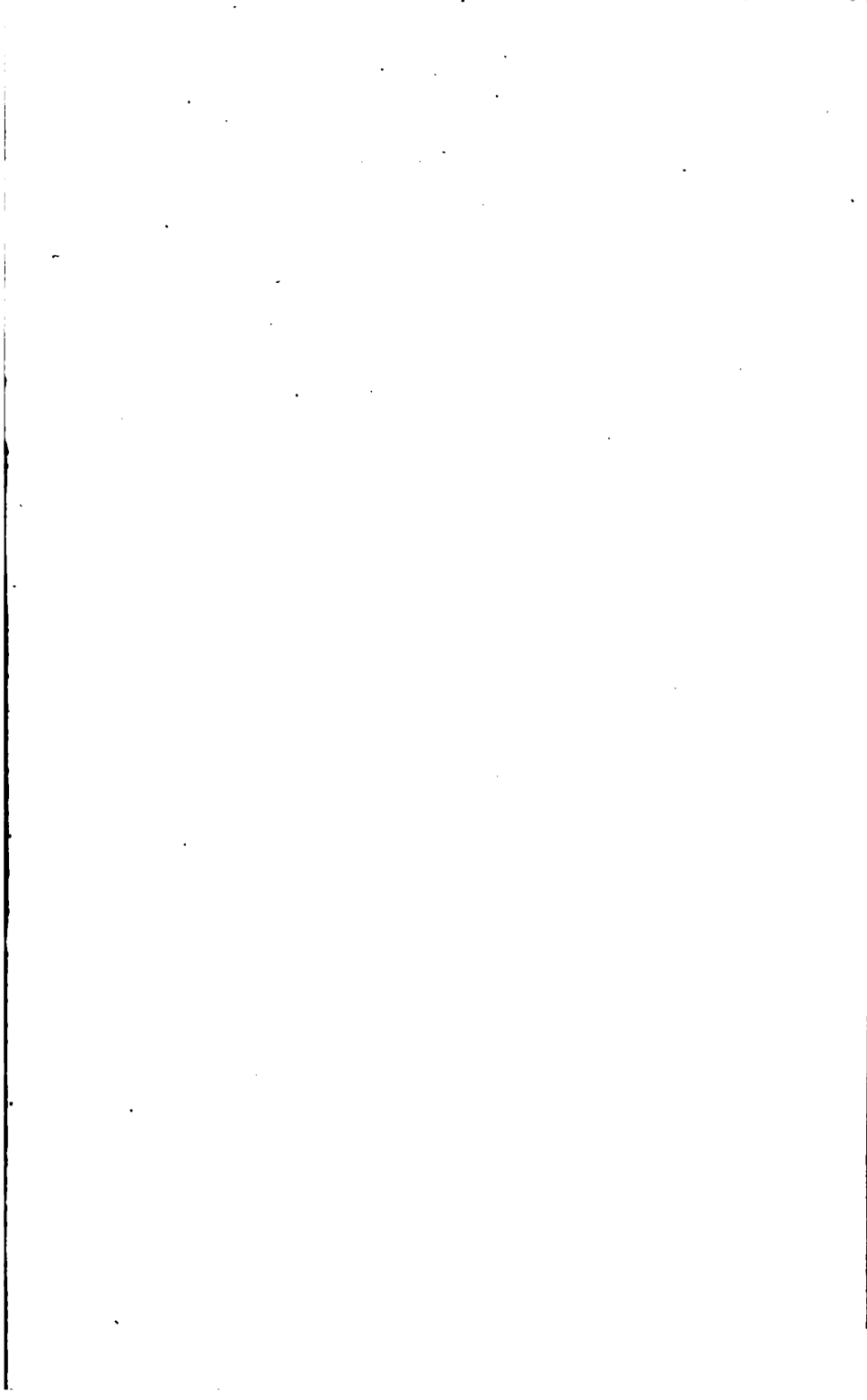
which was good work, considering the darkness of the night, and that the roads were heavy from incessant rain. Count Emile Tesohen came in second, at 4.15 a.m., and the last of the eight turned up at ten a.m.

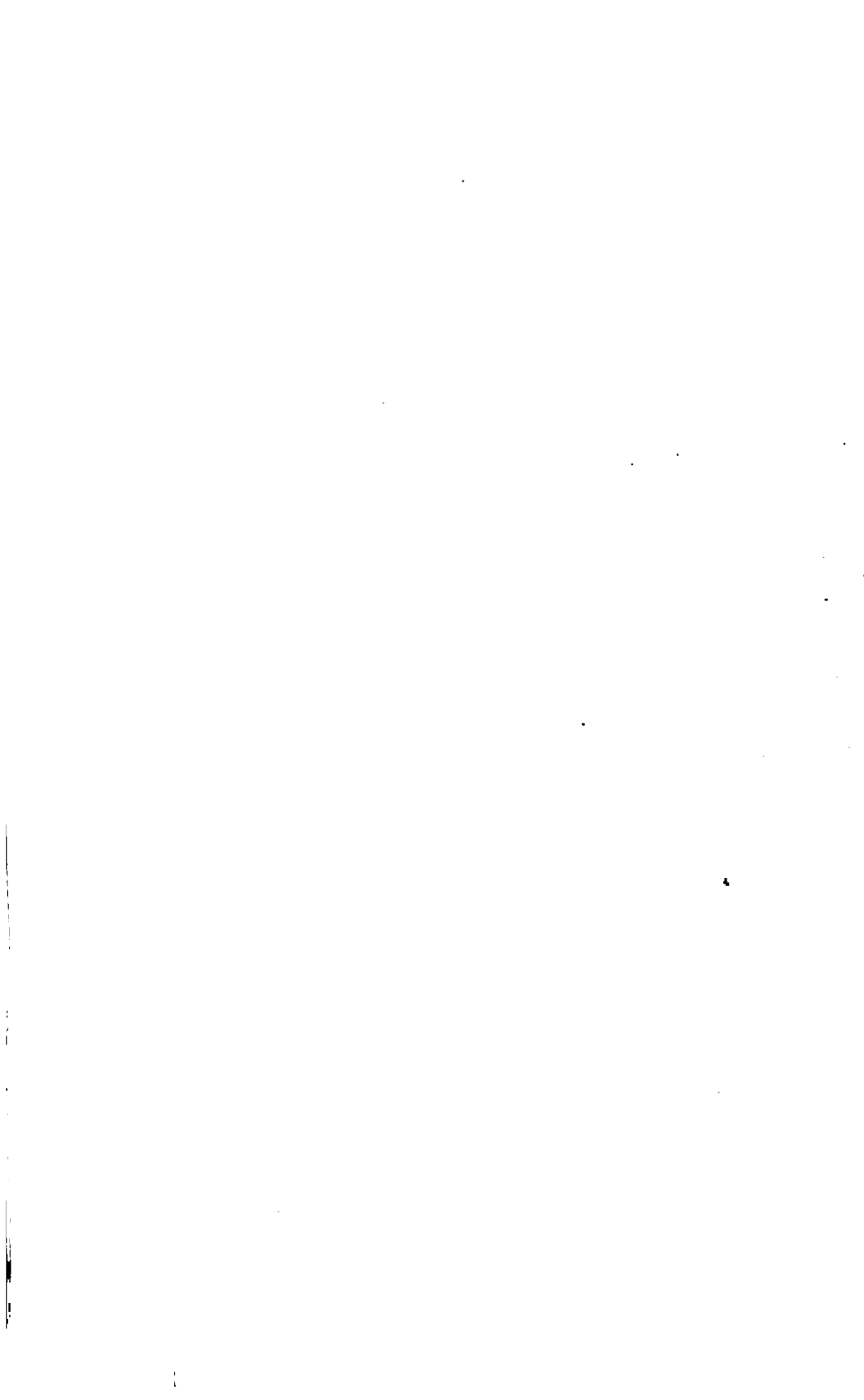
The Jockey Club at Vienna has taken temporary rooms at Hotel Munsch, in the Mehlmarkt, and we may expect to hear of fair sport. Count Harrach, who is one of the principal supporters of the Turf in Austria, has a splendid stud at Asher, one of his estates on the Danube, near Lintz, but unfortunately the Prussians carried away some of his horses during their raid in Bohemia.

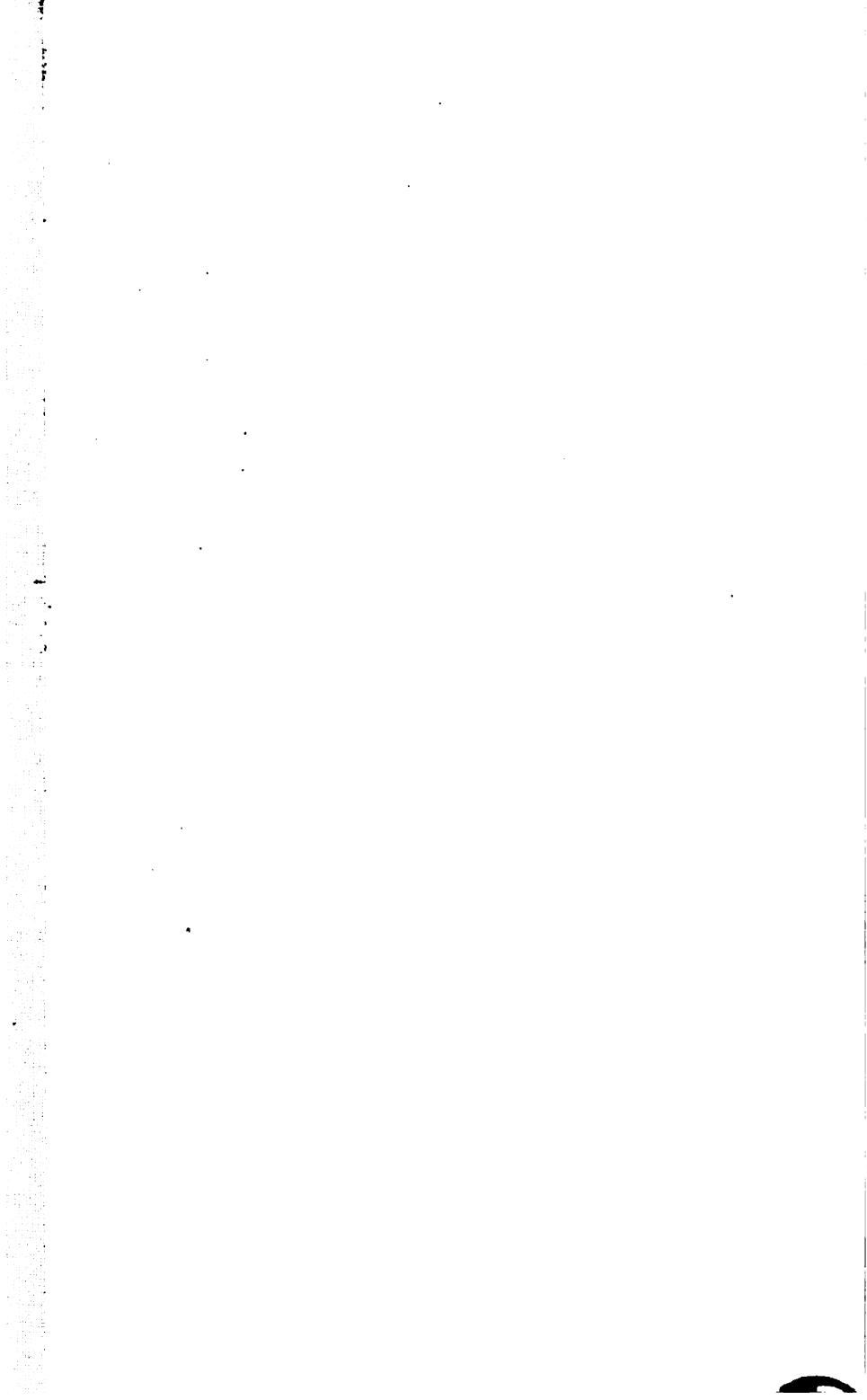
Our Obituary List is not a long one; still it includes one name that we, in common with every other lover of honest racing, would like to have kept out of it for many a year to come: we allude, of course, to the Marquis of Exeter. As our account of him has been taken far and wide, a compliment of which we are fully sensible, we need say very little in addition to it here. The saying of 'there are spots in the sun' could never apply to the late Marquis, who was as pure in his racing ideas as he was sincere in his political ones, and he ever nobly maintained the dignity of the English Peerage. It is true he never, to our knowledge, entertained jockeys at Burleigh, but he was not the less kind to them, and he was as constant to Norman as Mr. Sutton is to Thomas, and was ever ready to make excuses for his riding when it was criticised in a hostile manner. He was a very high trier, and would never leave any point in doubt. To John Scott his partiality was very great; and when he stopped at Malton, which he invariably did when passing to and fro to Scarborough, he was always pleased with everything he saw, and the Stable were much attached to him, for his demeanour was so kind and placid to every member of it. We fear his large fortunes were somewhat impaired towards the end of his life by his desire to increase his territory as a landowner, otherwise he would never have diminished his stud to such an extent as he had done latterly. He was an eminently religious man, and tried hard to get the Newmarket Meetings put off from commencing on a Monday, in order to prevent the consequent Sunday travelling. But handicap considerations were too potent to be overcome, and he failed in his laudable attempt, which is much to be regretted, as the reform would have been a desirable one to have accomplished. It was rather strange that the late Marquis should have been generally considered a close man, whereas in reality he was a most liberal landlord to his tenants; and only last year, having heard that one of his chief occupiers had been nearly ruined by the cattle plague, he wrote him a letter expressive of his sincere sympathy, and hoping he should see him at his Audit dinner: he enclosed him a receipt for his whole year's rent, which we are assured amounted to a pretty considerable sum. Acts like these carry their own comments. In conclusion, while Newmarket is in existence, the second Marquis of Exeter will ever be associated with it, and future Chroniclers of the English Turf, when detailing its history, will place his Lordship at the very head of its supporters. Sir John Villiers Shelley was a man of a very different stamp, and more remarkable for sharpness of dealing than any other quality. He was formerly Adjutant of the Blues, which regiment he left for reasons well known to military men, but which would not interest our readers. He was for some few years in Forth's stable, and won the Goodwood Stakes with Lucy Banka. He also had Watchdog and Tarella, and many others whose names do not occur to us at the moment. He did not stay very long on the Turf, but, took to politics, and his end was hurried no doubt by the failure of the Bank of which he had been made the chairman. Charles Peek will be missed at Malton, from his cheery, lighthearted disposition, which he maintained to the last.

He was a very fair trainer, but fell into the mistake of considering 'all his 'geese to be swans,' which was rather expensive for their owners. He trained for Major Yarburgh, Mr. Stanhope Hawke, Mr. Pedley, Sir Richard Bulkeley, Mr. R. H. Jones, and Mr. W. Graham, and for all of these he won in their turn, the greatest races being the Great Yorkshire for Major Yarburgh with Miss Sarah, and the same event for Mr. Pedley with Old Dan Tucker. To the last he maintained he had been done out of the St. Leger twice by four-year olds, but his friends only smiled at his delusions. The sudden removal of Mr. Graham's horses affected him very much, for he had been very careful with them. Latterly his eldest son took the leading part in the management of the stable, and we presume will still go on with it. Mr. Peek's illness was not a long one, and his decease took all his neighbours and friends by surprise, for he looked to have many years in him, although he had seen sixty-five summers.

Sporting gossip is not very plentiful, and, but for the Billiard Handicaps at the St. James's Hall, we know not how the Ring would have kept themselves alive during the snow. Nothing could be better than the arrangements of those entertainments; but, although the fields were large, the betting was limited, which was all the better for the establishment 'where the love of the turtle' prevails, as much as it did in the eye of Byron in the Isle of Abydos. And it is really a boon on the part of the proprietor to offer to the West-enders the luxury which was formerly supposed to be confined to aldermen and dividend receivers. It is said, we know not with what degree of truth, that the idea of forming a Turtle Depôt in Piccadilly was originated with a view of diminishing the City traffic; and if this be the case, as far as our experience goes, the experiment has been attended with the most perfect success. It is fortunate, also, that the Oyster Buffet, which is 'own sister' to it, had not been brought out in the days of Dando, otherwise that connoisseur would have made it first favourite. The Duke of Hamilton, who, through the agency of his Commissioner, has been restored to the Halls of his Ancestors, and received with true Scotch loyalty, has had some wonderful woodcock shooting in the Isle of Arran, where in three days, with four guns, he killed no less than two hundred and five cocks, which is better sport than he could have had either in Albania or Corfu. To the Punctestown programme, in our advertising sheet, we fain would call the earnest attention of our steeple-chase readers, who will perceive the liberal sums of money added to the stakes will amply reward them for crossing the Channel, and making the acquaintance of a set of high-minded, honourable Sportsmen, who will take care they will have a clear stage for their horses, and no advantage taken over them. Objections, we perceive, have been urged against the strictness of some of the conditions, but we fear they were called for by the lax state of discipline which of late had been observed at Meetings of a lower grade than Punctestown, and which it was desirable to observe. We admit the Stewards to have taken a great deal of power into their hands, but we can assure those who are interested in the races, they are the last persons to abuse it. Of the Jockeys we have heard but little during the month, except that Custance and Fordham had a grand Testimonial Dinner given to them at the Pall Mall by some of their aristocratic admirers, and Hibberd has got the death vacancy in the French stable at Newmarket.









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